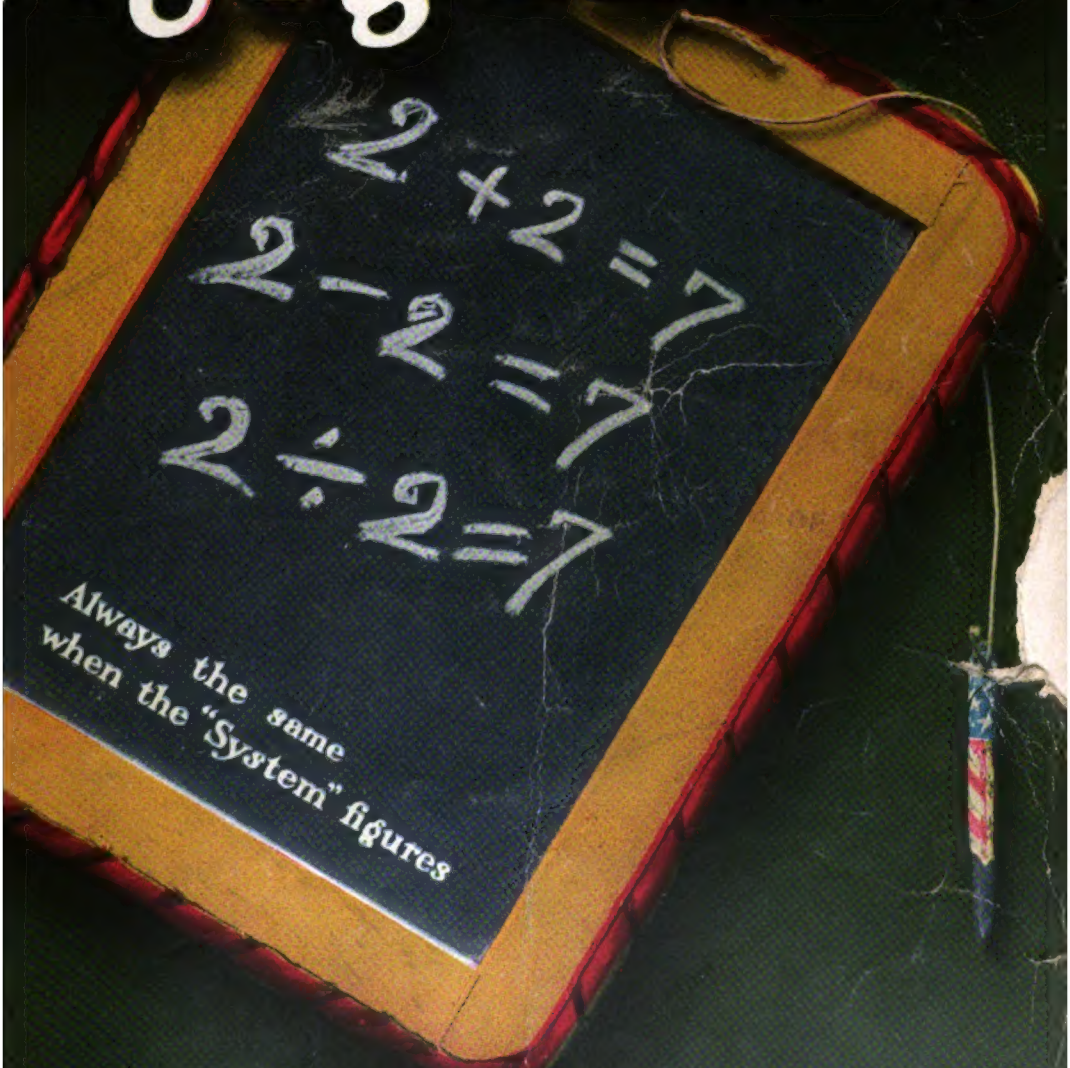
EMBER 15 CENTS

Everybody's Magazine



OMAS W. LAWSON

ips off the lid of Wall Streets

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—A LABOR of LOVE!—

Painted by James Leslie Wallace for Cream of Wheat Co.

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EVERYBODY'S ALMANACK *for* NOVEMBER

OVEMBER *hath* 30 days — *By* FRANKLIN P. ADAMS — 1912

Conundrum

Q. When is a joke not a joke?

A. About ninety-nine times out of a hundred.

POEM: NOVEMBER

I remember, I remember,
When a thought occurred to me,
And I wished it were November,
For I had a grand idee—
And I made a memorandum
Saying. "That one ought to land 'em."

I remember, I remember,
On that afternoon in May
How that thought about November
I put carefully away.
It was rich, with thought behind it,
And to-day I can not find it!

1—Fr. —**All Saints' Day.** Stamp Act goes into force, 1765. { *Mild weather* }
2—Sa. —Highcostofliving introduced into Massachusetts, 1765.
3—Su. —Walter Wellman, polar runner-up, born, 1858.
4—M. —Presidential election claimed by Republicans, Democrats, and Mooseveltians, 1912.
5—Tu.—ELECTION DAY. Country saved from ruin, 1912. *Look out for landslides.*
6—W. —W. J. Bryan says he will not be a candidate in 1916, 1912.
7—Th.—Theodore Roosevelt declares intention of running in 1916 and 1920 if desired, 1912.
8—Fr. —"Buster Brown" begins in the Gomorrah *Sunday Globe*, B. C. 1715.
9—Sa. —Frederick Funston born, 1865.
10—Su. —Pocahontas discovers Indian Summer, 1625.
11—M. —Maude Adams born, 1872. *Look out for cold-bath liars.*
12—Tu.—Joke about boarding-houses and prunes abolished by Paragraphers' Union, 1907.
13—W. —Edwin Booth born, 1833. John Drew born, 1854.
14—Th.—Jacob Abbott, author "Rollo" books, born, 1803.
15—Fr. —EDITOR EVERYBODY'S ALMANACK born, 18—.*
16—Sa. —Sherman's March begun, 1864. { Yale expects to beat Harvard / Harvard expects to beat Yale } 1912
17—Su. —Japheth wins 12 talents on pool for day's run of Ark, B. C. 3018.
18—M. —Banjo invented by Satan, B. C. 2748.
19—Tu.—James A. Garfield born, 1831.
20—W. —Peregrine White, first white child born in New England, born, 1620.
21—Th.—*Time to postpone Christmas shopping*, 1912.
22—Fr. —Shelby M. Cullom born, 1829.
23—Sa. —Franklin Pierce born, 1804.†
24—Su. —New Haven purchased from Indians, 1637.
25—M. —Andrew Carnegie, greatest living adviser of the young, born, 1837.
26—Tu.—Silk hats invented by Beelzebub, 809.
27—W. —Luther Burbank makes unsuccessful attempt to make waterproof hay by grafting clover on rubber plant, 1902.
28—Th.—THANKSGIVING DAY. Magellan, crying "The water's fine," enters Pacific Ocean, 1520.
29—Fr. —Louisa M. Alcott born, 1832.
30—Sa. —Samuel L. Clemens born, 1835.

*litor Almanack: Please insert date.—EDITORS EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE.
litors EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE: We refuse.—Editor Almanack.
litor Almanack: We'll tell it then—1881.—EDITORS EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE.
litors EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE: You cowards!—Editor Almanack.

†Editor Almanack: Why mention Franklin Pierce? He was unimportant.—EDITORS EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE.
Editors EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE: Lots of important persons were named for him.—Editor Almanack.

Predictions for November, 1912

President Taft, without fear of successful contradiction, will issue a proclamation declaring Thursday, November 28, a day of general thanksgiving. The price of turkeys will be the highest ever known, due, according to J. Ogden Armour, to the influence of transcendentalism on the pomegranate crop in Abyssinia. The cost of living will advance slightly. Hazing will begin in the Electoral College.

Fascinating Facts

Europe, the well-known continent, is a peninsula.

The liquor consumed by men who "can take it or leave it alone" would float thirty-nine battleships the size of the *Texas*, and ought to.

One million dollars in U. S. gold coin weigh 3,686.4 lbs. avoirdupois. [Note: We would have said "weighs," but we had to conduct the experiment $2.50 at a time; hence the plural. Ed. Alm.]

Ladoga, Ind., has a population of 1,148, while the inhabitants of Ridgeway, Mo., are 841 in number.

Rhymed Jest

Were't not for this here little verse,
A picture might be here, or worse.

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Courtesy of Small, Maynard & Company

THE WALKING MAN: A STUDY EXHIBITED BY RODIN AT THE SALON OF 1910. COLOSSAL, ASTOUNDING, IT IS A SUPERB EXAMPLE OF THAT SENSE OF MOVEMENT WHICH CHARACTERIZES RODIN'S SCULPTURES. IT DOMINATED THE EXHIBITION INCIDENTALLY, IN ITS DELIBERATE FRAGMENTARINESS IT HAS THE EFFECT OF A PIECE OF IRONY DIRECTED AT FANATIC LOVERS OF MUTILATED ANTIQUES.

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VOL. XXVII NO. 5 Everybody's Magazine NOVEMBER 1912

RODIN

A SELF-REVELATION

Property of The Metropolitan Museum of Art.

PORTRAIT OF RODIN BY ROTHENSTEIN.

HE WHO knows a work of art really well knows the art-. Few of us dare claim know a sculpture of odin's really well or to ave sounded the depths his thought. We may en have gazed at one another of his works amazement and puz-ed to find what the an intended to say, or nuddered a little at nat seemed its brutal gliness. In any case e have not known odin, for the persistent ystery in his strangely resting and defiant creations has wrapped e mind of the man in a mystery as elu-ve, and he has hitherto given no other lf-revelation.

Much has been written *about* Rodin, and e know of him familiarly as the greatest ing sculptor, or may even have heard him reverently called the greatest since Michael Angelo. We have all seen at least photographs of many of his works, and have read picturesque details of his life and his unusual methods of work, in which we sought to glimpse the real Rodin. Probably we had indifferent success.

In a recent French book, consisting of conversations on Art between Rodin and Paul Gsell—a book soon to be published in English in this country—M. Gsell gives a startling example of the sculptor's oddities of practise that illuminates his ideas more clearly than most such accounts.

The movements and muscles of the usual lone model are not, it seems, fertile enough in material for the keenly alert and avid sculptor. So he peoples his big Paris studio

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THE CREATION OF MAN, OR ADAM. RODIN DEPICTS ADAM'S FIRST STRUGGLING RISE FROM THE EARTH OF WHICH HE WAS FASHIONED.

in the *Dépôt des Marbres*, one of three that he occupies in turn, with a whole company of men and women models. By his command they engage in the various activities of any mixed social gathering, walking about unrestrainedly instead of taking the fixed poses usually employed in the study of the figure. Accustomed to the oddity of wearing no clothes, they soon become acquainted and go about the pleasant business of entertaining each other and being entertained quite without self-consciousness.

Now the sculptor becomes an almost superhumanly intent spectator. Before him is the figure as it is in everyday life, wonderfully graceful and expressive because it has no thought of itself. And he watches, watches. . . .

One of the models stoops perhaps to pick up a chisel. A quick exclamation from Rodin arrests her in the act.

"Hold that pose exactly, if you please, mademoiselle."

With clay that is ready at hand, a sketch model of the posture or gesture or oddly-flexed muscle that has attracted the sculptor, is made at once.

Then the model is released from the pose, the sketch is put away, and the strange party continues as before, to be interrupted in this way again and again.

This is cited as typical of Rodin's utter devotion to form not as he thinks it ought to be, but as it really is in Nature; and it supplies a useful first step toward understanding his sculptures and his still more puzzling drawings, for in this procedure he is getting that complete familiarity with the human body in expressive movement that the Greeks acquired in watching their games—wrestling, racing, gymnastics, and discus-throwing.

It must have influenced his work greatly.

And yet we ask: What manner of man is this who thus shocks us into alert attention; who thrills us with glimpses of a new and illumi-

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nating angle of vision upon life?

It is a question worth answering, and Rodin himself, after a long life of virtual silence about himself, has given, to his friend M. Gsell, a vivid and satisfying reply. He has at last revealed that arresting angle of vision which has puzzled us, and in explaining the thought that he puts into his work he has made the meaning of all art rarely clear.

Though we may frankly "know nothing about art," a careful reading of his remarkably sane and compelling confession of faith, published below, must yield a new sense of the beauty in the world, and a reverence for that living genius who sees so clearly the wonder of life, who feels so keenly the love of life, and who expresses thus supremely well the abiding faith that is in him. Here indeed is a revelation of greatness, and, quite incidental but none the less important, the first really illuminating interpretation of the works of Auguste Rodin.

CARLYLE ELLIS.

MY favorite maxim is this: *Nature is always beautiful.*

Beauty is character and expression, and there is nothing in Nature that has more character, or more beauty, than the human body. This body is, above all, the mirror of the soul, and from the soul comes its greatest beauty.

Many imagine that what they consider ugly in existence is no fit subject for the artist. It is a great error. What is commonly called ugliness in Nature may in Art become of great beauty.

In the domain of fact we call *ugly* whatever is deformed or unhealthy, whatever suggests the idea of disease, of debility, or of suffering, whatever is contrary to regularity, which is the sign of health and strength. A hunchback is ugly; one who is bandy-legged is ugly; poverty in rags is ugly. Ugly also are the souls and conduct of the immoral, of the vicious criminal and the abnormal.

Courtesy of Small, Maynard & Company.

THE FIGURES OF ADAM AND EVE ARE PART OF RODIN'S GREAT UNFINISHED WORK—THE GATE OF HELL.

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It is right that beings and objects from which only evil can be expected should be designated by such an odious epithet. But let a great artist or a great writer make use of one of these uglinesses and instantly it is transformed. With a touch of his fairy wand he has turned it into beauty. It is alchemy; it is enchantment!

Let Velasquez paint Sebastian, the dwarf of Philippe IV. He gives him a gaze so affecting that in it we may instantly read all the sorrowful secret of this afflicted creature, forced for his livelihood to lower his human dignity, to become a plaything, a living bauble. And the more poignant the martyrdom of the conscience lodged in this monstrous body, the more beautiful is the artist's work.

Let François Millet represent a peasant resting for a moment as he leans on the handle of his hoe, a wretched man, worn by fatigue, baked by the sun, as stupid as a beast of burden dulled by blows. He has only to put into the expression of the poor devil a sublime resignation to the suffering ordained by Destiny, to make this creature of a nightmare become for us a symbol of all humanity.

It is the same when Shakespeare depicts Iago or Richard III.; when Racine paints Nero and Narcissus. Moral ugliness, when interpreted by minds so clear and penetrating, becomes a marvelous theme of beauty.

In Art only that which has *character* is truly beautiful. Character is the essential truth of any natural object, whether ugly or beautiful. It is even what one might call a double truth, for it is the inner truth translated by the outer truth; it is the soul, the feelings, the ideas, expressed by the features of a face, by the gestures and actions of a human body, by the tones of a sky, by the lines of a horizon.

Now to the great artist everything in Nature has character, for the unswerving directness of his observation searches out the hidden meaning of all things. And that which is considered ugly in Nature often presents more *character* than that which is called beautiful, because in the contractions of a sickly countenance, in the lines of a vicious face, in all deformity, in all decay, the inner truth shines forth more clearly than in regular and healthy features.

And as it is solely the power of character which makes for beauty in Art, it often happens that the uglier a being is in Na-

THE BURGHERS OF CALAIS — ON THEIR WAY WANTED THE STATUES PLACED BEFORE THE WAS DEEPLY DISAPPOINTED WHEN

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ACRIFICIAL DEATH FOR THEIR FELLOW-CITIZENS, VANQUISHED BY THE ENGLISH. RODIN
EL DE VILLE OF CALAIS LIKE LIVING FIGURES — "A LIVING CHAPLET OF HEROISM" — AND
CALAIS AUTHORITIES INSISTED ON A PEDESTAL.

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ture, the more beautiful it becomes in Art. Whatever is false, whatever is artificial, whatever seeks to be pretty or beautiful rather than expressive; whatever is capricious and affected; whatever smiles without motive, bends or struts without cause; is mannered without reason; all that is without soul and without truth; all that is only a parade of beauty and grace, all, in short, that lies—that is ugliness in Art.

Courtesy of Small, Maynard & Company

LA PENSÉE—"SPIRITUAL REFLECTION TRIES IN VAIN TO ESCAPE THE HEAVY TRAMMELS OF REALITY."

When an artist, wishing to improve upon Nature, adds green to the green of springtime, rose to the rosy sunrise, carmine to young lips, he creates ugliness because he lies. When he softens the grimace of pain, the shapelessness of age, the hideousness of perversion; when he arranges Nature, veiling, disguising, tempering it to please an ignorant public, then he is creating ugliness, because he fears the truth.

To any artist worthy the name, all in Nature is beautiful because, fearlessly accepting all external truth, he reads there all the inner truth. So for him life is an endless enjoyment, a perpetual delight, a mad intoxication. Even in suffering, in the death of loved ones, in the treachery of friends, the great artist finds a tragic luxury of experience.

Let me instance

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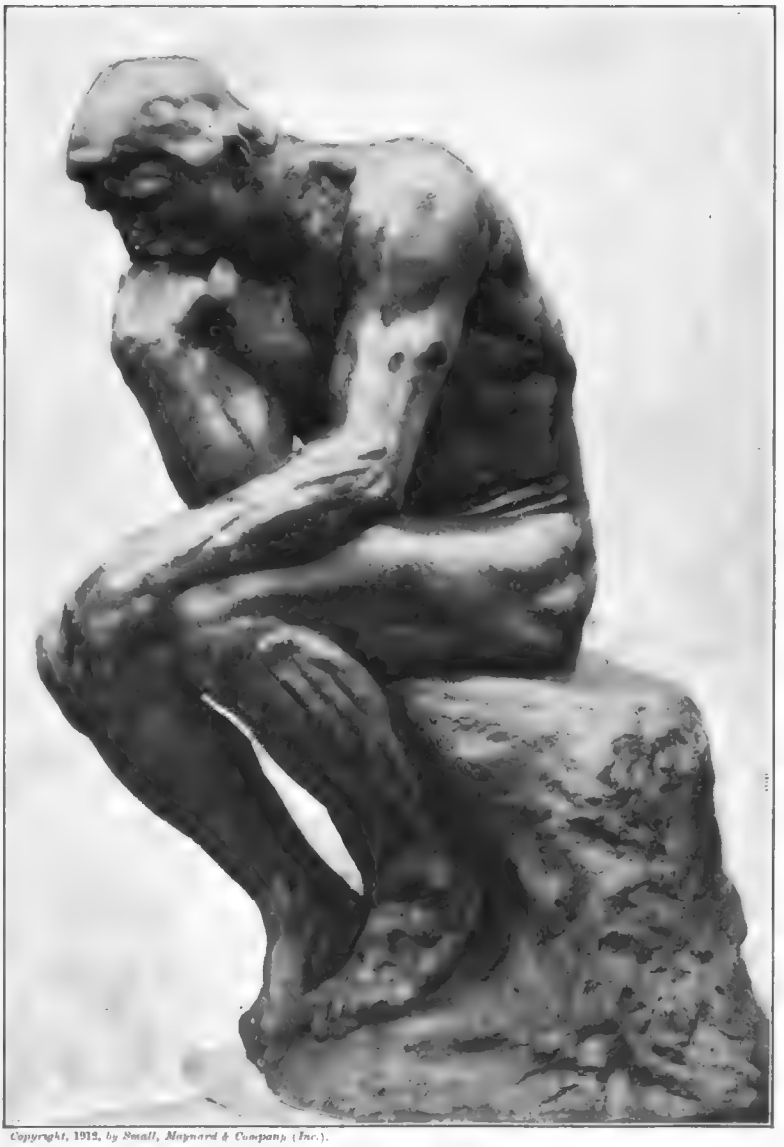
n example of uth in Art that ıay seem to conict with Nature. f you have attenively examined ıstantaneous hotographs of alking figures, ou will have noced that they ever seem to adance. Generally ıey appear to rest ıotionless on one g or to hop on ıe foot. While ıy St. John, for ample, is repreıted with both et on the ground, is probable that ı instantaneous ıotograph from model executng the same ovement would ıow the back ot already lifted nd carried toard the other, or ıe front foot ould not yet be ı the ground.

Now it is presely for that ason that this odel photoraphed would esent the odd pearance of a an suddenly trified in his alk. In photogphy there is no ogressive delopment of gesture as there is in Art.



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THE THINKER, AT THE PANTHÉON, PARIS—PART OF THE GREAT GATE OF HELL DESIGN. "THE PROGNATHOUS SAVAGE BEHOLDING THE CRIMES AND PASSIONS OF HIS PROGENY UNROLL THEMSELVES BELOW HIM."

Yet it is the artist who is truthful and ıotography that lies, for in reality time ever stops, and if the artist succeeds in oducing the impression of a gesture that kes several moments for accomplishment, s work is at least much less conventional an the scientific image in which time is uskly suspended.

It is this untruth that condemns certain odern painters who, when they wish to present a horse galloping, reproduce the poses furnished by instantaneous photographs. Géricault is criticized because in his picture, "Epsom Races" (*Course d' Epsom*), in the Louvre, he has painted his galloping horses fully extended.

Now I believe that it is Géricault who is right and not the camera, for his horses *appear* to run. This is because the spectator sees first the hind legs accomplish the effort whence the general impulse results,

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THE MODEL IN BAKED CLAY FOR RODIN'S CARYATID, ONE OF HIS MOST BEAUTIFUL STATUES OF WOMEN. IN THE LATER FORM, THE FIGURE SUPPORTS A STONE INSTEAD OF A VASE.

then the body stretched out, then the front legs, which seek the ground ahead. This is false in reality, as the actions could not be simultaneous; but it is true when they are observed successively, and it is this truth alone that matters to us, because it is what we see.

Movement is the transition from one attitude to another, and the sculptor represents the transition by including in his work a part of what was and a part of what is to be.

Recall the statue of Marshal Ney by Rude, for example. You will remember that the hero raises his sword, shouting "Forward!" to his troops. The legs and the hand that holds the sheath of the saber are placed in the attitude that they had when he drew. The left leg is drawn back so that the saber may easily be grasped by the right hand, which has just drawn it, and the left hand has rested in the air as if it still offered the sheath.

Now notice the body. It must have been slightly bent to the left at the moment when it performed the act which I have described. Here, on the contrary, it is erect, the chest is thrown out, the head turns toward the soldiers as it roars out the order to attack. Here, finally, is the right arm raised and brandishing the saber.

So the movement in this statue is only the change from a first attitude—that which the marshal had when he drew his saber—into a second, that which he had when he rushed, arm aloft, upon the enemy.

In that is all the secret of gesture, so to speak, interpreted by Art. The sculptor forces the spectator to follow the development of an act in an individual. In this

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example the eyes are forced to travel upward from the lower limbs to the raised arm, and in so doing they find the different parts of the figure represented at successive instants, and they have the illusion of beholding the movement fulfilled.

The artist has only to believe in his eyes. I will reproduce only what reality has spontaneously offered me.

I will not, for instance, follow the example of some of my confrères in posing a model. Even when a subject compels me to ask a model for a certain determined attitude, though I indicate it to him, I carefully avoid so much as touching him to put him in the pose. Those who violate Nature by treating human beings as if they were dolls, run the risk of producing lifeless and artificial work.

I obey Nature in everything, and I never pretend to command her. My one ambition is to be servilely faithful to her. The clay model must conform exactly to my memory of the pose. But this is reproducing only the exterior. I reproduce, besides that, the spirit, which is certainly a part of Nature. I see both truths, not alone that of the surface. I accentuate the lines which best express the spiritual state that I interpret—the swelling

RODIN'S BALZAC AROUSED A STORM OF CRITICISM FOR THE FORMLESSNESS OF THE FIGURE—OBVIOUSLY INTENDED TO CONCENTRATE ATTENTION ON THE WONDERFUL HEAD.

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of the muscles that expresses distress; the straining of the tendons that indicates an outburst of prayer, for example.

But I have not changed Nature, at least consciously. The feeling that influenced my vision showed me Nature as I have copied her. If I had wished to modify what I saw and to make it more beautiful, I should have produced nothing good.

For, after all, the only principle in Art is to copy what you see. Dealers in esthetics to the contrary, all other methods are fatal. There is no recipe for improving on Nature. The only thing is to *see!*

Doubtless the juggler who executes eccentric flourishes of line, who accomplishes astounding pyrotechnics of color, or who writes long phrases encrusted with unusual words, is the most skilful man in the world. But the greatest difficulty, and the crown of Art, is to draw, to paint, to write as one sees, with ease and simplicity.

If Raphael's masterpieces delight the soul, it is because everything in them, color as well as drawing, contributes to the enchantment. Their clear, enameled color may seem unreal, but only because the truth as seen by the master of Urbino is not that of purely material things: his is the domain of feeling, a region where forms and colors are transfigured by the light of love. Doubtless an out-and-out realist would call this coloring inexact, but the poet would find it true. And his drawing is perfect because it corresponds perfectly to the exigencies of his thought.

Color and drawing—one can not be admired without the other, for they are one. Where the demi-connoisseur deceives himself is in allowing for the existence of only one kind of color and of drawing. There are really as many kinds as there are artists.

Regarding drawing especially, many errors prevail. What pleases the ignorant is inexpressive minutiæ of detail and false nobility of gesture. They can not understand the intent of a daring impression that, overlooking useless detail, seizes upon the meaning of the whole. Neither can they understand that truthful observation which disdains theatrical poses and turns from them to interpret the simple, touching attitudes of real life.

Drawing can not be beauti ul in itself, but is only beautiful through the truths and sentiments it translates. The crowd goes into ecstasies over poses that are never seen in Nature and that are considered artistic because they recall the posturings of the Italian models who offer themselves at the studio door. That is what is generally called beautiful drawing. It is really only sleight-of-hand, fit to astonish the foolish.

You never think of praising either drawing or style in literature that is truly beautiful, because you are carried away by the interest of all that they express. It is the same with color. There is really neither beautiful style, drawing, nor color. There is but one thing beautiful: that is the truth which style, drawing, or color reveals. When a truth, a profound idea, a powerful feeling bursts forth in a great work, either literary or artistic, it is evident that its style or its color and drawing is excellent. But this quality exists only as the reflection of truth.

There is, probably, not a single work of art that owes its charm only to balance of line o tone—to what makes its appeal merely to the eye.

But while craft, or technique, is only a means to an end, the artist who neglects it will never attain the end, which is the interpretation of feeling, of ideas. Many young artists to-day have never studied seriously, and their unskilfulness betrays them at every turn. Their intentions are good, but their imperfect craft repels the spectator. In short, no sudden inspiration can replace the long toil of learning. It is necessary o have consummate technique if only to hide what one knows of it.

The Greeks were master technicians—great enough to hide their mastery of craft. Have you ever looked at an antique statue by lamplight? Holding the light close, what a revelation is there. See this little Venus de Medici! See these infinite undulations which unite the abdomen to the thigh. Notice all the voluptuous curvings of the hip, the adorable dimples along the loins. It is flesh. When you touch it you almost expect to find it warm.

Yet there are some modern artists of the academic school who claim that the ancients in their cult of the ideal despised the flesh as vulgar and that they refused to reproduce in their works the thousand details of material reality. They pretend that the ancients wished to teach Nature by creating an abstract beauty of simplified form that should appeal only to the spirit, not to the senses.

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No doubt the Greeks, with their logical minds, instinctively accentuated the essential. They emphasized the dominant traits of the human type, but nevertheless they never suppressed living detail. They were satisfied to envelop it and melt it into the whole. They never made a method out of falsehood. Full of respect and of love for Nature, they represented her always as they saw her. And on every occasion they passionately testified their worship of the flesh.

Thus is explained the unbelievable difference that separates the false academic ideal from Greek art. While among the ancients the generalization of lines is a total, a result made up of all the details, the academic simplification is an impoverishment, an empty bombastry. While life seems to animate and warm the palpitating muscles of the Greek statues, the inconsistent dolls of academic art look as if chilled by death.

The impression of actual life that one feels before Greek sculpture is produced primarily by the *science of modeling*. This was taught me by one Constant, who worked in the *atelier* where I made my first essay as a sculptor.

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PYGMALION AND GALATEA: RODIN'S INTERPRETATION OF THE STORY OF THE SCULPTOR WHO SO LOVED THE STATUE HE HAD FASHIONED THAT APHRODITE GAVE IT LIFE.

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"From henceforth," he said to me one day, "never see the form in length, but always in thickness. Never consider a surface except as the boundary of volume—as the point, more or less large, which is toward you. In that way you will acquire the science of modeling."

This principle was astonishingly fruitful for me. Instead of imagining the different parts of the body as surfaces more or less flat, I represented them as projectures of interior volumes. I forced myself to express in each swelling of the torso or of the members the efflorescence of a muscle or of a bone that lay deep beneath the skin. And so the truth of my figures, instead of being merely superficial, seems to blossom from within to the outside, as in life itself.

I have discovered that the ancients practised precisely this method of modeling, and it is certainly to this technique that the works owe at once their vigor and their palpitating suppleness.

The Greeks, too, were great colorists. Paradoxical as it may seem, a great sculptor is as much a colorist as the best painter, or rather the best engraver. He plays skilfully with all the resources of relief; he blends the boldness of light and the modesty of shadow so artfully that his sculptures are as pleasing as the most charming etchings.

See the high lights on the breasts of the Venus de Medici—the deep shadows in the folds of the flesh, and then the paleness, the vaporous half-tones, trembling over the most delicate parts of this divine body, these bits so finely touched that they seem to dissolve in air! Is it not a great symphony in black and white?

Now color is the flower of fine modeling. These two qualities always accompany each other, and it is they that give to every masterpiece the radiant appearance of living flesh.

I am often asked if the supremacy of such sculptures as this Greek Venus is not due to the surpassing beauty of the Greek women. Now I do not agree with those who say that modern women are far below in beauty those who posed for Phidias. The artists in those days had eyes to see, those of to-day are blind—that is the only difference. The Greek women are beautiful, but their beauty lived above all in the thought of the sculptors who carved them.

Beauty is not rare in France, though it changes quickly. Real youth, that wonderful period, lasts but a few months. Follows another kind of beauty, still to be admired, but nevertheless less pure in line. To-day there are women just like the Greek women. They are principally in the south of Europe. The modern Italians, for instance, belong to that type, which has for its essential characteristic the equal width of shoulders and hips.

Then there is a northern type in which the hips are strongly developed and the shoulders narrower. To this type belong many French women as well as those of the Germanic and Slavic races. You see it in the nymphs of Jean Goujon, in the Venus of the "Judgment of Paris" by Watteau, and in Houdon's "Diana."

In fact, every human type, every race, has its beauty. The thing is to discover it. I have drawn with infinite pleasure the little Cambojan dancers who lately came to Paris with their sovereign. The fine small gestures of their graceful limbs had a strange and marvelous seduction. They made a fascinating study in the depiction of movement in sculpture.

But there is no artistic work that demands so much of the artist as the bust and the portrait. A good bust is worth a whole biography. Houdon's busts, for example, are like chapters of written memoirs. Epoch, race, profession, personal character, all are there.

What a marvel is his Voltaire! It is the personification of malice. See his sidelong glance that seems to watch for some adversary. He has the pointed nose of the fox. It seems to smell out abuse and ridicule on every side—you can fairly see it quiver. And the mouth! What a triumph! It is framed by two furrows of irony. It seems to grumble sarcasm. A cunning old gossip—that is the impression produced by this Voltaire, at once so lively, so sickly, and so unmasculine.

Then again his Franklin. A heavy air, heavy falling cheeks—it is the former artisan. The long hair of the apostle, a kindly benevolence—it is the popular moralizer; it is good-natured Richard. A stubborn forehead bent forward indicative of the obstinacy of which Franklin gave proof in winning an education, in rising, in becoming an eminent scholar, finally in freeing his country. Astuteness in the eyes and in the corners of the mouth.

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Houdon was not duped by the general massiveness, and he divined the prudent realism of the calculator who made a fortune and the cunning of the diplomat who wormed out the secrets of English politics. There, living, is one of the ancestors of modern America.

So it is with the rest. A great artist! There is no need of asking if his busts were good likenesses. He reads souls.

If the artist reproduces only superficial features, as photography can do, without reference to character, he merits no admiration. It is the resemblance of the soul alone that matters. So all the features must be expressive in the revelation of a soul. There must be a good likeness.

However, the artist's greatest difficulties come not thus in the execution of a bust but from the attitude of clients. It is very seldom that a man sees himself as he is, and even if he knows himself, he does not wish the artist to represent him honestly. He asks to appear in the most banal and neutral guise. He wishes to be an official or a worldly marionette.

This explains the success of so many mediocre painters and sculptors, who are content to render the impersonal appearance of their clients, their passementerie and their official attitude. The more bombastic a portrait is, the better the client is satisfied.

The men of to-day fear truth, and love a lie. They all want to have the air of hairdressers. Even the most beautiful women are horrified at their own beauty when a sculptor of talent interprets it. They beseech him to make them ugly by giving them an insignificant and doll-like physiognomy.

So ours is an epoch of engineers and of manufacturers, but not one of artists. The search in modern life is for utility; the endeavor is to improve existence materially. Science every day invents new processes for the feeding, clothing, and transportation of man; she manufactures cheaply poor products to give adulterated luxuries to the greatest number, though it is true that she has also made real improvements in the satisfaction of all our needs. But it is no longer a question of spirit, of thought, of dreams.

Art is dead.

To-day mankind believes itself able to do without Art. It wishes to enjoy only physically. It is content to satisfy its bodily appetites. Mankind to-day is brutish.

To-day Art is banished from daily life. People say that the useful need not be beautiful. So all is ugly, all is made in haste and without grace, by stupid machines, and the artist is regarded as an antagonist.

And what is Art?

Art is the sublimest mission of man, because it is the exercise of the thought that seeks to understand the world and to make it understood.

Art is contemplation; it is the pleasure of the mind which searches into Nature and there divines the spirit that animates Nature. It is the joy of the intellect that sees clearly into the universe and that recreates it with conscientious vision.

Art is taste. It is the reflection of the artist's heart upon all the objects that he creates. It is the smile of the human soul upon the house and upon the furnishing. It is the charm of thought and of sentiment embodied in all that is of use to man.

RODIN'S HAND OF GOD

(Metropolitan Museum)

BY SHANE LESLIE

They do not speak nor weep, they do not jest nor chide,
Who, like two casual grains of clinging sand,
Content with passing time and melting space, abide
One moment in the Potter's clay-daubed Hand.

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The HILLSBORO SHEPHERD

By DOROTHY CANFIELD

AUTHOR OF "THE SQUIRREL CAGE," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DENMAN FINK

HE BEGAN life characteristically, depreciated and disparaged. When he was a white, thin, big-headed baby, his mother, stripping the suds from her lean arms, used to inveigh to her neighbors against his existence. "Wa'n't it just like that *do*-less Lem Warren, not even to leave me foot-free when he died, but a baby coming!"

"*Do*-less," in the language of our valley, means a combination of shiftless and impractical, particularly to be scorned.

Later, as he began to have some resemblance to the appearance he was to wear throughout life, her resentment at her marriage, which she considered the one mistake of her life, kept pace with his growth. "Look at him!" she cried to any one who would listen. "Ain't that Warren, all over? Did any of *my* folks ever look so like a born fool? Shut your mouth, for the Lord's sake, Lem, and maybe you won't scare folks quite so much."

Lem had a foolish, apologetic grin with which he always used to respond to these personalities, hanging his head to one side and opening and shutting his big hands nervously.

The tumble-down, two-roomed house in which the Warrens lived was across the road from the schoolhouse, and Mrs. Warren's voice was penetrating. Lem was accepted throughout his school-life at the home estimate. The ugly, overgrown boy, clad in cast-off, misfit clothing, was allowed to play with the other children only on condition that he perform all the hard, uninteresting parts of any game. Inside the schoolroom it was the same. He never learned to shut his mouth, and his speech was always halting and indistinct, so that he not only did not recite well in class, but was never in one of the school entertainments. He chopped the wood and brought it in, swept the floor and made the fires, and then listened in grinning, silent admiration while the others, arrayed in their best, spoke pieces and sang songs.

He was not "smart at his books" and indeed did not learn even to read very fluently. This may have been partly because the only books he ever saw were old schoolbooks, the use of which was given him free on account of his mother's poverty. He was not allowed, of course, to take them from the schoolroom. But if he was not good at book-learning he was not without accomplishments. He early grew large for his age, and strong from much chopping of wood and drawing of water for his mother's washings, and he was the best swimmer of all those who bathed in the cold, swift mountain stream which rushes near the schoolhouse. The chief consequence of this expertness was that in the summer he was forced to teach each succeeding generation of little boys to swim and dive. They tyrannized over him unmercifully—as, in fact, every one did.

Nothing made his mother more furious than such an exhibition of what she called "Lem's meachin'ness." "Ain't you got no stand-up *in* ye?" she was wont to exhort him angrily. "If you don't look out for yourself in this world, you needn't think anybody else is gunto!"

The instructions in ethics he received at her hands were the only ones he ever knew, for, up to his fourteenth year, he never had clothes respectable enough to wear to

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"HOW *COULD* YOU KILL A GREAT BIG DOG LIKE JACK?" THEY ASKED WONDERINGLY.

church, and after that he had other things to think of. Fourteen years is what we call in our state "over school age." It was a date to which Mrs. Warren had looked forward with eagerness. After that, the long, unprofitable months of enforced

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schooling would be over, Lem would be earning steady wages, and she could sit back and "live decent."

It seemed to her more than she could bear that, almost upon her son's birthday, she was stricken down with paralysis. It was the first calamity for which she could not hold her marriage responsible, and her bitterness thereupon extended itself to fate in general. She can not have been a cheerful house-mate during the next ten years, when Lem was growing silently to manhood.

He was in demand as "help" on the farms about him, on account of his great strength and faithfulness, although the farmers found him exasperatingly slow and, when it was a question of animals, not always sure to obey orders. He could be trusted to be kind to horses, unlike most hired men we get nowadays, but he never learned "how to get the work out of their hide." It was his way on a steep hill with a heavy load, to lay down the whip, get out, and put his own powerful shoulder to the wheel. If this failed, he unloaded part of the logs and made two trips of it. The uncertainty of his progress can be imagined. The busy and impatient farmer and sawyer at the opposite ends of his route were driven to exhaust their entire vocabulary of objurgation on him. He was, they used to inform him in conclusion, "the most *do*-less critter the Lord ever made!"

He was better with cows and sheep—"feller-feelin'," his mother said scornfully, watching him feed a sick ewe—and he had here, even in comparison with his fellowmen, a fair degree of success. It was indeed the foundation of what material prosperity he ever enjoyed. A farmer, short of cash, paid him one year with three or four ewes and a ram. He worked for another farmer to pay for the rent of a pasture and had, that first year, as everybody admitted, almighty good luck with them. There were several twin lambs born that spring and every one lived. Lem used to make frequent night visits during lambing-time to the pasture to make sure that all was well.

I remember as a little girl starting back from some village festivity late one spring night and seeing a lantern twinkle far up on the mountain side. "Lem Warren out fussin' with his sheep," some one of my elders remarked. Later, as we were almost home, we saw the lantern on the road ahead of us and stopped the horses, country-fashion, for an interchange of salutations. Looking out from under the shawl in which I was wrapped, I saw his tall figure stooping over something held under his coat. The lantern lighted his weather-beaten face and the expression of his eyes as he looked down at the little white head against his breast.

"You're foolish, Lem," said my uncle. "The ewe won't own it if you take it away so long the first night."

"I—I—know," stuttered Lem, bringing out the words with his usual difficulty; "but it's mortal cold up on the mounting for little fellers! I'll bring him up as a cosset."

The incident reminded me vaguely of something I had read about, and it has remained in my memory.

After we drove on I remember that there were laughing speculations about what language old Ma'am Warren would use at having another cosset brought to the house. Not that it could make any more work for her, since Lem did all that was done about the housekeeping. Chained to her chair by her paralyzed legs, as she was, she could accomplish nothing more than to sit and cavil at the management of the universe al day, until Lem came home, gave her her supper, and put her to bed.

Badly run as she thought the world, for a time it was more favorable to her material prosperity than she had ever known it. Lem's flock of sheep grew and thrived. For years nobody in our valley has tried to do much with sheep because of dogs, and all Lem's neighbors told him that some fine morning he would find his flock torn and dismembered. They even pointed out the particular big collie dog who would most likely go "sheep-mad." Lem's heavy face drew into anxious, grotesque wrinkles at this kind of talk, and he visited the uplying pasture more and more frequently.

One morning, just before dawn, he came, pale and shamefaced, to the house of the owner of the collie. The family, roused from bed by his knocking, made out from his speech, more incoherent than usual, that he was begging their pardon for having killed their dog. "I saw wh-where he'd bit th-the throats out of two ewes that w-was due to lamb in a few days and I guess I—I—I must ha' gone kind o' crazy. They was ones I liked special. I'd brought 'em up myself. They—they was all over blood, you know."

They peered at him in the gray light, half-

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LEM TOOK CARE OF HIS MOTHER, HIS WIFE, AND THE NEW BABY FOR WEEKS AND WEEKS

afraid of the tall apparition. "How *could* you kill a great big dog like Jack?" they asked wonderingly.

In answer he held out his great hands and his huge corded arms, red with blood up to the elbow. "I heard him worrying

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another sheep and I—I just—I killed him."

One of the children now cried out: "But I shut Jackie up in the woodshed last night!"

Some one ran to open the door and the collie bounded out. Lem turned white in thankfulness. "I'm *mortal* glad," he stammered. "I felt awful bad—afterwards. I knew your young ones thought a sight of Jack."

"But what dog did you kill?" they asked.

Some of the men went back up on the mountain with him and found, torn in pieces and scattered wide in bloody fragments, as if destroyed by some great ravening beast of prey, the body of a big gray wolf. Once in a while one wanders over the line from the Canada forests and comes down into our woods, following the deer.

The hard-headed farmers who looked on that savage scene drew back from the shambling man beside them in the only impulse of respect they ever felt for him. It was the one act of his life to secure the admiration of his fellow-men; it was an action of which he himself always spoke in horror and shame.

Certainly his marriage aroused no admiration. It was universally regarded as a most addle-pated, imbecile affair from beginning to end. One of the girls who worked at the hotel in the village "got into trouble," as our vernacular runs, and as she came originally from our district and had gone to school there, every one knew her and was talking about the scandal. Old Ma'am Warren was of the opinion, spiritedly expressed, that "Lottie was a fool not to make that drummer marry her. She could have, if she'd gone the right way to work." But the drummer remained persistently absent.

One evening Lem, starting for his sheep-pasture for his last look for the night, heard some one crying down by the river and then, as he paused to listen, heard it no more. He jumped from the bridge without stopping to set down his lantern, knowing well the swiftness of the water, and caught the poor cowardly thing as she came, struggling and gasping, down with the current. He took her home and gave her dry clothes of his mother's. Then, leaving the scared and repentant child by his hearth, he set out on foot for the minister's house and dragged him back over the rough country roads.

When Ma'am Warren awoke the next morning, Lem did not instantly answer her imperious call, as he had done for so many years. Instead, a red-eyed girl in one of Mrs. Warren's own nightgowns came to the door and said shrinkingly: "Lem slept in the barn last night. He give his bed to me; but he'll be in soon. I see him fussin' around with the cow."

Ma'am Warren stared, transfixed with a premonition of irremediable evil. "What you doin' here?" she demanded, her voice devoid of expression through stupefaction.

The girl held down her head. "Lem and I were married last night," she said.

Then Mrs. Warren found her voice.

When Lem came in it was to a scene of the furious wrangling which was henceforth to fill his house.

" . . . to saddle himself with such trash as you!" his mother was saying ragingly.

His wife answered in kind, her vanity stung beyond endurance. "Well, you can be sure he'd never have got him a wife any other way! Nobody but a girl hard put to it would take up with a drivel-headed fool like Lem Warren!"

And then the bridegroom appeared at the door and both women turned their attention to him.

When the baby was born, Lottie was very sick. Lem took care of his mother, his wife, and the new baby for weeks and weeks. It was at lambing-time, and his flock suffered from lack of attention, although as much as he dared he left his sick women and tended his ewes. He ran in debt, too, to the grocery-stores, for he could work very little and earned almost nothing. Of course the neighbors helped out, but it was no cheerful morning's work to care for the vitriolic old woman, and Lottie was too sick for any one but Lem to handle. We did pass the baby around from house to house during the worst of his siege, to keep her off Lem's hands; but when Lottie began to get better it was haying-time; everybody was more than busy, and she was sent back.

Lottie lingered in semi-invalidism for about a year and then died, Lem holding her hand in his. She tried to say something to him that last night, so the neighbors who were there reported, but her breath failed her and she could only lie staring at him from eyes that seemed already to look from the other side of the grave.

He was heavily in debt when he was thus left with a year-old child not his own, but

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he gave Lottie a decent funeral and put up over her grave a stone stating that she was "Charlotte, loved wife of Lemuel Warren," and that she died in the eighteenth year of her life. He used to take the little girl and put flowers on the grave, I remember.

Then he went to work again. His sandy hair was already streaked with gray, though he was but thirty. The doctor said the reason for this phenomenon was the great strain of his year of nursing; and indeed throughout that period of his life no one knew when he slept, if ever. He was always up and dressed when any one else was, and late at night we could look across and see his light still burning and know that he was rubbing Lottie's back or feeding little Susie.

All that was changed now, of course. Susie was a strong, healthy child who slept all through the night in her little crib by her stepfather's corded bed, and in the daytime went everywhere he did. Wherever he "worked out" he used to give her her nap wrapped in a horse blanket on the hay in the barn; and he carried her in a sling of his own contrivance up to his sheep-pasture. Old Ma'am Warren disliked the pretty, laughing child so bitterly that he was loath to leave her at home; but when he was there with her, for the first time he asserted himself against his mother, bidding her, when she began to berate the child's parentage, to "be still!" with so strange and unexpected an accent of authority that she was quite frightened.

Susie was very fond of her stepfather at first, but when she came of school age, mixed more with the other children, and heard laughing, contemptuous remarks about him, the frank and devouring egotism of childhood made her ashamed of her affection, ashamed of him with his uncouth gait, his mouth always sagging open, his stammering, ignorant speech, which the other children amused themselves by mocking, and his rough dress. Though he was prospering again with his sheep, owned the pasture and his house now, and had even built on another room as well as repairing the older part, he spent little on his own adornment. It all went for pretty clothes for Susie, for better food, for books and pictures, for tickets for Susie to go to the circus and the county fair. Susie knew this and loved him by stealth for it, but the intolerably sensitive vanity of her twelve years made her wretched to be seen in public with him.

Divining this, he ceased going with her to school-picnics and Sunday-school parties, where he had been a most useful pack-animal, and, dressing her in her best with his big calloused hands, watched her from the window join a group of the other children. His mother predicted savagely that his "spoilin' on that bad-blooded young one would bring her to no good end," and when, at fifteen, Susie began to grow very pretty and saucy and wilful and to have beaux come to see her, the old woman exulted openly over Lem's helpless anxiety.

He was quite gray now, although not yet forty-five, and so stooped that he passed for an old man. He owned a little farm, his flock of sheep was the largest in the township, and Susie was expected to make a good marriage in spite of her antecedents.

And then Frank Gridley's oldest son, Ed, came back from business college with store clothes and city hats and polished tan shoes, and began idling about, calling on the girls. From the first, he and Susie ran together like two drops of water. Bronson Perkins, a cousin of mine, a big, silent, ruminative lad who had long hung about Susie, stood no show at all. One night in county-fair week, Susie, who had gone to the fair with a crowd of girl friends, was not at home at ten o'clock. Lem, sitting in his doorway and watching the clock, heard the approach of the laughing, singing straw-ride in which she had gone, with a long breath of relief; but the big hay-wagon did not stop at his gate.

He called after it in a harsh voice and was told that "Ed Gridley and she went off to the hotel to get supper. He said he'd bring her home later."

Lem went out to the barn and hitched up the faster of his two heavy plough-horses and drove from his house to Greenton, eight miles and up-hill, in forty-five minutes. When he went into the hotel, the clerk told him that the two he sought had had supper served in a private room. Lem ascertained which room and broke the door in with one heave of his shoulders. Susie sprang up from the disordered supper-table and ran to him like a frightened child, clinging to him desperately and crying out that Ed scared her so!

"It's all right now, Susie," he said gently,

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not looking at the man. "Poppa's come to take you home."

The man felt his dignity wounded and smarted at appearing at a disadvantage. He began to protest boisterously and to declare that he was ready to marry the girl—"*now*, this instant, if you choose!"

Lem put one arm about Susie. "I didn't come to make you marry her. I come to keep you from doin' it," he said, speaking clearly for once in his life. "Susie sha'n't marry a hound that'd do this." And as the other advanced threateningly on him, he struck him a great blow across the mouth that sent him unconscious to the ground.

Then Lem went out, paid for the broken lock, and drove home with Susie behind the foundered plough-horse.

The next spring her engagement to Bronson Perkins was announced, though everybody said they didn't see what use it was for folks to get engaged that couldn't ever get married. Mr. Perkins, Bronson's father, was daft, not enough to send him to the asylum, but so that he had to be watched all the time to keep him from doing himself a hurt. He had a horrid way, I remember, of lighting matches and holding them up to his bared arm until the smell of burning flesh went sickeningly through the house and sent some one in a rush to him. Of course it was out of the question to bring a young bride to such a home. Apparently there were years of waiting before them, and Susie was made of no stuff to endure a long engagement.

As a matter of fact, they were married that fall, as soon as Susie could get her things ready. Lem took old Mr. Perkins into the room Susie left vacant. "'Twon't be much more trouble taking care of two old people than one," he explained briefly.

Ma'am Warren's comments on this action have been embalmed forever in the delighted memories of our people. We have a taste for picturesque and forceful speech.

From that time we always saw the lunatic and the bent shepherd together. The older man grew quieter under Lem's care than he had been for years, and if he felt one of his insane impulses overtaking him, ran totteringly to grasp his protector's arm until, quaking and shivering, he was himself again. Lem used to take him up to the sheep-pasture for the day sometimes. He liked it up there himself, he said, and maybe 'twould be good for Uncle Hi. He often reported with pride that the old man talked as sensible as anybody, "get him off where it's quiet." Indeed, when Mr. Perkins died, six years later, we had forgotten that he was anything but a little queer, and he had known many happy, lucid hours with his grandchildren.

Susie and Bronson had two boys—sturdy, hearty children, in whom Lem took the deepest, shyest pride. He loved to take them off into the woods with him and exulted in their quick intelligence and strong little bodies. Susie got into the way of letting him take a good deal of the care of them.

It was Lem who first took alarm about the fall that little Frank had, down the cellar stairs. He hurt his spine somehow—our local doctor could not tell exactly how—and as the injury only made him limp a little, nobody thought much about it, until he began to have difficulty in walking. Then Lem sent for a doctor from Rutland who, as soon as he examined the child, stuck out his lower lip and rubbed his chin ominously. He pronounced the trouble something with a long name which none of us had ever heard, and said that Frank would be a hopeless cripple if it were not cured soon. There was, he said, a celebrated doctor from Europe now traveling in this country who had a wonderful new treatment for this condition. But under the circumstances—he looked about the plain farm sitting-room—he supposed that was out of the question.

"What did the doctor from foreign parts ask?" queried Bronson, and, being informed of some of the customary prices for major operations, fell back hopeless. Susie, her pretty, childish face drawn and blanched into a wan beauty, put her arms about her sick little son and looked at her stepfather. He had never failed her.

He did not fail her now. He sold the land he had accumulated field by field; he sold the great flock of sheep, every one of which he could call by name; he mortgaged the house over the protesting head of his now bedridden mother; he sold the horse and cow, and the very sticks of furniture from the room where Susie had grown up and where the crazy grandfather of Susie's children had known a peaceful old age and death. Little Frank was taken to New York to the hospital to have the great surgeon operate on him—he is there yet,

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SUSIE WAS A STRONG, HEALTHY CHILD WHO SLEPT ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT IN HER LITTLE CRIB BY HER STEPFATHER'S CORDED BED, AND IN THE DAYTIME WENT EVERYWHERE HE DID.

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almost completely recovered and nearly ready to come home.

Back in Hillsboro, Lem now began life all over again, hiring out humbly to his neighbors and only stipulating that he should have enough free time to take care of his mother. Three weeks ago she had her last stroke of paralysis and, after lying speechless for a few days, passed away, grim to the last, by the expression in her fierce old eyes.

The day after her funeral Lem did not come to work as he was expected. We went over to his house and found, to our consternation, that he was not out of bed.

"Be ye sick, Lem?" asked my uncle.

He looked at us over the bedclothes with his old foolish, apologetic smile. "Kind o' lazy, I guess," he whispered, closing his eyes.

The doctor was put out by the irregularity of the case. "I can't make out anything *really* the trouble!" he said. "Only the wheels don't go round as fast as they ought. Call it failing heart action if you want a label."

The wheels ran more and more slowly, until it was apparent to all of us that before long they would stop altogether. Susie and Bronson were in New York with little Frank, so that Lem's care during his last days devolved on the haphazard services of the neighbors. He was out of his head most of the time, though never violent, and all through the long nights lay flat on his back, looking at the ceiling with bright, blank eyes, driving his ox-team, skidding logs, ploughing in stony ground and remembering to favor the off-horse, whose wind wasn't good, planting, hoeing, tending his sheep, and teaching obstinate lambs to drink. He used quaint, coaxing names for these, such as a mother uses for her baby. He was up in the mountain-pasture a good deal, we gathered, and at night, from his constant mention of how bright the stars shone. And sometimes, when he was in evident pain, his delusion took the form that Susie, or the little boys, had gone up with him, and got lost in the woods.

I was on duty the night he died. We thought a change was near, because he had lain silent all day, and we hoped he would come to himself when he awoke from this stupor. Near midnight he began to talk again, and I could not make out at first whether he was still wandering or not. "Hold on hard, Uncle Hi," I heard him whisper.

Later he said clearly—and then I knew of course that he must be quite beside himself—"I've had an awful good time—living!"

A spoon fell out of my hand and clattered against a plate. He gave a great start and tried to sit up. "Yes, mother—coming!" he called hoarsely, and then looked at me with his own eyes. "I must ha' forgot about mother's bein' gone," he apologized sheepishly.

I took advantage of this lucid interval to try to give him some medicine the doctor had left. "Take a swallow of this," I said, holding the glass to his lips.

"What's it for?" he asked.

"It's a heart-stimulant," I explained. "The doctor said if we could get you through to-night you have a good chance."

His face drew together in grotesque lines of anxiety. "Little Frank worse?"

"Oh, no, he's doing finely."

"Susie all right?"

"Why, yes," I said wonderingly.

"Nothing the matter with her other boy?"

"Why, no, no," I told him. "Everybody's all right. Here, just take this down."

He turned away his head on the pillow and murmured something I did not catch. When I asked him what he said, he smiled feebly as in deprecation of his well-known ridiculous ways. "I'm just as much obliged to you," he said, "but if everybody's all right, I guess I won't have any medicine." He looked at me earnestly. "I'm—I'm real tired," he said.

It came out in one great breath—apparently his last, for he did not move after that, and his ugly, slack-mouthed face was at once quite still. Its expression made me think of the time I had seen it as a child, by lantern-light, as he looked down at the new-born lamb on his breast.

I am writing this as the neighbors prepare the little house for the funeral services. From the next room I hear the sound of sweeping, the clatter of chairs being set down on bare floors, and the cheerful bustle of competent, energetic women. I catch the end of a sentence one calls to another: " . . . land, yes, easy-goin' enough! But such an awful, slack, *do*-less critter!"

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THE REMEDY

THE A·B·C OF HIGH-COST LIVING

by THOMAS W. LAWSON

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Editor's Note:—With convincing clearness, Mr. Lawson in this instalment solves the riddle of High-Cost Living. He connects it directly with a trick worked by the System through the Stock Exchange. You have been pilfered as well as puzzled by High-Cost Living. Mr. Lawson shows you how the thieves work.

And his exposition is so simple, so crystal clear, that all will comprehend it—even those whose work since school-days has not compelled them to do close reasoning.

He solves that other riddle—how the fruits of unexampled national prosperity fall into the laps of the few, while the many are robbed of their proportionate share. He connects the robbery directly with another trick worked by the System through the Stock Exchange. He will show you how to stop the thieves.

It is our belief that Mr. Lawson is making, in this instalment, the greatest constructive contribution to the needs of the hour, as he admittedly made the greatest contribution in "Frenzied Finance" to the destructive work which was the crying need of that hour.

"The Remedy" aims to secure to every man his share in the national prosperity in proportion to his contribution to that prosperity. That is constructive work of the highest order. And it can be accomplished without any upheaval. Without hurting any legitimate interest. Without destroying the necessary features of the Stock Exchange, and without establishing a "Government by Bureaus" at Washington.

While Mr. Lawson's usual style is full of color and heat and pictures and emotions and passions and explosions, in this instalment he writes in simple, homely phrase, with no imaginative flights, without passion, without heat, almost without color. He uses this homely style to get his message straight home to the mind of every reader without any distractions of pretty phrasing or word-painting. He has selected every word, chiseled every clause, fitted every paragraph with foot-rule accuracy, as becomes word-work in fundamentals.

The result is a masterpiece of constructive thinking, of statesmanship, and a master contribution to the Common Good.

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THE A-B-C OF HIGH-COST LIVING

HIGH-COST living vitally affects a people. The class least affected, the rich, is the smallest in number. The middle class, while very numerous, is not so large as the class most vitally affected, the poor.

Any word-work having for its end the education of a people to the cause of high-cost living must necessarily be couched in language which the least educated, political-economy-wise, can understand easily.

This means that the language employed must be simple, the phrase pictures noonday clear, and the whole unadornedly two-and-two-foury; that everything but the truth must be sacrificed to making the reader see, lifelike see, high-cost living and its shudderful specter, impossible-to-meet-high-cost living, their cause and their remedy.

Then again, the pick-and-shovel language which can open up a now-we-understand-it vision to the economically unawakened can also pilot the logic-sharp and statecraft-know-it-all to even by them undreamed-of plunder siphons and pillage conduit cut-offs—though perhaps not as interestingly, as pleasingly, as if their word-way were hung with the phrase technicalities to which they are accustomed.

I trust that none of my expert political-economy readers will complain on this score, for the least that a top-runged economist can contribute to this great cause is his phrase luxuries. Anyway, in this chapter I am going to use the language which my every-day readers can understand most easily. Now to the fundamentals:

There are four forms of labor—body, mind, machinery, and capital.

Body labor is that labor in which the body, or any part of it, is employed.

Mind labor is that labor in which the mind is employed. (There are forms of labor which combine body and mind, but for practical purposes, valuation exchange purposes, they can be separated easily in their combined results.)

Machinery labor is the exact equivalent of body and mind labor, because machinery is the accumulated results of body and mind labor. The results of machinery labor can be apportioned easily to the respective body and mind parts which enter into its creation or possession. (In machinery labor I include animals, steamships, railroads, etc.)

Capital labor is the accumulated result of body, mind, or machinery labor, or all three, *i. e.*, capital.

The true value of labor—body, mind, machinery, or capital—is the worth of its result to humanity.

Nothing of value to humans can come to them from the earth, the sea, or the sky, without the employment of body, mind, machinery, or capital labor.

The sea may hold its pearls, the earth its gold, the sky its electricity, the fish may be plentiful, the fields full of flocks, the trees hanging with fruit, and the air a storehouse of earth's needed nitrates, but none is of value to humans until humans labor in its gathering. In other words, God has stored for the humans of earth all their necessities, but they lie dormant until human labor or its results are applied.

In all my calculations I am going to discuss values in terms of human labor, which means human labor or its accumu-

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lated results. I do this because human labor is the best and truest measure of all material values; the value of every material worth to humans can be measured in human labor or human labor's results.

If we would know the true value of a bushel of potatoes in beef, shoes, or pearls, we have but to find the amount of direct and indirect labor which enters into the production of the potatoes, and then ascertain the quantity of beef, shoes, or pearls this labor, *measured by the same standard*, should produce.

ONE MEASURE FOR SHOES AND PEARLS

In figuring the result of the labor which enters into the production of the potatoes, beef, shoes, or pearls, we must take into consideration all forms of human labor—the capital labor accumulated in the land; the machinery labor entering into the tilling of the soil; the transportation of the shoes, the herding of the cattle, or the perilous diving for the pearls; the mind labor employed in the bookkeeping, executive, and advertising departments; and the body labor of every kind which in any way enters into the production of the potatoes, beef, shoes, or pearls from the time they are in the land, on the hoof, or in the sea, until they reach the consumer.

We could follow the labor which enters into the price of these or any other productions of humans into the thousand-and-one side channels of industry it may traverse on its road to the other articles of human use of which it becomes part. But it suffices for the purpose of this work to show broadly that the exchange value of the potatoes, beef, shoes, or pearls is the value of the labor (body, mind, machinery, and capital labor) which enters into the production of each, *measured by the same standard.*

An illustration: Imagine a country with one huge "market." The producers of the country, the people, deposit in the "market" all they produce, and the "market's" automatic pricer tags on each its exchange value — exchange - into - other - productions value. In making this price the automatic pricer takes into consideration only the amount and the grade of labor (body, mind, machinery, and capital labor) and the incidentals (Government taxes) which enter into production.

The "market's" business would be very simple if the automatic pricer contained no possibility of cheating by the "market" fetchers or takers, the producers or the consumers.

If the people of the whole country produced only as much as they consumed, then when all the people had brought their productions and later exchanged them for their necessities, the "market" would be empty, and all the citizens of the country would be happy in the knowledge that each had his proportionate share.

Some would bring more than others because they had worked harder or more intelligently, because they had invented, or had been more fortunate in finding Nature's treasures; and they would take more away.

THE REASON FOR MONEY

But in a country's producing and consuming business it would be impossible for this wholesale exchange to be made in the things themselves, and the "market's" automatic pricer would be driven to use a token of value—money—dollars. The number of these dollars at the beginning would be the total of the price of all the things brought to the "market."*

Bear in mind that the price would be made automatically, and in the making nothing would be taken into consideration

*That there may be no confusion, I will say that when I use the term "brought to the market," I do not mean it literally. For instance, in addition to all the things actually produced there would be land, and for its original value money would be issued as if it were so much product.

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but the amount of body, mind, machinery, and capital labor, and the community's charges—taxes—which entered into the production of each of the different things. Real-estate value produced during the year would be as much a product of the people as corn or machinery, and would be treated just the same as any of the more perishable products, and its value would be fixed in terms of human labor.

As the automatic pricer would be able on January first to foresee all changes which would for any reason take place during the year, it would make perfect allowance for them—the total of its prices would be the sum of all the productions deposited and taken out during the year.

At the beginning the tokens of value—money—would be placed in the automatic pricer's hopper and would belong to the "market"—would belong to all the people, the people who established and owned the "market"—and none of this money would be of value until issued "out," and could be issued "out" only for the things deposited, and only then at a fair price, the automatic pricer's price.

WHAT IS A LUXURY?

As the people deposited their productions, they would take from the hopper the number of dollars the automatic pricer tagged upon the different things deposited.

If nothing was taken out until all the year's productions had been put in, the "market" would have all of the productions of the country, and the people all of the money.

Then the people would return the money to the hopper and, in exchange, take out their necessities.

(The economist-sharp divides the consumption of a people into necessities and luxuries. I will speak all through my work of all the things that people consume as their necessities, for no rule can separate necessities from luxuries. At one stage of the American people's existence a gun and a tent were necessities, and a sewing-machine was a luxury. The sewing-machine then became a necessity and the gun and tent a luxury. To-day, moving-picture shows, phonographs, and automobiles are necessities—must be, for the American people sacrifice their coal, flour, and clothing, their bodies' comforts, their minds' peace, and mortgage their future, for these possessions.)

IN AND OUT OF THE "MARKET" HOPPER

The man who brought a hundred bushels of corn to the "market," and found the automatic pricer's price seventy-five cents per bushel, would take from the hopper seventy-five dollars, which later he would return for three hundred pounds of beef, marked twenty-five cents per pound. Thus the producer of corn and the producer of beef would know, in making the exchange, that the same value of labor—body, mind, machinery, and capital labor—which would produce a hundred bushels of corn, would produce three hundred pounds of beef. The amounts and qualities of the several kinds of labor might vary, but the total value of all the kinds employed would be the same.

After all the exchanges had been made, all things produced in the country would have been in the "market" and out of the "market," and all the money of the people would have been in the hopper, out of the hopper, and back again into the hopper, for the next year's trading.

As the country grew, the "market" would contain at all times a large amount of the things produced by the people, and the people would have at all times a large part of the total issued money in their possession. Being able at any time to "market" their productions for money, they

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would deposit productions and take out money only as they required it.

As the country continued to grow, they would cease depositing in the "market," taking out money, and returning money in exchange for their necessities, and instead consumers would pay their money directly to producers for the necessities, and producers would return the money to consumers for their labor on new productions.

A would buy of B the corn produced by B, paying him in money.

B would buy of C the shoes produced by C, paying C with the money received from A.

And C would buy of A the beef produced by A, paying him with the money he, C, had received from B, who in turn had received it from A.

THE AUTOMATIC PRICER AT WORK

But all the time the automatic pricer would keep accurate count of each of the things produced in the country, and all the different grades of labor employed, and all the different kinds of machinery at work, and all the uses to which capital was put, to the end that, notwithstanding the many wheels within wheels, it might arrive at the correct, the just price on all things produced and consumed in the country.

And the job of this automatic pricer, notwithstanding the multiplicity of wheels within wheels, would not be so confusing. For bear in mind that the automatic pricer would be governed entirely in its price-making by the worth to the community of the labor which entered into the production of each thing, and that it would make in its price-making the correct, the just allowance in labor value for every act of the human or his accumulated labor's results which in any way had part in the production of anything brought to the market.

This is how it would work out to the correct, the just price:

(a) *When the record of the yearly productions of the country showed that the people had not produced as much as they had consumed,* that is, that they were eating into their accumulated surplus of other years—thereby showing either that they had raised their standard of living without warrant, or that their production had fallen off while their consumption, their standard of living, was the same as the year before—then the automatic pricer would raise the price all round, so that when the people bought they would receive less for their dollars than they had received the year before.

And the people, by receiving less for their dollars, would know either that they were producing less than they had produced the year before, or that they were consuming more without having produced more—either that their standard of living had risen without a corresponding increase in production, or that while their standard of living was the same, their production had fallen off.

The people would require no other information about the condition of the country's prosperity than the cost of their living—in other words, seeing that the price of their necessities was on the increase, they would know that the country was running behind, that times were poor, or that they soon would be.

(b) *When the records of the year showed an increase in production over consumption,* the prices would be dropped all round, and the people, receiving more for their dollars than the year before, would know either that they had produced more without expending additional body, mind, machinery, or capital labor in the whole production, or that they had been less extravagant in their standard of living. In other words, the people would know by the drop in the price of the things which entered into their living that prosperity was on the increase.

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(c) Or the automatic pricer could do this: *When the year's record showed that the total production had increased materially, with the standard of living and the consumption the same,* the automatic pricer might cause the Government to issue additional money. And this additional money would be deposited in the automatic pricer's hopper to be exchanged for the increased production.

(d) *At each year's price-making, when the records showed that certain industries, for any reason—fire, famine, or failure of crops, or increased production—were changing their relation to the production of other things,* the automatic pricer would alter the price all round or in part to take care of the more or less of the body, mind, machinery, or capital labor which entered into the production of the different things.

When the records showed that, because of increased production over consumption, the people were keeping on hand in their own storehouses vast amounts of their productions, instead of putting them in the "market" or directly exchanging them with the consumers; or were using these accumulated productions as a basis of credit; or were using their money, accumulated in their own hands, or in the hands of others to whom it had been loaned, to produce more things or to accumulate the things already produced—then the automatic pricer would cause to be issued statements to the effect that, while the people supposed the total amount of all their "money" was that which had been issued "out" by the "market," the total amount was, in fact, more, because of the system of credits, credits based upon money, and credits based upon things produced, and credits based upon other credits.

(Again, that there may be no confusion, when I speak of an increased production over consumption it does not necessarily follow that all of the increased production consists of tangible things newly created; for a part of the increased production may be created in the sense that things already created have, because of conditions, increased in their labor value.)

When the business of the country grew to vast proportions, and the wheels within wheels grew to a most confusing number, and the people's productions in the "market" and in their own storehouses and in transit were vast, and the people were buying a part of what they consumed from the producers of other countries, and were selling a part of what they produced to the consumers of other countries—even then the automatic pricer would continue to make prices as correctly and as easily as at first.

The foregoing illustration is to show that

When the country's production only equals the people's consumption and there is neither surplus nor deficit, prices must remain stationary—there must be stationary-cost living.

When the country is producing less than its people consume, the deficit must cause higher prices—there must be high-cost living.

When a free-and-equal-peopled country is producing more than its people consume, their necessities must drop in price—there must be low-cost living.

Conversely, it shows that

When prices remain stationary, the people know that production and consumption are equal, that there is no deficit or surplus, that the country's prosperity or lack of it remains stationary.

When prices increase, the people know that production is less than consumption, that there is a deficit, that the country is not prosperous.

When prices decrease, the people know that production is greater than consumption, that there is a surplus, that the country is prosperous.

When the records show that production is greater than consumption and that there is a surplus, and at the same time prices increase instead of decrease, it is proof positive that there is cheating in the price-making of the people's productions. And

The only place where cheating can enter into the price-making of a people's productions is in the false measuring, by a trick in the market-place, of the amount of the capital labor which enters into the production of the people's necessities.

And this false measuring to-day is done through the Stock Exchange.

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Let my reader keep his finger on this point while I lead him toward the Stock Exchange, the place where the cheating is done—for there is gigantic cheating being done in the United States; where the false measuring is done, in capital labor, which is the accumulated result of body, mind, and machinery labor—for there is monstrous false measuring being done in the United States; where the big trick is turned—for there is a big trick being turned on the people of the United States.

Prosperity in the United States during the past forty years has been so great that it has struck an average surplus balance each year of over 2000 millions of dollars, and yet the cost of living has increased steadily instead of decreasing.

FUNDAMENTALS OF PRICE-MAKING

There are but five charges entering into the price-making of any of the people's productions: raw material, labor necessary to turn raw material into usable form, incidentals (Government taxes, etc.), capital employed, and profit.

The total of these five charges makes the legitimate price of anything produced by humans.

Raw material. The charges entering into the cost of raw material are the same as those entering into finished product—labor (body, mind, and machinery), capital, incidentals (Government taxes), and profit. The legitimate price of raw material is that price which will return to the humans who produce it an equivalent of all the costs entering into its production, including a fair profit.

Labor. The legitimate cost of labor is the total cost of all the labor—every form of human and machinery labor, all advertising, rent, distribution and executive expenses—which enters into the turning of the raw material into usable form, at the world's going wage. And this wage or charge must be such as will enable all humans engaged in the production, and their dependents, to secure from such wage the going standard of living for themselves and their dependents, and in addition the necessary surplus for old age and rainy days, and the payment of such wage to machinery as will admit of repairs and replenishments, at the going standard of wage for machinery.

Incidentals. The cost of incidentals is the total cost of all taxes which by the going standard should burden the price of what a people produce.

Capital. The cost of capital employed is arrived at by charging the going rate or capital similarly employed, such charge to cover capital directly or indirectly employed in the production; and in the calculation there should be taken into consideration the safety or the hazard of the capital.

Profit. Profit should be arrived at by taking into consideration the conditions surrounding each individual price-making—allowing for legitimate monopoly—patent monopoly, ownership of mine, quarry, dock, railroad-rights-of-way monopoly—and the world supply-and-demand competition standard of profits.

The total of these five charges—the charges for raw material, for labor, for incidentals, for capital, and for profit—make the legitimate price of everything produced by humans, and I will show now through which one of these fundamentals of price-making the trick is worked that causes high-cost living.

THE BIRTH OF HIGH-COST LIVING

In the United States during the past forty years prosperity has reigned. No one disputes this. It has been proved beyond question in numerous ways:

Production and consumption statistics show it.

THE WEALTH OF THE COUNTRY FORTY YEARS AGO WAS TWENTY-FIVE BILLION DOLLARS. TO-DAY IT IS ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-ONE BILLION DOLLARS.

THIS HUNDRED AND THIRTY-ONE BILLIONS IS NOT IN THE POSSESSION OF THE WHOLE PEOPLE, THE ONES WHO PRODUCED IT AND WHO NOW NUMBER ONE HUNDRED MILLIONS OF PEOPLE, BUT OVER THREE-FOURTHS OF IT IS POSSESSED BY TEN THOUSAND OF THE ONE HUNDRED MILLIONS OF PEOPLE.

Sixty billion dollars of the nation's wealth is represented in stocks and bonds. Stocks

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and bonds are the paper titles of ownership to the nation's incorporated industries.

Over fifty-five billion dollars of this sixty billions represented by stocks and bonds has come into existence during the past forty years.

Forty years ago the stocks and bonds which represented the actual capital employed in the nation's industries (five billions) called for an annual interest charge of two hundred and fifty millions of dollars. That is, forty years ago, in the making of the prices of the people's productions which were to be consumed, there was added each year to the cost of the raw material, labor, incidentals, and profit charges, two hundred and fifty millions of dollars, or five per cent., the going rate on capital, on the five billions of capital employed.

Bear in mind that the only right attaching to this five billions to charge the people, through cost of living, two hundred and fifty millions of dollars each year, was that it was real capital, that it was five billions of accumulated earnings of labor—body, mind, machinery, and capital labor.

To-day, when prices are made up for the productions of the American people, there is added to the raw material, labor, incidentals, and profit charges, another charge, of 3000 million dollars. In other words, *the owners of the sixty billions of stocks and bonds take each year, through the cost of the people's living, 3000 millions, for which they give nothing in return but the use for a year of the capital the people require in the running of their industries.*

Now keep your finger on this:

The problem of high-cost living centers in this sixty billion dollars of capital stocks and bonds.

If the sixty billions of stocks and bonds is real capital, the people should pay to its owners the 3000 millions each year, for that is what the use of sixty billions of real capital is worth in the world's markets.

But if any part of it is counterfeit capital, the people are being robbed of all that they pay for the use of the counterfeit part.

If the sixty billions were owned by all the people, that is, if the people themselves paid themselves each year the 3000 millions for its use, no great harm could come to the people by such payment, even though the sixty billions were largely or all counterfeit.

IF FORTY BILLIONS OF THE SIXTY BILLION DOLLARS BELONGS TO TEN THOUSAND PEOPLE OUT OF A HUNDRED MILLIONS OF PEOPLE, AND THESE TEN THOUSAND RECEIVE FOR IT 2000 MILLIONS PAID BY ALL THE PEOPLE, AND IF FORTY BILLIONS OF THE SIXTY BILLIONS IS COUNTERFEIT, THEN THE PEOPLE NOT ONLY ARE BEING ROBBED BUT ARE BEING ENSLAVED. FOR THE ANNUAL PAYMENT THEY MAKE TO THE TEN THOUSAND ON THE COUNTERFEIT CAPITAL WILL IN TIME EAT UP ALL THE WEALTH OF THE PEOPLE, AND THEY WILL THEN BE SLAVES BECAUSE THEY WILL BE ABLE TO EXIST ONLY BY THE SUFFERANCE OF THE TEN THOUSAND OWNERS OF TWO-THIRDS OF THE NATION'S STOCKS AND BONDS.

Keep your finger on this, too:

OVER FORTY BILLIONS OF THE SIXTY BILLIONS OF STOCKS AND BONDS CAPITAL IS COUNTERFEIT. THIS OVER FORTY BILLIONS REPRESENTED WHEN ISSUED NO ACCUMULATED LABOR—BODY, MIND, MACHINERY, OR CAPITAL LABOR. IT REPRESENTED NOTHING BUT A TRICK, AND THIS FORTY BILLIONS FICTITIOUS CAPITAL IS LARGELY OWNED BY TEN THOUSAND PEOPLE WHO EVERY YEAR RECEIVE 2000 MILLION DOLLARS INTEREST FOR IT.

In other words, ten thousand people collect an annual tribute of 2000 millions of dollars from the whole American people. And it is this 2000 millions of dollars, added each year to the price of the people's necessities, which, in conjunction with another enormous amount taken in another way through the Stock Exchange, has brought high-cost living.

And the instrument through which the trick is worked is the Stock Exchange. Tariff, trusts, transportation and insurance frauds, and the Money Trust, are but the subsidiary agents of the principal instruments—stocks and bonds and the Stock Exchange.

If this trick is to continue to work, the American people will be enslaved, absolutely and completely enslaved. The trick *will* continue to work unless the Stock Ex-

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change is closed, closed so far as gambling is concerned.

HOW THE TRICK WORKS

Stocks and bonds are paper titles to the ownership of the people's incorporated industries.

A certain cotton mill is worth one million dollars. The form its capital takes is stocks and bonds. Any one possessed of this million of stocks and bonds owns the mill. Any one possessed of a majority—fifty-one per cent.—of this million controls the mill.

Its owner, or controller, in making up the prices of each year's productions, figures the cost of raw material, labor, incidentals, profit, and then adds to the prices thus made fifty thousand dollars, five per cent., for the use of the million dollars capital employed.

The stocks and bonds are traded in on the Stock Exchange. Any owner of them wishing to sell employs a member of the Stock Exchange, who for a commission offers them in the Stock Exchange to any who want to buy. And any one wanting to buy, employs another member of the Exchange to "take" them when the first, or selling member, offers them at the "market price."

The original "market price" is "par," a hundred dollars per share or per bond. The price is "par" because the ownership of a hundred-dollar share or bond brings to its owner five dollars per year, five per cent.—the going rate on capital.

If the prospects are good for the mill's earning and paying more than five dollars upon each share or bond, the price will rise above "par." If the prospects are poor for its continuing to earn five dollars, the price will drop below "par."

The reason the hundred-dollar share pays five dollars per year to its owner is that it represents a hundred dollars of accumulated labor (body, mind, machinery, or capital labor), and, being employed in the mill's production, it is entitled to five dollars per year, as if it had been the labor of four $1.25-a-day human operatives.

It does not matter to the people who produce and consume the things which the capital labor assists in producing, whether the hundred-dollar stock or bond, which is the right to collect annually five dollars, came into existence through body, mind, machinery, or capital labor; whether it came through the direct expenditure of body or mind or machinery or capital labor; whether it came into existence through inventions, increase in land values, discovery of mines, or whatever. All that is, or should be, of importance to them is that they, the people, humanity, received a benefit, the equivalent of one hundred dollars, which is the perpetual right to take five dollars annually—that is, that at the time the hundred-dollar stock or bond was issued, it was exchanged for a hundred dollars' worth of accumulated labor or accumulated labor's results.*

IF THIS HUNDRED-DOLLAR STOCK OR BOND, A LEGITIMATE INSTRUMENT FOR THE COLLECTION OF FIVE DOLLARS PER YEAR, IS BY A TRICK TURNED INTO A TWO-HUNDRED-DOLLAR INSTRUMENT FOR THE COLLECTION OF TEN DOLLARS, WITHOUT ADDING ANOTHER HUNDRED DOLLARS' WORTH OF LABOR—BODY, MIND, MACHINERY, OR CAPITAL—THE PEOPLE ARE ROBBED OF THE ADDITIONAL FIVE DOLLARS PER YEAR JUST AS SURELY AS IF THE OWNER OF THE HUNDRED-DOLLAR STOCK OR BOND HAD, WHEN COLLECTING THE LEGITIMATE FIVE DOLLARS FOR INTEREST, STOLEN ANOTHER FIVE DOLLARS—STOLEN IT FROM THE ONES FROM WHOM THE FIRST OR LEGITIMATE FIVE DOLLARS WAS TAKEN—THE PEOPLE WHO PAID IT THROUGH THE ADDITION OF FIVE DOLLARS TO THE PRICE OF THE THINGS THEY CONSUME.

If the owners of the million-dollar cotton mill's stocks and bonds, which are the right

*The people are defrauded through the later operation of the Stock Exchange trick when the corporation, trust, or association which issues its $100 stock or bond disposes of it to the System for less real money, or real money equivalent, than the amount the people are deceived into believing their treasury receives for it.

In other words, if the corporation, trust, or association actually received a hundred dollars for each $100 stock or bond it issues, such $100 stock or bond would be worth its face value—subject, of course, to the legitimate hazards of the business done by such corporation, trust, or association—because it could be used in the legitimate business of the corporation to earn five dollars per year, the world's going rate for a hundred dollars real capital. And the corporation which issued such $100 stock or bond would have the right, the legitimate right, to add five dollars to the price of the goods it produced, in addition to all the other legitimate cost charges.

But if such corporation, trust, or association issued its $100 stock or bond and received but twenty-five dollars for it—even though later the one to whom it had been sold for twenty-five dollars resold it to the people for a hundred dollars—it would, by adding, to the legitimate cost of the goods it produced, five dollars for capital employed, be defrauding the people out of $3.75 on each five dollars collected through the price of its productions sold to the people. For its only capital charge should be $1.25, because it had received actually only twenty-five cents on the dollar of the capital which was represented by its stocks and bonds.

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to collect annually from the people fifty thousand dollars—the right to collect it because that amount has been added to the price of the necessities of the people which the mill produces—use this right fraudulently in such a way that when they collect the fifty thousand dollars they collect another fifty thousand through adding it to the price of the productions of the mills, then the people are robbed of fifty thousand dollars. *And this class of robbery causes high-cost living, notwithstanding that the country is prosperous and producing a surplus which should make for low-cost living.**

This is what is being done and has been done during the past forty years:—The cotton mill, by a trick, has been able to turn its one million dollars of stocks and bonds into two millions, four millions, fourteen millions, and through them to collect from the American people, through the cost of their living, two times, four times, fourteen times as much as it should have collected. And what has been done in the cotton mill has been done in almost all the other industries of the American people.

AND THE TRICK BY WHICH IT HAS BEEN DONE IS WORKED THROUGH THE STOCK EXCHANGE AS NOW ORGANIZED AND OPERATING.

Some years ago the woolen mills and other mills, along with steel, coal, beef, shoes, and railroads—all the industries of the American people—like the million-dollar cotton mill before it became the subject of the Stock Exchange trick, were valued legitimately and, like the million-dollar cotton mill, were making their prices of the people's necessities on a basis of the legitimate cost of the raw material, labor, incidentals, capital, and profit. And at the time this was being done, the stocks and bonds which represented the nation's industries amounted to what might have grown legitimately to twenty billion dollars to-day instead of the present sixty billions.

Then the trick was invented by which there has since come into existence a counterfeit forty billions.

*My critics may say that this robbing of the people through the high cost of their necessities is confined solely to non-competitive industries, the so-called monopolies, and that the competitive industries which have been included in the total of sixty billions of stocks and bonds can not add interest charges on counterfeit capital to the price of their commodities because competition would take away their market. I intend to make clear in a later chapter that competitive as well as non-competitive industries rob the people, by the same Stock Exchange trick.

Then it was that the foundation was laid for the present disastrous high-cost living.

FOR, BY THIS TRICK, THERE IS ADDED EACH YEAR TO THE PRICE OF THE PEOPLE'S NECESSITIES 2000 MILLION DOLLARS MORE THAN SHOULD BE ADDED.

That is, but for this trick the price of the American people's necessities would be two billions of dollars less per year.

Each year two billions of dollars which now go largely to the few very rich through this Stock Exchange trick, would instead remain with the American people, either in a larger consumption of necessities—a higher standard of living—or in money in the form of savings. For the total legitimate cost of the people's living would be made up as follows:

Raw material, labor, incidentals, and profit, with the addition of one billion dollars, five per cent. interest on the twenty billions of dollars of actual capital employed.

But because of this trick, solely because of this trick, there is added each year to the legitimate cost of the American people's necessities two billions of dollars, five per cent. interest on forty billion dollars of capital which is in no sense legitimate capital, in no sense accumulated labor.

Except for the Stock Exchange, this trick could not be worked, and the cost of the living of the American people would each year be reduced instead of increased.

This trick will be destroyed absolutely if the Stock Exchange is closed, closed so far as gambling is concerned.

WHAT IS THE STOCK EXCHANGE?

To comprehend high-cost living, its cause and remedy, it is absolutely necessary that my readers understand what the Stock Exchange really is and what it is supposed to be—what financialdom would have the world believe it is. And I will say here that the Stock Exchange is in no sense what financialdom would have the world believe it is.

The Stock Exchange is supposed to be a market-place where the prices of the stocks and bonds of the people's industries are made, through the operation of the law of supply and demand—stocks-and-bonds supply and demand—a place where prices are made by the owners' offering stocks and bonds for sale and their would-be pur-

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chasers' offering to buy them, through the members of the Stock Exchange.

In the making of the market-price of anything of value to humans, the price which is to be the basis of exchange for any other thing of value, only one thing can be taken into consideration—supply and demand. Particularly is this true in the making of the "market price" of stocks and bonds, for when the "market price" of stocks and bonds is once made and accepted as legitimate by the world, it is used as the basis of the exchange of all other things of value.

The method of making the "market prices" of stocks and bonds at the Stock Exchange is this:

An owner orders his broker to sell at the "market price."

His broker goes upon "the floor" of the Stock Exchange and offers the number of shares or bonds he has for sale, at the last-named price, the "market price;" and the broker who has the "order" of a would-be buyer, "takes" them, or, thinking they are worth less, makes a lower offer, which is accepted by the offering broker.

Or the broker who has them for sale, believing the last-named price too low, offers them above the "market price."

Whatever the price is, whether higher or lower or at "market," the price made becomes the new "market price." This thus-made price is instantly sent throughout the world by special telegraphic apparatus, the tickers, and later through the press, and the world thus knows what the industry represented by the stock or bond is worth, and the world instantly uses this price as the basis of its financial business. Banks loan money on the stocks and bonds. The investor with a few hundred dollars, or with millions, exchanges his money for them at the price thus made.

As stocks and bonds are the basis of nearly all the business of the world, the making of their price, their honest price, is of the greatest import to civilization.

If a fictitiously high price can be made by the owners of stocks and bonds, they can take to themselves the money of the people to the extent represented by the dishonest excess without giving the people anything in return for it.

If the would-be buyers of stocks and bonds can make a fictitiously low price, they can take away the stocks and bonds from their owners at less than their real worth.

If the "market price" of stocks and bonds can be made by a trick, instead of being rigidly subjected to the natural law of supply and demand, the price-making tricksters have the people absolutely at their mercy.

If stocks and bonds worth one billion dollars are sold to the people for two billion dollars, the tricksters who make the fictitious price of two billion dollars thus secure from the people one billion dollars for nothing, just as if they had by highway robbery taken from each of one hundred million people ten dollars of his savings.

If stocks and bonds, after having been sold to the people for two billion dollars, are fictitiously dropped in price to one billion dollars, and the people are scared into selling them, the tricksters who perform the operation as surely rob the owners of the stocks and bonds as if they had burglarized them of their savings.

IF STOCKS AND BONDS TO THE LEGITIMATE VALUE OF ONE BILLION DOLLARS (THE LEGITIMATE VALUE BECAUSE THE INDUSTRIES WHICH THEY REPRESENT ARE TO SELL THEIR PRODUCT TO THE PEOPLE AT A PRICE WHICH WILL ENABLE THEM TO EARN AND PAY FIVE PER CENT. ON ONE BILLION CAPITAL) ARE MANIPULATED FICTITIOUSLY TO TWO BILLION DOLLARS—

AND THIS TWO BILLION DOLLARS IS USED AS THE BASIS OF INCREASING THE PRICE OF THE INDUSTRY'S PRODUCTION ENOUGH TO PAY FIVE PER CENT. ON TWO BILLION DOLLARS—

THE PEOPLE ARE ROBBED OF A BILLION DOLLARS AS ABSOLUTELY AS IF THE TREASURY OF THE UNITED STATES HAD BEEN BROKEN INTO AND A BILLION DOLLARS STOLEN.

The legitimate business transacted by the Stock Exchange is infinitesimal compared with its gambling business. As a matter of fact, the Stock Exchange as at present constituted is an institution used for the performance of two trick functions:

1. The *direct* taking away of the people's money by the makers of fictitious high

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and low stock and bond prices, by loading up the people with stocks and bonds at the top price and shaking them out at the bottom price.

2. The *indirect* taking away of the people's money through high-cost living by the making of fictitious high prices for stocks and bonds, which high prices are used as the basis of making fictitious high prices for the people's necessities.

Using fictitiously-made high prices of stocks and bonds as an instrument to make fictitiously high prices for the people's necessities is the more vicious and destructive of the two methods of sure-thing-gambling robbers, because by it a few tricksters take away from the people 2000 millions of dollars annually.

DIRECT AND INDIRECT STOCK EXCHANGE ROBBERY

The method of doing these tricks is so simple as to be ridiculous, were it not so terrible in its consequence to the people. I will describe the direct trick, the less important trick, first: The System, the few men who control the Stock Exchange and the banks, corporations, and life-insurance companies

(*a*) take the stocks and bonds of, say, a billion-dollar corporation or trust company in hand for manipulation. They daily order a number of their brokers on the floor of the Stock Exchange to make-believe buy and sell among themselves millions of dollars' worth of the stocks and bonds which are marked for manipulation. That is, these hired agents of the System go through the form of buying and selling—like fake bidders at a horse auction. The buying and selling is done at constantly increasing prices. These increased prices are sent throughout the world, and with them cock-and-bull stories of the reason for the rise—increased business of the industries they represent, remarkable values discovered in the earth owned by the industries, or wonderful inventions made by the industries.

(*b*) The System orders its banks, trust companies, and life-insurance companies to loan the people's deposited savings upon their stocks and bonds at the thus-made fictitiously high prices.

(*c*) After the legitimate billion-dollar price has been increased thus illegitimately to two billions—the news-agents of the System, accompanying the fictitious manipulation of the price with yarns of the price's continuing on up to three billions—the stocks and bonds are unloaded upon the people for two billions of real money, and, if necessary, the System loans the purchasers one-half of the purchase price out of the people's own savings deposited in the System's banks, trust companies, and life-insurance companies.

(*d*) Then the System unloads upon them another billion dollars of stocks and bonds which have no existence ("short sales"), but which the System's brokers agree to deliver in the future.*

(*e*) The System's news-agents then reverse the "news" by telling of coming war, pestilence, strikes, reduced dividends, bankruptcy, and general all-round hell. And, timed to these false yarns, the System's brokers manipulate the stock and bond trading on the "floor" for a panic drop, continuing the price-smashing and fake news until the price has fallen to the original billion or less. Then the brokers begin to buy back secretly what they have sold, first the real billion dollars of stocks and bonds, then the fictitious billion, *and the System is two billion dollars "in" and the people are two billions "out," as surely as if the people had labored two billion dollars' worth and had then been paid for their labor in counterfeit money.*

The System, having bought back the stocks and bonds at the slaughter price, reverse their manipulations, and repeat the operation over and over indefinitely.

My readers ask, "How is it possible for the people to be fooled over and over and over again?"

And I answer, "God only knows."

But that they are fooled over and over and over again in the same place and in the same way is a fact, so plain that a schoolboy can verify it by examining the course of stock-market prices during the past forty years. (See Pages 614 and 615.)

Such an examiner will find that the yearly record chart of the Stock Exchange, which shows in lines the rise and fall of stocks, resembles a chart of the lightning's flashes during a storm. It is up and down, or half-way up and full-way down, or full-way up and half-way down.

There is hardly a stock of the hundreds traded in on the New York Stock Exchange

*A future chapter will be devoted entirely to "short sales."

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alone but that has gone down from 100 to almost nothing and back again to 100 or above many times—nearly every one of them very many times.

The foregoing is the Stock Exchange direct gambling.

The following is the method employed in that part of the Stock Exchange dealings which has a more direct bearing upon the making of the price of the people's productions:*

I will take for illustration one of the leading trust stocks, United States Steel. (I would have my readers understand that in this chapter of my work I am merely outlining the methods which I will treat more fully in later chapters.)

The System secured the stocks and bonds of the Carnegie and other steel industry corporations. They amounted to two hundred and fifty million dollars, more or less. The System then changed their name to the United States Steel Corporation (Trust), and increased the stocks and bonds from two hundred and fifty millions, more or less, to fifteen hundred millions.

At the time the price of the stocks and bonds was two hundred and fifty millions, the net earnings of the industry were twenty-five millions, more or less, annually, and there was thus added each year to the cost of the steel products of the nation—added to the total cost of raw material, labor, and incidentals—twenty-five million dollars as profit and interest charge on two hundred and fifty millions of accumulated capital labor.

It will be seen clearly that, as the people receive from their five billions of savings deposited in the savings-banks but four per cent. yearly interest, this twenty-five millions, or ten per cent., was a "fair" return.

After the new fifteen hundred millions stocks and bonds were issued, the System put its Stock Exchange manipulators and news-agents, its banks, trust, and insurance companies, to work, and to work over-time.

As high as sixty million dollars of the Steel Trust's five hundred million dollars of common stock was traded in on the New York Stock Exchange in a single day, and thirty millions of this sixty millions was traded by one member alone of the System's brokers.

"News" was sent throughout the world by the System's "news-agents" which covered everything in the realm of financial imagination.

The 1500 millions of newly-issued stocks and bonds mounted and mounted in price until they were actually selling at 1500 millions of dollars, and the world not only took the valuation as legitimate, but swallowed whole the stories to the effect that prices were on the way up to 3000 millions of dollars.

Coincident with the rise of the stocks and bonds, the prices of the steel industry's productions rose until the profits of the trust are to-day in the neighborhood of two hundred millions yearly. That is, THERE IS ADDED TO THE PRICE OF THE STEEL AND BY-PRODUCTS PURCHASED BY THE AMERICAN PEOPLE FROM THE UNITED STATES STEEL TRUST ALONE—AND THERE ARE OTHER STEEL TRUSTS IN THE UNITED STATES—AFTER THE PRICE HAS BEEN MADE UP TO INCLUDE THE ENTIRE COST OF ALL THE RAW MATERIAL, LABOR, AND INCIDENTALS WHICH ENTERED INTO THE MANUFACTURE, TWO HUNDRED MILLIONS OF DOLLARS.

Many of my readers, like most of the American people, doze in the belief that the price of steel is of no particular consequence to them because they do not use it in their home consumption, because they neither eat it, drink it, wear it, nor sleep on it. They overlook the fact that it enters directly into the thousand and one things that are necessities of modern life from the cradle to the grave—the houses in which we live, and a thousand details of their equipment, the sky-scrapers in which we work, the machinery that is working always for us, the battleships that protect us, and the railroads that transport us. In material progress steel is king.

As an instance of the way steel enters indirectly into the things that are consumed by the American people, take this:

*I would not have my readers suppose from the foregoing that the Stock Exchange has no legitimate function. On the contrary, it should be one of the main factors in a civilized people's business machinery, and it will be after it has been closed as a gambling institution.

There are billions of real—legitimate—capital always seeking investment in stocks and bonds—billions of stocks and bonds the owners of which desire to exchange them into other stocks and bonds, and it is the legitimate function of the Stock Exchange to supply the market-place and machinery for the buying and selling, the exchange of these stocks and bonds, provided that the machinery and the methods employed are always honest. Thus the market price made would always be an honest market price, a price which would at all times show the worth—the buying, selling, and exchange worth—of all the stocks and bonds which, under rigidly enforced laws, rules, and regulations, are allowed participation in such Stock Exchange trading.

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From a chart Copyrighted by Roger W. Babson, 1912.

STOCK EXCHANGE CHART SHOWING PRICES OF THIRTY-TWO ACTIVE STOCKS OVER A PERIOD OF THE SLOPE BEING CHANGED WHENEVER THERE IS A CHANGE IN THE TREND OF CONDITIONS WHICH SHOWS IN LINES THE RISE AND FALL OF STOCKS, RESEMBLES

A railroad purchases a million tons of steel rails. They cost the railroad twenty-eight dollars per ton, or twenty-eight million dollars. This twenty-eight millions of dollars is capitalized for all time by the issuance of bonds bearing five per cent.; that is, to pay the interest on the twenty-eight millions of dollars, the road must add, in making up its freight and passenger rate for each year, one million four hundred thousand dollars. And this one million four hundred thousand dollars enters into the price of every barrel of flour, pound of beef, yard of cloth, and every pair of shoes, used by the American people.

But for the manipulation of the Stock Exchange this railroad would have had to pay only fourteen dollars a ton for its rails: This means that there would have been seven hundred thousand dollars a year less charge in freight and passenger rates from now until eternity: And this in turn means that all the necessities of the American people would have been purchased by them at prices lower in proportion as the seven hundred thousand dollars entered into their prices.

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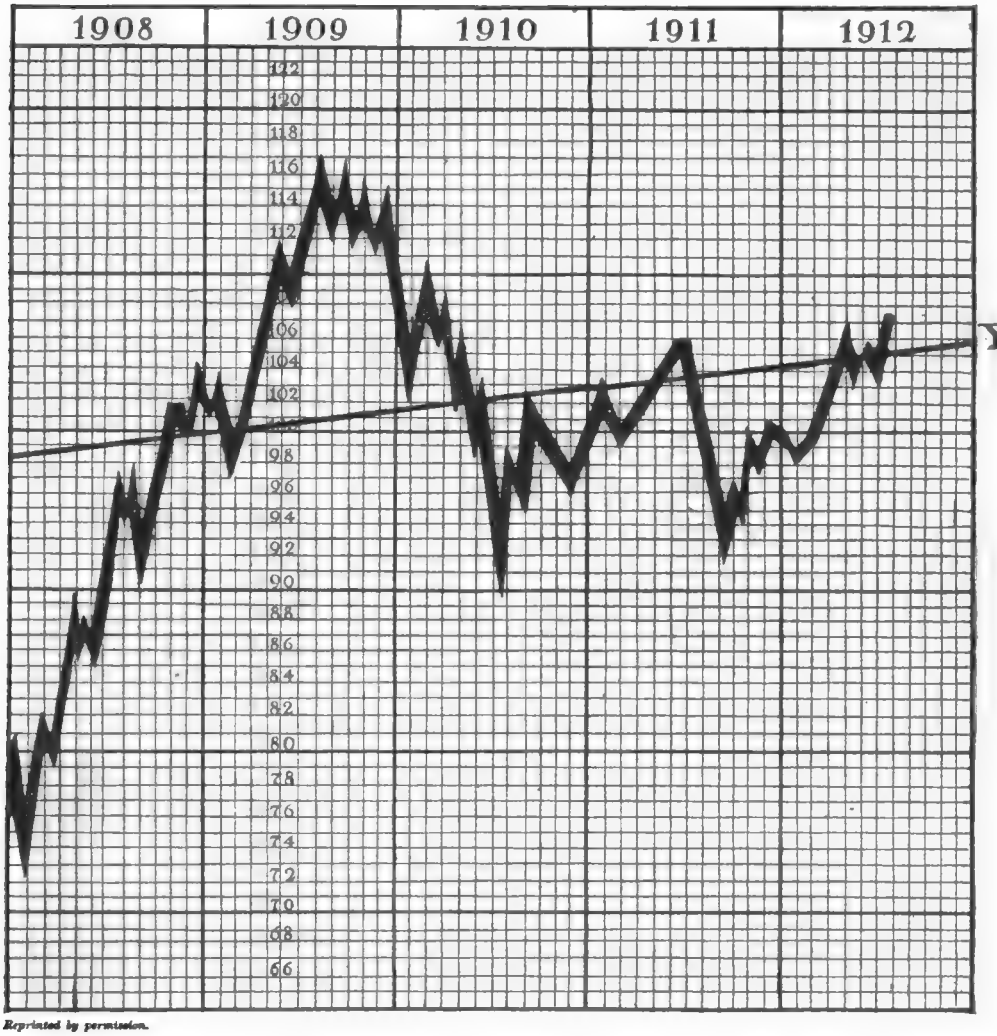

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TEN YEARS. THE LINE X-Y REPRESENTS THE NORMAL GROWTH OF THE COUNTRY'S BUSINESS, AS SHOWN BY CLEARINGS, ETC. "THE YEARLY RECORD CHART OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE, A CHART OF THE LIGHTNING'S FLASHES DURING A STORM."

PICK-AND-SHOVEL NUGGETS

In closing this chapter I want my readers to understand that I have staked high-cost living most meagerly to its cause.

I have tried to materialize:

1. That there is high-cost living.
2. That it must, if it continues, cause a revolution, the blackest in all history.
3. That it is the result of the addition to the legitimate price of the people's necessities of two to three billion dollars of annually collected tribute.
4. That this two to three billions is forceped from one hundred millions of people by a few brutalized dollar tricksters who gunny-sack it to ten thousand of their class.
5. That it is strong-armed as absolutely as if it were highway-blackjacked or burglarized from them.
6. That the people have never known the method by which it was filched from them.
7. That they have not known because those who filch it understand the game of mystifying the mystery better than the people understand its unmystifying.

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8. That the System can afford to part with any amount of its pillaged loot to hireling expert mystifiers for the continuous befuddlement of the people.

9. That high-cost living can never be stopped through the regulation or destruction of tariff, trusts, transportation and insurance frauds, or the Money Trust.

10. That the only possible way the few can take the billions they do take from the many is through stocks and bonds.

11. That the only way stocks and bonds can take these billions from the people is through the Stock Exchange.

12. That if these billions are not taken away, high-cost living will drop.

13. That the only way to prevent them from being taken away is to close the Stock Exchange as a gambling hell.

14. That if the Stock Exchange is closed as a gambling institution, high-cost living will be no more.

15. That if the Stock Exchange is closed as a gambling hell, no harm can come to any honest human nor to any honest thing; no harm can come to any but the pillagers of the people.

16. That if the Stock Exchange is closed as a gambling institution, all honest men and women, the nation, and all its honest institutions, will benefit by its closing.

My work is solely for one end, the destruction of high-cost living, and in no way is it a personal-pride-play-to-the-literary-gallery-grand-stand work.

I can not, in justice to myself or my work, close this chapter without saying to my readers: In many places it will be evident to them that I use offhand, arbitrary-made figures. In every such case I have done so with the conviction that the figures I use are conservatively fair. I have spent my life in the very thick of financial figures, and their incubation, hatching, and feathering, and I consider my expertness in such matters as good as that of any man.

Yet, that I may cut the ground from under all criticism of any of the material facts necessary to my argument, I will say, broadly and unqualifiedly, that so gigantic is the big evil of high-cost living, so clear to me its cause, and so evident to me its remedy, that any of my figures may be divided and the dividend divided, and the result I have shown will still be fact:

THAT HIGH-COST LIVING IS CREATED BY THE STOCK EXCHANGE TRICK.

THAT THE REGULATION OR DESTRUCTION OF TARIFF, TRUSTS, INSURANCE AND TRANSPORTATION FRAUDS, OR THE MONEY TRUST, WILL NOT CURE HIGH-COST LIVING.

THAT HIGH-COST LIVING CAN BE CURED ONLY BY THE CLOSING OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE AS A GAMBLING INSTITUTION.

AND THAT IF HIGH-COST LIVING CONTINUES, IT WILL BRING TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE BLACK, BRUTAL REVOLUTION.

In the December issue I will endeavor to strip this vampire, the Stock Exchange, of its thousand and seven quick-change disguises, and to pen-point it aloft between its own billion-candle-power lure-each, lure-all, lure-big, lure-small false beacon and God's bright sunlight—that all stench-proof-nostriled and indecency-immune-livered students of low, mean dollar-lust may see the external and internal workings of the most gigantic sneak-thief-bully-ragger civilization has ever known. Unless my pen has lost its digging forcepness, it will harrow for the world's observation the first true-to-life etching of this romantic St.-Bernard-boa-constrictor hybrid of financialdom. In this chapter I will frame the law which will emasculate inevitably this ruthless monster at the first thumb-pressure of the American people's law-making button.

T. W. L.

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THE LONG ARM

by

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

AUTHOR OF
"VAN BIBBER AND OTHERS," "SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE," "THE MAN WHO COULD NOT LOSE," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS
BY
STANLEY M. ARTHURS

THE safe was an old one that opened with a key. As adjutant, Captain Swanson had charge of certain funds of the regiment and kept in the safe about five thousand dollars. No one but himself and Rueff, his first sergeant, had access to it. And as Rueff proved an alibi, the money might have been removed by an outsider. The court-martial gave Swanson the benefit of the doubt, and a reprimand for not taking greater care of the keys, and Swanson made good the five thousand.

Swanson did not think it was a burglar who had robbed the safe. He thought Rueff had robbed it, but he could not possibly prove that. At the time of the robbery Rueff was outside the Presidio in uniform, at a moving-picture show in San Francisco. A dozen people saw him there. Besides, Rueff held an excellent record. He was a silent, clerk-like young man, better at "paper work" than campaigning, but even as a soldier he had never come upon the books. And he had seen service in two campaigns and was supposed to cherish ambitions toward a commission. But, as he kept much to himself, his fellow non-coms could only guess that.

On his captain's account he was loyally distressed over the court-martial, and in his testimony tried to shield Swanson by agreeing heartily that through his own carelessness the keys might have fallen into the hands of some one outside the post. But his loyalty could not save his superior officer from what was a verdict virtually of "not proven."

It was a most distressing affair, and, on account of the social prominence of Swanson's people, his own popularity, and the name he had made at Batangas and in the Boxer business, was much commented upon, not only in the services, but by the newspapers all over the United States.

Every one who knew Swanson knew the

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court-martial was only a matter of form. Even his enemies ventured only to suggest that overnight he might have borrowed the money, meaning to replace it the next morning. And the only reason for considering this explanation was that Swanson was known to be in debt. For he was a persistent gambler. Just as at Pekin he had gambled with death for his number, in times of peace he gambled for money. It was always his own money.

From the start Swanson's own attitude toward the affair was one of blind, unreasoning rage. In it he saw no necessary routine of discipline, only crass, ignorant stupidity. That any one should suspect him was so preposterous, so unintelligent, as to be nearly comic. And when instantly he demanded a court of inquiry, he could not believe it when he was summoned before a court-martial. It sickened, wounded, deeply affronted him; turned him quite savage.

On the stand his attitude and answers were so insolent that his old friend and classmate, Captain Copley, who was acting as his counsel, would gladly have kicked him. The findings of the court-martial that neither cleared nor condemned, and the reprimand, were an intolerable insult to his feelings, and, in a fit of bitter disgust with the service and every one in it, Swanson resigned. Of course the moment he had done so he was sorry. Swanson's thought was that he could no longer associate with any one who could believe him capable of theft. It was his idea of showing his own opinion of himself and the army.

But no one saw it in that light. On the contrary, people said, "Swanson has been allowed to resign." In the army, voluntarily resigning and being "allowed to resign," lest greater evils befall, are two vastly different things. And when it was too late, no one saw that more clearly than Swanson. His anger gave way to extreme morbidness. He believed that in resigning he had assured every one of his guilt. In every friend and stranger he saw a man who doubted him. He imagined snubs, rebuffs, and coldnesses. His morbidness fastened upon his mind like a parasite upon a tree, and the brain sickened. When men and women glanced at his alert, well-set-up figure and shoulders that even when he wore "cits" seemed to support epaulets, and smiled approvingly, Swanson thought they sneered. In a week he longed to be back in the army with a homesickness that made every one who belonged to it his enemy.

He left San Francisco, where he was known to all, and traveled south through Texas and then to New Orleans and Florida. He never could recall this period with clearness. He remembered changing from one train to another, from one hotel to the next. Nothing impressed itself upon him. For what he had lost nothing could give consolation. Without honor life held no charm. And he believed that in the eyes of all men he was a thief, a pariah, and an outcast.

He had been in Cuba with the Army of Occupation, and of that beautiful island had grown foolishly fond. He was familiar with every part of it, and he believed in one or another of its pretty ports he could so completely hide himself that no one could intrude upon his misery. In the States, in the newspapers he seemed to read only of those places where he had seen service, of those places and friends and associates he most loved. In the little Cuban village in which he would bury himself he would cut himself off from all newspapers, from all who knew him; from those who had been his friends and those who knew his name only to connect it with a scandal.

On his way from Port Tampa to Cuba the boat stopped at Key West, and for the hour in which she discharged cargo Swanson went ashore and wandered aimlessly. The little town, reared on a flat island of coral and limestone, did not long detain him. The main street of shops, eating-houses, and saloons, the pretty residences with overhanging balconies set among gardens and magnolia trees, were soon explored, and he was returning to the boat when the martial music of a band caused him to halt. A side street led to a great gateway surmounted by an anchor. Beyond it Swanson saw lawns of well-kept grass, regular paths, pretty cottages, the two-starred flag of an admiral, and, rising high above these like four Eiffel towers, the gigantic masts of a wireless. He recognized that he was at the entrance to the Key West naval station and turned quickly away.

He walked a few feet, the music of the band still in his ears. In an hour he would be steaming toward Cuba, and should he hold to his present purpose, in many years this would be the last time he would stand on American soil, would see the uniform of

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HE COULD NOT BELIEVE IT WHEN HE WAS SUMMONED BEFORE A COURT-MARTIAL. IT SICKENED, WOUNDED, OUTRAGED AFFRONTED HIM; TURNED HIM QUITE SAVAGE.

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his country, would hear a military band lull the sun to sleep. It would hurt, but he wondered if it were not worth the hurt. A smart sergeant of marines in passing cast one glance at the man who seemed always to wear epaulets, and brought his hand sharply to salute. The act determined Swanson. He had obtained the salute under false pretenses, but it had pleased, not hurt, him. He turned back and passed into the gate of the naval station.

From the gate a grass-lined carriage drive led to the waters of the harbor and the wharves. At its extreme end was the band stand, flanked on one side by the cottage of the Admiral, on the other by a sail-loft with iron-barred windows and whitewashed walls. Upon the turf were pyramids of cannon balls and, laid out in rows as though awaiting burial, old-time muzzle-loading guns. Across the harbor the sun was sinking into the coral reefs, and the spring air, still warm from its caresses, was stirred by the music of the band into gentle, rhythmic waves. The scene was one of peace, order, and content.

But as Swanson advanced, the measure of the music was instantly shattered by a fierce volley of explosions. They came so suddenly and sharply as to make him start. It was as though from his flank a quick-firing gun in ambush had opened upon him. Swanson smiled at having been taken unawares. For in San Francisco he often had heard the roar and rattle of the wireless. But never before had he listened to an attack like this.

From a tiny white and green cottage, squatting among the four giant masts, came the roar of a forest fire. One could hear the crackle of the flames, the crash of the falling tree-trunks. The air about the cottage was torn into threads; beneath the shocks of the electricity the lawn seemed to heave and tremble like the deck of a steamer. It was like some giant monster, bound and fettered, struggling to be free. Now it growled sullenly, now in impotent rage it spat and spluttered, now it lashed about with crashing, stunning blows. It seemed as though the wooden walls of the station could not contain it.

From the road Swanson watched through the open windows of the cottage the electric bolts flash and flare and disappear. The thing appealed to his imagination. Its power, its capabilities fascinated him. In it he saw a hungry monster reaching out to every corner of the continent and devouring the news of the world; feeding upon tales of shipwreck and disaster, lingering over some dainty morsel of scandal, snatching from ships and cities two thousand miles away the thrice-told tale of a conflagration, the score of a baseball match, the fall of a cabinet, the assassination of a king.

In a sudden access of fierceness, as though in an ecstasy over some fresh horror just received, it shrieked and chortled. And then, as suddenly as it had broken forth, it sank to silence, and from the end of the carriage drive again rose undisturbed the music of the band.

The musicians were playing to a select audience. On benches around the band stand sat a half dozen nurse-maids with knitting in their hands, the baby-carriages within arm's length. On the turf older children of the officers were at play, and up and down the paths bareheaded girls and matrons and officers in uniform strolled leisurely. From the vine-covered cottage of Admiral Preble, set in a garden of flowering plants and bending palmettos, came the tinkle of tea-cups and the ripple of laughter, and at a respectful distance, seated on the dismantled cannon, were marines in khaki and blue-jackets in glistening white.

It was a family group, and had not Swanson recognized among the little audience others of the passengers from the steamer, and natives of the town who, like himself, had been attracted by the music, he would have felt that he intruded. He now wished to remain. He wanted to carry with him, into his exile, a memory of the men in uniforms, of the music and pretty women, of the gorgeous crimson sunset. But, though he wished to remain, he did not wish to be recognized.

From the glances already turned toward him, he saw that in this little family gathering the presence of a stranger was an event, and he was aware that during the trial the newspapers had made his face conspicuous. Also it might be that stationed at the post was some officer or enlisted man who had served with him in Cuba, China, or the Philippines, and who might point him out to others. Fearing this, Swanson made a detour and approached the band stand from the wharf, and with his back to a hawser-post seated himself upon the string-piece.

He was overcome with an intolerable

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melancholy. From where he sat he could see, softened into shadows by the wire screens of the veranda, Admiral Preble and his wife and their guests at tea. A month before he would have reported to the Admiral as the commandant of the station and paid his respects. Now he could not do that; at least not without inviting a rebuff. A month before he need only have shown his card to the Admiral's orderly, and the orderly and the guard and the officers' mess and the Admiral himself would have turned the post upside down to do him honor. But of what avail now was his record in three campaigns? Of what avail now was his medal of honor? They now knew him as Swanson who had been court-martialed, who had been allowed to resign, who had left the army for the army's good; they knew him as a civilian without rank or authority, as an ex-officer who had robbed his brother officers, as an outcast.

His position, as his morbid mind thus distorted it, tempted Swanson no longer. For being in this plight he did not feel that in any way he was to blame. But with a flaming anger he still blamed his brother officers of the court-martial who had not cleared his name and with a clean bill of health restored him to duty. Those were the men he blamed; not Rueff, the sergeant, who he believed had robbed him, nor himself, who, in a passion of wounded pride, had resigned and so had given reason for gossip; but the men who had not in tones like a bugle call proclaimed his innocence, who, when they had handed him back his sword, had given it grudgingly, not with congratulation.

As he saw it, he stood in a perpetual pillory. When they had robbed him of his honor, they had left him naked, and life without honor had lost its flavor. He could eat, he could drink, he could exist. He knew that in many corners of the world white arms would reach out to him, and men would beckon him to a place at table.

But he could not cross that little strip of turf between him and the chattering group on the veranda and hand his card to the Admiral's orderly. Swanson loved life. He loved it so that without help, money, or affection, he could each morning have greeted it with a smile. But life without honor! He felt a sudden, hot nausea of disgust. Why was he still clinging to what had lost its purpose, to what lacked the one thing needful?

"If life be an ill thing," he thought, "I can lay it down!"

The thought was not new to him, and during the two past weeks of aimless wandering he had carried with him his service automatic. To reassure himself he laid his fingers on its cold, smooth surface. He would wait, he determined, until the musicians had finished their concert and the women and children had departed, and then——

Then, the orderly would find him where he was now seated, sunken against the hawser-post with a hole through his heart. To his disordered brain his decision appeared quite sane. He was sure he never had been more calm. And as he prepared himself for death he assured himself that for one of his standard no other choice was possible. Thoughts of the active past, or of what distress in the future his act would bring to others, did not disturb him. The thing had to be, no one lost more heavily than himself, and regrets were cowardly.

He counted the money he had on his person and was pleased to find there was enough to pay for what services others soon must render him. In his pockets were letters, cards, a cigarette-case, each of which would tell his identity. He had no wish to conceal it, for of what he was about to do he was not ashamed. It was not his act. He would not have died "by his own hand." To his unbalanced brain the officers of the court-martial were responsible. It was they who had killed him. As he saw it, they had made his death as inevitable as though they had sentenced him to be shot at sunrise.

A line from "The Drums of the Fore and Aft" came back to him. He often had quoted the line when some one in the service had suffered through the fault of others. It was the death-cry of the boy officer, Devlin. The knives of the Ghazi had cut him down, but it was his own people's abandoning him in terror that had killed him. And so, with a sob, he flung the line at the retreating backs of his comrades, "You've killed me, you cowards!"

Swanson, nursing his anger, repeated this savagely. He wished he could bring it home to those men of the court-martial. He wished he could make them know that his death lay at their door. He determined that they should know. On one of his visiting cards he penciled:

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"To the Officers of my Court-Martial: 'You've killed me, you cowards!'"

He placed the card in the pocket of his waistcoat. They would find it just above the place where the bullet would burn the cloth.

The band was playing "Auf Wiedersehen," and the waltz carried with it the sadness that had made people call the man who wrote it the Waltz King. Swanson listened gratefully. He was glad that before he went out his last mood had been of regret and gentleness. The sting of his anger had departed, the music soothed and sobered him. It had been a very good world. Until he had broken the spine of things it had treated him well, far better, he admitted, than he deserved. There were many in it who had been kind, to whom he was grateful. He wished there was some way by which he could let them know that. As though in answer to his wish, from across the parade ground the wireless again began to crash and crackle; but Swanson now was at a greater distance from it, and the sighing rhythm of the waltz was not interrupted.

Swanson considered to whom he might send a farewell message, but as in his mind he passed from one friend to another, he saw that to each such a greeting could bring only distress. He decided it was the music that had led him astray. This was no moment for false sentiment. He let his hand close upon the pistol.

The audience now was dispersing. The nurse-maids had collected their charges, the musicians were taking apart their music-racks, and from the steps of the vine-covered veranda Admiral Preble was bidding the friends of his wife adieu. At his side his aide, young, alert, confident, with ill-concealed impatience awaited their departure. Swanson found that he resented the aide. He resented the manner in which he speeded the parting guests. Even if there were matters of importance he was anxious to communicate to his chief, he need not make it plain to the women folk that they were in the way.

When, a month before, he had been adjutant, in a like situation, he would have shown more self-command. He disapproved of the aide entirely. He resented the fact that he was as young as himself, that he was in uniform, that he was an aide. Swanson certainly hoped that when *he* was in uniform he had not looked so much the conquering hero, so self-satisfied, so supercilious. With a smile he wondered why, at such a moment, a man he had never seen before and never would see again, should so disturb him.

In his heart he knew why. The aide was going forward just where he was leaving off. The ribbons on the tunic of the aide, the straps on his shoulders told Swanson that they had served in the same campaigns, that they were of the same relative rank, and that when he himself, had he remained in the service, would have been a brigadier-general, the aide would command a battleship. The possible future of the young sailor filled Swanson with honorable envy and bitter regret. With all his soul he envied him the right to look his fellowman in the eye, his right to die for his country, to give his life, should it be required of him, for ninety million people, for a flag. Swanson saw the two officers dimly, with eyes of bitter self-pity. He was dying, but he was not dying gloriously for a flag. He had lost the right to die for it, and he was dying because he had lost that right.

The sun had sunk and the evening had grown gray and chill. At the wharf where the steamer lay on which he had arrived, but on which he was not to depart, the electric cargo lights were already burning. But for what Swanson had to do there still was light enough. From his breast pocket he took the card on which he had written his message to his brother officers, read and reread it, and replaced it.

Save for the Admiral and his aide at the steps of the cottage, and a bare-headed bluejacket who was reporting to them, and the Admiral's orderly, who was walking toward Swanson, no one was in sight. Still seated upon the string-piece of the wharf, Swanson so moved that his back was toward the four men. The moment seemed propitious, almost as though it had been prearranged. For with such an audience, for his taking off no other person could be blamed. There would be no question but that death had been self-inflicted.

Approaching from behind him Swanson heard the brisk steps of the orderly drawing rapidly nearer. He wondered if the wharf were Government property, if he were trespassing, and if for that reason the man had been sent to order him away. He considered bitterly that the Government grudged him a place even in which to die. Well, he

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"IF LIFE BE A THING," HE THOUGHT, "I CAN LAY IT DOWN!"

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would not for long be a trespasser. His hand slipped into his pocket, and with his thumb he pushed back the safety catch of the pistol.

But the hand with the pistol in it did not leave his pocket. The steps of the orderly had come to a sudden silence. Raising his head heavily, Swanson saw the man with his eyes fixed upon him, standing at salute. They had first made his life unsupportable, Swanson thought, now they would not let him leave it.

"Captain Swanson, sir?" asked the orderly.

Swanson did not speak or move.

"The Admiral's compliments, sir," snapped the orderly, "and will the Captain please speak with him?"

Still Swanson did not move.

He felt that the breaking-point of his self-control had come. This impertinent interruption, this thrusting into the last few seconds of his life of a reminder of all that he had lost, this futile postponement of his end, was cruel, unhuman, unthinkable. The pistol was still in his hand. He had but to draw it and press it close, and before the marine could leap upon him he would have escaped.

From behind, approaching hurriedly, came the sound of impatient footsteps.

The orderly stiffened to attention. "The Admiral, sir!" he warned.

Twelve years of discipline, twelve years of recognition of authority, twelve years of deference to superior officers dragged Swanson's hand from his pistol and lifted him to his feet. As he turned, Admiral Preble, the aide, and the bareheaded blue-jacket were close upon him. The Admiral's face beamed, his eyes were young with pleasurable excitement; with the eagerness of a boy he waved aside formal greetings.

"My dear Swanson," he cried, "I assure you it's a most astonishing, most curious coincidence! See this man?" He flung out his arm at the blue-jacket. "He's my wireless chief. He was wireless operator on the transport that took you to Manila. When you came in here this afternoon he recognized you. Half an hour later he picks up a message, picks it up two thousand miles from here, from San Francisco—it's Associated Press news—it concerns you, that is, not really concerns you, but I thought, we thought—" As though signaling for help, the Admiral glanced unhappily at his aide—"we thought you'd like to know. Of course, to us," he added hastily, "it's quite superfluous—quite superfluous, but——"

The aide coughed apologetically. "You might read, sir," he suggested.

"What? Exactly! Quite so!" cried the Admiral.

In the fading light he held close to his eyes a piece of paper.

"San Francisco, April 20," he read. "Rueff, first sergeant, shot himself here today, leaving written confession theft of regimental funds for which Swanson, Captain, lately court-martialed. Money found intact in Rueff's mattress. Innocence of Swanson never questioned, but dissatisfied with findings of court-martial has left army and San Francisco. Brother officers making every effort to find him and persuade return."

The Admiral sighed happily. "And my wife," he added, with an impressiveness that was intended to show he had at last arrived at the important part of his message, "tells me to say you are to stay to dinner."

Abruptly, rudely, Swanson swung upon his heel and turned his face from the Admiral. His head was thrown back, his arms held rigid at his sides. In slow, deep breaths, like one who had been dragged from drowning, he drank in the salt, chill air. After one glance, the four men also turned away, and in the falling darkness stood staring out at nothing, and no one spoke.

The aide was the first to break the silence. In a polite tone, as though he were continuing a conversation which had not been interrupted, he addressed the Admiral: "Of course, Rueff's written confession was not needed," he said. "His shooting himself proved that he was guilty."

Swanson started as though across his naked shoulders the aide had drawn a whip.

In penitence and gratitude, deep and genuine, he raised his eyes to the stars. High above his head the strands of the wireless swinging from the towering masts like the strings of a giant aëolian harp were swept by the wind from the ocean. To Swanson the sighing and whispering wires seemed to sing in praise and thanksgiving.

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Efficient unto the Day

by

Bonnie R. Ginger

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DAVID ROBINSON

THEIR names were Imogene and Ann, and they were sisters. You knew that because they were so different. And they lived in New York in a sub-let studio-apartment, *alias* a kitchenette flat.

They were really more than different, they were antipodal—as opposite, say, as a live wire and a bunch of pink baby-ribbon. And the live wire was Ann.

Ann worked. She had a profession. While yet in the nursery, so to speak, she had hitched her go-cart to a star. Now she was a young woman—very young as yet—and she was still hitched, and the star was more like a planet now. For Ann was a journalistic free-lance, and somewhere away off in the blue voids glittered her Goal. You and I would need a telescope to see it, but Ann could see it with the naked eye.

And her motto was Efficiency, her food Knowledge, and her religion Work.

It was an afternoon in late February. Spring had made an advance call upon the city and had left a sample line of sunlight and twitter. Ann was cross-cutting Central Park toward West Seventy-second Street, and going pretty fast, for she was as punctual as Monte Cristo. Her errand was important, even vital, but she was not thinking of it exclusively. For Ann had the habit of Observation. She was always Noticing. She had been a noticing baby and a noticing child. Now she was a noticing young woman. It was not the annoying, inquisitive kind of noticing—Ann had simply been born interested in Life. "The world is full of a number of things"—yes, and Ann knew this without Mr. Stevenson's aid, and she was as happy as kings, and busier than some of them.

Just now she had come from a concert. She knew music, and had once wanted to be a musician. Also she had at times wanted to be a lawyer, a missionary, a sculptor, a steamboat-pilot, an archeologist, and a thousand of the others of "numbers of things" which made the world so wonderful to her eager young heart. And her face was aglow.

An armored cruiser is supposed to be an alert, busy affair, and the busier it is the less it runs to ornament. Ann was that way too—clear decks, ready for action at a moment's notice. She had that unfrilled, ungarnished appearance the menus call *au naturel*. Simplicity was a 'phobia with her. She twisted her hair in the back of her neck and clinched it with one pin, and it stayed that way—it had to. (It was pretty hair, so it looked all right.) She wore only tailored suits or else those quick-on things they call one-piece dresses, buttoned up the front. She was small, even short, but she patronized no high heels. She wore expensive splay-toed, spread-heeled brogans. As for rice-powder, she knew it not, nor yet scented soap. She washed with the kind of plain soap they use in hospitals. Violet-water was her very strongest concession to femininism. But though Ann didn't know it, in spite of her clothes she was

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about the most feminine thing that ever followed a star.

Now, nobody lives on West Seventy-second Street except doctors. They're as thick along there as a row of radishes in April. And presently Ann turned in at one of the old red-stone fronts and rang the bell.

Big he was, this doctor, physically and professionally. He knew all about the girl-women who do men's work in the city. "Women have no business to be business women," was his fresh conviction every time one of them came to him. But one quite like Ann had never come to him before. She was specialized to the point of uniqueness. She looked as rare as the dodo to him when he had talked with her five minutes.

"Women can do just what men do." She actually said this to him, and he gave up another appointment to have it out with her.

"Women are biologically unfit for man's work." When he said this she refused to listen. She produced a Darwinism:

"When a species changes its environment it adapts itself and develops new characteristics. And we women——"

"Are not a species, but a *sex*, my little girl," he said, accenting the "girl." "And nothing will ever make a female into a male, or enable a woman to do man's work. They may do it without being enabled—and they'll pay high. And they're deserters and bolters. They desert their true vocation. They are meant to be mothers. If they try to be tinkers and tailors, soldiers and sailors —see here, little girl: You must give this up. Get married and have your home. That's your sphere."

Now, there were two reasons why Ann wasn't married. She hadn't planned on it —and no man had ever asked her. She opened her mouth to answer, and then shut it. As for the doctor, he knew the other argument too—that women *have* to work nowadays; but he avoided this now, for the sake of convenience. But he followed Ann to the door. He had seen her note intelligently everything he had said to her, and he had seen her observing his house, his furniture, his office, its equipments, and himself. And her gaze was not the scavenging gaze of the mere copy-getter; it was the eager gaze of the instinctive explorer—the seeker after Many Things.

His last words to her were: "Be ready Friday, little girl. We're going to take good care of you, and I know you're not afraid."

And she wasn't.

Meantime Imogene—her sister Imogene.

Most people get out of doors on days like this, and Imogene had meant to. All afternoon she had meant to, for there was a silk-hose sale at her favorite department store. But Mary Louise Lee Brown had come up from the flat below to have her skirt hung, and Montezuma Zumstein had come with a vase he had got at a pawn-shop, and Imogene herself had gone down to pose a few moments for Susan Lucerne, the fashion artist, at home with influenza. And lastly, DANIEL BOONE had been in with his new photograph. And as the capital letters indicate, more of him anon.

At half-past five Imogene had decided not to go to the sale, and was ironing instead, and chatting with the grocer's boy, who lingered, a humble moth within the universal flame. Now Imogene had beauty. She had been born pretty as Ann had been born noticing, and she had got the habit of trying to be still more beautiful, and the habit had become her vocation. Imogene was not vain, but she was one of those girls who will spend two solid hours getting into a turnout which is as carefully designed to attract notice as a band-wagon in a parade, and then walk out and look as meek and unconscious as a little dog on a chain. She was very sweet about it, sweet and amiable. And while Ann free-lanced and chased stars, Imogene, with her talent for looking decorative, remained at home in the studio-flat and—kept house.

She was tall, flawlessly healthy, fair as moonlight, placid as a Swiss lake, gentle as a young Jersey cow. Just now she was in the unembarrassed deshabille of dressing-sack and petticoat, while cold cream adorned her dimple. Imogene held to the idea that if you bring up a dimple in the way it should go, when it is old it will not be a wrinkle. Her Preraphaelite hair hung pinned loosely back, with tonic drying in the parting. A bit of lingerie lay on the ironing-board. Imogene had not been idle.

Besides ironing, she had made a pudding. It was a fine pudding (prune), for Imogene could cook. But a pudding is not a dinner, and at six Ann would be home hungry. She knew this, but she couldn't tell the grocer's boy to go. One can't dismiss such palpable admiration. But he went eventually, with

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a parting glance of gloom at the photograph of Daniel Boone, and Imogene placidly carried the likeness to her own dressing-table in the little bedroom shared by her and Ann.

When Ann reached home Imogene was still composedly ironing. "It can't be six!" she expostulated illogically, for the clock was right there. "I'll have supper started in two seconds." And in fifteen minutes she did indeed switch quite calmly from lingerie to potatoes, while Ann made her usual quick-change from street-suit to one-piece dress.

They usually had more or less company in the evenings, for the top flat was a gathering-place of the clan. Ordinarily Ann never made the slightest difference in her toilet on that account. So she had retwisted the little knot of hair and clinched it with the shell pin, and had just fixed on a Dutch collar, as hard and shiny as crockery, when Imogene paused in her humming of "Tales of Hoffmann" and called from the kitchenette:

"Daniel Boone's coming around tonight."

Now, Daniel Boone was really Daniel Smith, but he had got his other name from his calling, which was that of bridge-builder and roamer of wildernesses. They had all

"WOMEN CAN DO JUST WHAT MEN DO." SHE ACTUALLY SAID THIS TO HIM. "WOMEN ARE BIOLOGICALLY UNFIT FOR MAN'S WORK." WHEN HE SAID THIS SHE REFUSED TO LISTEN.

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three played together as children, but Time had built *his* little bridge between-whiles, and Daniel had come back a Man and a Doer of Things.

It was not Ann's nature to vacillate, but she vacillated with that Dutch collar in the most astonishing way. And she brought out another collar, one that actually had lace on it, and also a pin that would have made her eyes look blue—would have, but didn't, for, after still some more of the vacillating, she put away these mere feminine subterfuges and clamped on the porcelain Dutch effect. She sighed as one who has won a battle.

It was now that she spied the photograph on Imogene's table. "Oh!" she said. And all alone by herself she flushed. "He's been here to-day!"

The "Tales from Hoffmann" wavered. "Oh, yes," said Imogene placidly. And the "Tales" continued.

For the very first time in all her life Ann stopped and reflected about Imogene.

How was it everything always fell to her? Things apparently intended for both, Imogene appropriated—unconsciously, not purposely. Not purposely at all, and yet things always happened that way, somehow. If there were but two chops at supper, the bigger found its way somehow to Imogene's plate. If they had two seats at the play, Imogene's was always the one nearer the center, somehow. If a friend brought presents from abroad, the first choice *somehow* went to Imogene. If there was a seat in some one's auto, it was Imogene who finally occupied it—somehow. And if a caller came, Imogene dressed for him—SOMEHOW.

But HOW?

Again Ann gazed at the photo. It was one of the speaking sort, where the person looks as if he might reach right out of the picture and shake hands. And again Ann flushed, all alone.

As a rule Imogene was so slow that Ann would help her get the supper, out of sheer self-defense. But to-night she took a different course. She lay on the couch and read. Of course it was some improving reading—"Modern Methods of Memory Culture," "How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day," "Seven Thousand Mispronounced Words," or the like. With two evening papers and a magazine and her improvement-book, she let Imogene evolve the supper alone.

They were eating the prune pudding when Monty Zumstein blew breezily in. Monty was thoroughly at home in the top flat. He was a round, assertive young person with a grin and no eyebrows and very thin hair. He "newspaped," and had "money back of him."

"Me for the prune-piffle!" he exclaimed. "Imogene, a woman who can make pud like this can lead any man to the altar any day in the year. Let me finish it. I don't want Daniel Boone to get a line on it."—Yes, even Monty assumed that everything and everybody belonged to Imogene.

The company came. Susan Lucerne, with a tall man-cousin from Pittsburgh; Mary Louise Lee Brown and a vocal girl-friend; a slangy interne, and with him a chap who wrote poetry and chauffed; Skid, of the Sunday *Call;* MacFarland, once dramatic writer, now "interested in" insurance; and—Daniel Boone.

Daniel was a stocky, upstanding fellow with red pompadour hair, thick red eyebrows, also pompadour, intensely blue eyes of the electric shade, and a general hue of sandy ruggedness combined with a general air of alert, make-good self-confidence. The prose romance of bridge-building, of the throwing-up of steel spans across unfathomed gorges in nameless regions, hung about him Jack Londonishly, and in Ann's eyes he was the one person of real attainment in that room.

But he wouldn't tell about his bridges. The others were unblushingly autobiographical in that naive way peculiar to young people in the professions, but Daniel remained unreminiscent. This convinced Ann that he really knew everything. And somehow she herself had never had quite such a passion for knowledge, for the getting or imparting of it, as possessed her to-night. When she had a mood like this she didn't know herself the ground she could cover.

Why, Ann could tell you what branch of the Royal Family the Princess Teck belonged to, and who owned the largest diamond, and who invented the adding-machine, and what were the religious rites of Igorrótes. She knew when Easter came, and who wrote "My Country," and why a pine was not a pine, but a cedar or a spruce or a hemlock. She could name ships at sea, or the dynasties of Egypt. She understood spectrum analysis, feeding the sick, how to cure snake-bite, run an incubator, and eat

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spaghetti Italy-style. Browning and baseball were clear to her; she knew mushrooms from toadstools, could recite the Declaration and the Gettysburg Address, and I'm terribly afraid she could name the Presidents. She had written a novel, seen most of the big cities, seen all art exhibits and heard all tenors, almost understood some of the tariff—and was furious because she couldn't vote.

And all this was not encyclopedic. It was sheer interest, and ambition. For knowing meant being *efficient*. And there were such Numbers of Things.

But was it strange the others fell a little behind? She was too stimulating. If they tried to keep up they lost breath. And besides, not every one was universally interested like Ann. What more natural than that they should fall back upon Imogene, who placidly brought up the unintellectual rear? Imogene the Mural, who was as a path through a meadow after a sprint up Mont Blanc? In the reaction they could rest upon her soothing and quiescent loveliness.

The men did.

They did to-night. It just happened, as did the chop and the theatre-seat and the auto-ride. She didn't reach out—they just naturally gravitated to her, just *somehow*.

Only Monty Zumstein didn't. He always said he meant to marry Imogene, but he had a habit of flirting with all the other girls he knew, or even near-knew. It was Monty's way.

It was late that night when Imogene and Ann undressed. And Ann was suddenly tired.

"Imogene, do you remember that time I fell on the rocks at the beach and hurt my side?"

"Yes—that queer little kink—I remember," said Imogene, who was letting down her hair and gazing with a ruminant expression at the alert picture of Daniel Boone. "Why, Ann?"

"Well, I'm going to have the kink unkinked. The doctor said I must. Isn't that copy, though?"

"You mean—you're going to a—" Imogene couldn't even say the word. On rare occasions she had been known to be surprised. This was such an occasion.

"Yes—but I'll learn a lot of new things I'd never have known any other way. Some really big thing, perhaps." Ann looked eager.

HE "NEWSPAPED," AND HAD "MONEY BACK OF HIM."

What with surprise, together with a natural habit of deliberateness, Imogene was a long time getting to bed that night. Before the light went out Ann caught a final glimpse of Daniel Boone's photograph—on Imogene's table.

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She guessed it belonged there. . . .

To-night Ann thought the world was full of *unexplained* things.

Of course Ann spent scant time in the realm of white cots, thermometers, ice-bags, ether, overworked nurses, and slangy internes. But for sheer yield of absolutely new knowledge it was almost too good to be true. She was in a crowded ward (to save expense), and there was never so much going on but that she noticed it all. She began noticing the moment she came out of ether, though thereafter she was unhappy for a space of days. Almost at once she knew which of the nurses had professional genius, and which of the internes were winners.

She studied the procession of doctors that filtered in and out all day, and she eavesdropped at the dressing of wounds and tried to overhear the lectures in the operating-room across the hall. She questioned every one. She even explained to the head nurse how the ward could be better ventilated. By the end of a week she knew every one personally and professionally, and was wondering if it was still too late for her to be a doctor. She longed to walk into the other wards and extend the new knowledge, but anyhow she found out all about the biggest cases in the hospital, and as for her own ward, she knew the name and the treatment of every disease there.

As soon as she could hold her pencil she had out her note-book, and it filled rapidly. She had brought the note-book as other women would have taken a cute bed-cap or a pink silk dressing-gown. But what she noted most was the efficiency of every one. That was the really wonderful thing to her, and she thought it was the "really big thing" she had expected to find.

Her friends brought her food enough to have run a hotel, and her corner of the ward bloomed with floral offerings like a June wedding. Imogene came every day and of course always just at closing-time. But she smiled so trustingly at the doorkeeper that he let them go through. Them?—Yes, Imogene and Daniel. For Daniel was always with her. He carried the beef-broth and the cup-custards. It has been mentioned that Imogene could cook. The eleventh-hour-chime might ring on her achievements, but they were real ones when they happened.

The nurses admired her; the internes—well, somehow it seemed as if all the internes in all the hospitals of the city gathered in or near Ann's ward about the time Imogene was due, or overdue. And the patients asked Ann if those two weren't sweethearts, and Ann had to look pleasantly mysterious and say, no, just old friends. And it hurt because it wasn't true.

And somehow Ann had no appetite for the things Imogene and Daniel brought, and she gave them away, and she would be thoughtful and her pulse would drag. But she would brace up and say—to herself: "Of course he likes Imogene. Why shouldn't he? How could he help it? I'm glad." And then she would be interested and plan her future, which was to be work after this, real work; and she would forget Daniel—until the next day.

At last the time came to leave. She was to go first to a convalescent home on Stuyvesant Square, because where she and Imogene lived there was no elevator, and the clan generally shared the same predicament. The women in the ward saw her go with lively regret. It hadn't seemed like a hospital with her there.

The Convalescent Home was in charge of four exquisitely sweet Sisters. Now, on the day before Ann, to use Monty's phrase, went into dry-dock for repairs, she had just roamed all around the city in her favorite haunts and soaked herself full of scenes and atmospheres to have with her now. And of the impressions thus garnered, only one had been unwelcome. It was the sight of two Sisters of Charity, hooded and veiled, passive, sweet, and pale, renouncers of that world which Ann had found so unrenounceable. And they renounced of their own will. Ann did not understand. She only wondered.

Now, in this place of sweet ministration, she still wondered, but differently. These women were efficient, these noiseless, much-praying Sisters, efficient with help for the helpless. And because they had given up the world to be so. They had sacrificed all but one thing, to specialize in that one. Ann pondered.

Even after she went home, she spent much of her time in the old square, which was near by. Daniel and Imogene took her over every day. Plainly Daniel was in love. If he alone escorted Ann, he soon had his watch out, impatient for Imogene, whom he

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LONG DID DANIEL GAZE—AND ANN BURST INTO FEMALE TEARS.

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was to meet somewhere. These were painful moments for Ann. She was surer than ever now that he knew everything, and she was almost sure that he was everything good and brave and wonderful.

If it hadn't been for Monty Zumstein she would have had melancholia—or something as near it as was possible with her. Monty cheered her up, and though he was one of the busiest chaps in town, he never looked at his watch, nor even at the clock up in St. George's tower. He was rather subdued these days. His father had died; Monty thus came into his money, but he had been fond of his father.

The air and spring sun brought Ann past the danger-mark of melancholy, and though she was annoyingly and persistently weak she had a terrific appetite. She used to carry a bag of bananas over to the square, and there she would sit and watch things with a new and irresponsible indolence which she did not even combat. Yet everything around her was busy. Everything was prinking, too, the trees and the plants—and even the birds had moulted old clothes and were coming out in new. And Nature seemed a rather vain old dame after all.

The weeks went. Ann sat around with a novel and some Irish crochet. It was always a light novel, and the crochet was stationary, but Ann wasn't as idle as she looked. She had been doing some thinking lately, and along quite new lines. It was as if something had sprung inside her mind like a seed which has lain in fallow ground and suddenly begins to germinate. This she kept quite to herself.

Hot weather came. Imogene was asked to Maine, and at once accepted. Ann was invited too, but wouldn't go. But before Imogene left she plucked up all her courage and asked her sister if Daniel hadn't proposed.

"Yes," said Imogene complacently. "He did. But I told him I shouldn't think of leaving you."

This was unconscious humor, as she was right now in the midst of the most elaborate preparations for leaving Ann. Ann presently managed to ask a little more.

"Will he take that as a final answer, Imogene?"

"Oh, no," said Imogene, quite calmly. "He said he should ask me again just as soon as I got home. And I suppose he will."

Ann was thus left alone in the top flat. The clan had gone, that is, the girls. Ann now adopted a method of life which, though unobserved, was peculiar. First, she found a book she had never read before—before, she wouldn't have read it. It was not the instruction-while-you-wait sort, but a book about how to do just nothing at all. Ann lay around two whole days and saturated herself with recipes for passiveness and repose. She trained in relaxation. She bought the Sunday papers and read articles written—or signed—by actresses and health culturists. She lay late in bed. She took her meals out and had the janitor's wife do the dusting.

She was taking a beauty-nap when Monty Zumstein phoned and asked her to go motoring that evening. The point here is, not that she accepted, but that she didn't ask where he was going!

"Let the Life Forces wait on you. Be receptive, not anticipatory," said the culturists.

So Ann first went through Imogene's left-behind wardrobe. Imogene had taken only her most swagger clothes to Maine. She was taller than Ann, but horizontally her clothes fitted Ann pretty well. Ann hauled out a fluffy last-year dress and shortened it with a few impressionistic stitches along the hem. She wasn't dressed when Monty came that evening—nor did she hurry. The Life Forces—and Monty—must wait. Monty just thought she was frail, and he was quite patient.

But when Ann appeared he jumped right out of the chair. "Wh—why, ANN! Is that YOU?"

"Yes," said Ann—and to herself she added: "No, it isn't—but it's going to be." And she slowly pulled on her long gloves—that is, Imogene's gloves—and Monty whistled tunelessly in a baffled way.

Ann had always looked well, but she had never loomed as an actual beauty. Nor did she loom that way now; but in a pink fluffy something, with fluffy hair on which sat a real man-catching hat, she was transformed. The armored cruiser had become a full-rigged yacht. And Monty gave a great, loud gasp.

"I'm glad you like it," Ann murmured, just as she had heard Imogene murmur a thousand times.

"But it's Imogene's dr—" Monty broke off and stammered.

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Ann smiled consolingly. "I know, Monty, but it'll do till I can get some of my own. Oh, I don't mind where we go. Just anywhere you like. Would you mind buttoning this glove?"

Monty didn't mind at all, but he was more and more mystified.

Ann did not know where they were going, but she did know this: people looked at her. Not boldly, but involuntarily. And Ann began to feel happy and a little bit excited. But she kept down the excitement. She remembered her passivity precepts. She asked no questions, she just inspired confidences, and Monty talked as—as they talked to Imogene. And as Imogene she listened, not from interest but from flattery—not with her usual about-to-interrupt expression, but with the undeviating absorbency of medicated cotton.

And Monty was still talking—it was in a restaurant — when Skid of the *Call* came over to their table. And with him was DANIEL BOONE.

They had been sitting for twenty minutes across the room wondering who was Monty's girl. When they recognized Ann they were as one who has opened the curtains to the wrong Pullman berth. Monty made winking signs, but they did not see. As for Ann, however, she calmly extended her hand and smiled—not said—her greeting. And they sat right down and camped at that table. They all motored home together in the moonlight.

Ann needed all her passivity recipes to get to sleep that night. That morning, rather.

After that the natural thing happened. Nice girls were scarce. Skid brought Mac, and each brought other two. Not all of the many came again, but a lot did. Ann was so sympathetic! A fellow would tell her his life-story and she understood. Ann heard enough life-stories to have written a "Comédie Humaine." And she learned not to ask questions a fellow couldn't answer, and also not to let him see when she knew a thing better than he did. If she did ask, she did it in a childlike, trustful way that made a man just love to hear himself enlighten her. It doesn't take even the Anns long to learn.

And Daniel?

Daniel realized that he had never really seen Ann before. With a shock he also realized that, although she was his future sister-in-law, he had forgotten even the ordinary courtesy of looking after her while Imogene was away. He would not have forgotten this very long in any event, but now he upbraided himself, called himself low names, such as pup and brute.

The fact with Daniel was that he had been long in the land of the crude and the ungarnished, and Imogene had seemed to him like a conservatory flower after the sagebrush. He hadn't stopped to find out if the perfume of real character came from her. She was so lovely to his starved eyes that, manlike, he just looked. And he had simply never seen Ann. She was too familiar, too like the women he knew in his wildernesses—strong, fine, but unornamental. The little cactus-bloom couldn't compete with the orchid. Daniel was only a human young man, and Imogenes had been rare in his life.

But now—ah, Daniel! As just mentioned, he was only human. And he remained human. With whom should he more properly console himself these days than with Imogene's own sister? So he consoled himself. That is, when he had the chance. Ann still seemed frail, and every one was so tender and solicitous. Yet the other fellows weren't going to have her for a sister-in-law. Daniel began to resent the others. It was he who had the right to care for her. When Daniel took that attitude—things happened.

Actually, Ann was feeling splendid. She just kept up her pose of frailty because it took so well. And it excused her newly acquired passivity. Deliberately she was irresponsible. Deliberately she feminized.

She recalled to herself their childhood, hers and Imogene's. Yes, they had set out differently from the start. While Imogene was still playing, Ann was scooting through grades at school. While Imogene was embroidering stockings and going on picnics, Ann was hatching chickens, classifying beetles, and vivisecting buttercups. When as grown girls they went down-town together, Imogene looked at earrings and parasols and plumes while Ann stopped for scarabs, excavations, and street fakirs. And—when Imogene began to have sweethearts, Ann began to work.

One morning she sat with a magazine and some sandwiches. She ate between meals so as not to look so hungry when she lunched and dined with the solicitous friends. The article she was reading was

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called "The Fundamental Biological Quiescence of the Human Female." It was written by an M. D. and can be approximated in almost any scientific periodical, for the topic is of permanent interest. Ordinarily Ann would have wrecked every argument there, but now she deliberately swallowed them all.

"Yes, Woman is just the human Female. Don't the biologists all say so? If she tries to have intelligence and a career she loses her nerve organisms, and if she has children they are malformed idiots. Usually she hasn't any, because men won't marry women that are as smart as they are. They prefer the straight Female without the brain-combination.

"I've struck. I'm going to revert to type. I'm going to be straight Female. It pays."

And Ann went on being quiescent, and wearing Imogene's clothes, and Daniel continued to console himself as before. He even found that he could forget Imogene when he was with Ann.

Now, when a woman ceases to be a consolery and becomes a forgettery—well, the other woman had better start home.

But Imogene's time wasn't up, and Ann didn't send for her.

Then one day while she and Daniel sat and talked, he suddenly began to look at her in a queer way that scared her. And then he left abruptly, and didn't come back for three days. Ann didn't eat between meals those days, or even at meals. She had scared him away! She knew now she hadn't been passive enough. She had backslid, she had asked questions about things, because he knew all things, and she had forgotten to be just Female. She had sprung the brain-combination, and all was o'er.

On the third day Daniel looked in. It was the "look" which startled Ann. She tried not to understand, she didn't dare understand—and yet even without previous experience she did understand. And when he said he was coming to spend the evening she had panic.

And it was now that she saw what she was at last.

Coward, she called herself, and hypocrite, traitor to principles—yes, she called herself a *vampire*. To win the favor of men she had stooped to the artifices of primitive savagery. Every bit as well might she have put brass rings through her nose and hung human teeth around her neck. The principle was the same. No, the lack of principle. And her passivity and quiescence had been in the face of her dearest belief that women are men's intellectual equals. And she had been a flatterer, a statue, a mere dummy, a cud-chewing cow!

That night Daniel found a subdued little girl in a one-piece dress with a hard Dutch collar and splay-toed shoes. And in the back of her neck was a little hard knot of hair stuck through with a shell pin. Long did Daniel gaze—and Ann burst into female tears.

Out came the story of her Great Reversion to Type. Daniel heard her, and a queer smile adorned his rugged, sandy-hued face. And when she said she expected him to despise her, he took her hands in his and gazed at her with the expression he was wont to wear when he spanned gorges with his calculating eye—and knew he could get his bridge across.

"Ann, will you marry me?"

A blush spread over Ann's face like dawn. "You say that—*now?*"

"Why, of course. Now I know I love you. Don't you think you can love me?"

It was on Ann's lips to say: "I have always loved you"—but she didn't. Was this something she had learned on her reverting expedition?

As to Imogene, Daniel was not even embarrassed. "You see, Ann, I've been out in wild places, and—well, the women out there are God's own women, but they don't have time for dainty lives. Not where I go. And Imogene looked so—oh there, I was just a fool! She couldn't have gone bridge-building with me. But you will, won't you?"

Ann certainly would. And if she didn't look out she'd be building his bridges for him, too. And yet, no. She had been learning things. And somehow she didn't want to know as much as Daniel, quite. She wanted him always to know more than she.

And when he didn't she would make him think he did, just the same.

"You needn't give up your work, you know," he said.

But she laughed. "But I want to, Dan. You know, Dan, I've always wanted to be

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efficient. But I've seen a lot of efficient people lately, and do you know, they don't try to do just Everything! They try to do everything in their own line. They sacrifice. Why, *you* sacrifice! You sacrifice what you call dainty things. But I was trying to do everything. But I suppose different things are done by different people. I guess that's what specializing is. And I'm going to give up about a hundred things and just specialize on being a good wife."

"Just you specialize on being *my* wife," said Daniel. "And say, Ann, go on wearing these simple little clothes. I like 'em."

"Yes, Dan. But you didn't notice me till I put on Imogene's clothes."

Dan looked out of the window. "Well, Ann, there are some things that are just naturally mysterious in this world. It was meant to be so."

Imogene married Monty that fall. She had always intended to, especially after his money came to him.

And Monty had always said he meant to marry Imogene in the end.

But Ann didn't keep exclusively to her simplified clothes. She had learned the power of Reserve Force. It was her great NEW DISCOVERY.

For on parade days the armored cruiser flies a few flags. And if Daniel's eyes ever took to roaming toward the Imogenes again—well, forewarned is forearmed. Reverting had taught Ann a thing or two. Especially about men.

And the world is full of a number of—Men—and—Women.

"Hold 'Em!"

by

EDWARD LYELL FOX

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE BELLOWS

DOWN in a confusion of men he crouches—a reeking confusion of worn bodies and worn faces—crouches, brawny and grim, a swarthy, black-browed giant, some Hachiman come down among mortals.

Above him the slanting sun brightens a bank of color. Over a sloping stand of wood a thousand flags are waving—orange and black flags, the standards of Princeton—a moving sea of gold, sombered in the troughs, as it were, by the dark forms of many people. Beyond them the November sky is slowly changing from blue to

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amber; distant hills are losing themselves in a mist of purple; off toward New Haven the windows of a lonely house caught in the unnatural radiance are glistening like silver.

On Yale Field the day is ending.

But to these things Hart is as one blind. He sees only the broad backs bent before him—black backs striped with orange; blue backs rippling with the muscles that play beneath them; and, above the southern stand, a huge score-board—a dark wall upon which is written in fiery letters that *his* team, Princeton, has lost. And, seeing, he draws his body a little tenser, clamps his jaws a little tighter, closes his eyes a little narrower.

Then from the confusion a slender figure in blue stands suddenly erect. Lifting his voice, he begins to call shrilly a sequence of numbers. Yale is about to resume its storming of the Princeton line.

Since early afternoon Hart has borne the brunt of these attacks. On his broad back he has broken them. Through the orange line they have swept, bursting it apart like some brittle thing—a merciless wedge of blue that, crushing all before it, has bored on. On it has come until, bringing up against Hart, it snapped off suddenly, splintering like broken steel. Time and again he has strewn the Yale backs this way—as a child strews toys. Once he has dragged five men over on his shoulders. Once he has tackled two heavy backs at the same time in order to be sure of getting the man with the ball. Caught in that vise, the man—Coy, Yale's captain—has fallen.

So the afternoon has come and is going—going with Princeton meeting defeat. And this man alone prevents it from becoming a rout.

"How long can he stand it?"

On the side-lines the coach has beckoned the trainer to him. The only answer to his question is a doubtful shaking of the head.

But now, goaded by their coaches, the Yale giants are up. Blinking stupidly, they wonder that this weak team refuses to be crushed like those before it. They become aroused, red-eyed and savage. To them across the field rolls the cheering of the Yale stands, voices hoarse in victory:

"Touch-down! Touch-down!" booms the call. "We—want—another—touch-down!"

The giants in blue hear it, and a mutter runs down their line—a prelude of victory.

Now the slender quarter-back quickens his signals. He crouches behind the broad bulk of Cooney. He moves his hands; the ball thumps. The forward lines charge and crash—a heavy contact of men, a tearing sound, a heaving, a panting, a forming of sprawling figures into a pulsing, swaying mass.

But Hart refuses to be tricked. Into that mass no man with the ball has plunged. It is a ruse, a false attack on center to draw his strength from some other point. He looks around quickly. Now from behind the heaving screen, four figures dart. Running swiftly, they swing outside tackle—four against one, they bear down upon him. The other Princeton backs have gone to the aid of center. Hart must break this rush alone. If he fails, some man in blue will sweep clear down the field.

A moment and they are upon him—Coy, Daly, Johnson, shoulder to shoulder, clearing the way mechanically and silently—a battering-ram of blue steel. Behind them Philbin, with the ball tucked under his arm, glides like a shadow. Now Hart hears their footfalls pounding heavily. He sees their knees lifted high, their necks rigid, their heads, capped in hard leather, thrust forward like helmets of iron. In a moment they will leap upon him—beat him down—let Philbin break loose toward the goal-posts.

"Get him, Eddie!"

In the stand a voice has risen shrilly above the others.

Then Hart acts. Gathering all his great strength and greater nerve, he flings himself at the rushing men. Striking them below the knees with terrific force, he casts about him, grabbing everything that comes within the sweep of his long arms—the tentacles of an octopus, reaching. Shock follows shock, a pounding of his head, a sharp shooting pain, a numbing of a hand. Then the four Yale backs, floundering like caught fish, tumble over his shoulders. The trick has failed.

Instantly a whistle begins to pipe. The forward lines disentangle. The four backs stumble to their feet. On the ground the body they have lain across is very still. Hart's face is bare to the sky. He lies where he has fallen, arms and legs outstretched—like a warrior dead. On the side-line men turn white. One of them, a physician, says something to the Princeton

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PAST A PROTECTING BACK HE SWEEPS; PAST ANOTHER, BEATING DOWN, PLUNGING—A GIANT SHOOTING THROUGH SPACE—A THUMP—DE WITT'S CHEST CRASHING INTO THE BALL HAS DRIVEN IT FAR BEHIND.

coach. Then the physician hurries out on the field. The coach's fingers twitch nervously.

Some distance away the Yale men are gathered, talking in whispers. Around Hart his team is standing—sorrowful men who look down and turn silently away. In the stands the bright flags have drooped and fallen. Over Yale Field has descended the hush of vague disaster.

Now the physician who has been bending over the unconscious man looks up. He calls something to the coach.

"Thank God," mutters the coach when he hears it.

"Thank God," echo the teams reverently.

Then Hart is seen to rise to his feet. Supported by the physician, he walks slowly to the side-lines. Nearer and nearer he comes, a pathetic figure, with his stum-

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bling steps. And above him on the wooden stands all Princeton looks down—looks to see this man who came to lead them, who fought their Lost Cause and, fighting, fell. They notice his smallish hips, his massive torso, the bulging chest, the wide neck, the buttresses of heavy muscles. They glimpse his features, dark, almost saturnine—the black eyes, the black brows, the black, bristling hair. They see that the head harness he wears is different from the others. And it, too, is black, big and smooth and shiny—Hachiman mailed in iron. In the aperture his eyes snap darkly as from the visor of a helmet. So he comes, his great shoulders bent—comes back to the coach who had let him lead a Lost Hope, the saving of Princeton.

Some minutes later the game is ended. Princeton is beaten. Twice have the giants in blue crossed her goal-line. Yet five, ten times would they have crossed it had not the lone man balked them. But he has done so at frightful risk, the risk of life—*for Hart has played with a broken neck!*

Let us go back six years. They bring us to Exeter, that preparatory school, rich in tradition, tucked away in a corner of New Hampshire. The football team was meeting the freshmen of a big university. At half-back behind the Exeter line was Hart—just as swarthy, just as saturnine, almost as powerful as the Black Knight of that November afternoon on Yale Field. By terrific rushing he carried his team down to the goal-line. And then the quarter-back called upon him to take the ball again. A moment later Hart went surging over the line, but in falling his neck struck the goal-post. For a moment he lost consciousness. Recovering, he went on with the game. A strange kink came into his neck, but he thought nothing of it. Occasionally he twisted his head. After the game, though, he forgot all about the kink.

No pain followed that day, and Hart played out the rest of the season without trouble. Only now and then he noticed the kink, but beyond irritating him it was nothing. That summer he decided to enter Princeton University. Civil engineering was to be his life-work, and upon the advice of Princeton men he left Exeter, enrolling at the university's special preparatory school. Here he was too busy with his studies to play football (civil engineering entrance requirements are severe). He kept in good physical condition, though, by careful and faithful exercise.

Admitted to the university, he played on the freshman team and again noticed the kink. Only once in a while did it bother him. So passed the year up to the time he became one of the Princeton 'Varsity. That was in 1909, when he was a sophomore.

One day after practise, the trainer, rubbing him down, noticed a slight swelling on the back of Hart's neck.

"What's that?" he asked Hart quickly.

"Don't know," replied Hart.

The trainer told the coach. The coach told the physician. The physician came to examine Hart.

"There is a possibility that his neck is fractured," was the physician's report.

The next day the coach sent Hart down to Baltimore, to the specialists at Johns Hopkins. Answering their questions, Hart told them the history of the case—the fall against the goal-post at Exeter, the kinks that recurred. Still there was nothing upon which to base a positive diagnosis. So the learned doctors brought out the X-ray. They took a picture of Hart's neck. The plate showed a crack in one of the upper joints of his backbone.

"There must be some mistake," the specialists said, refusing to believe the camera. "With such a fissure this man would have no right to be alive to-day."

They took another picture. The same fissure showed. Still they were not convinced. They used a different X-ray, and a different camera. Again the fissure seamed the negative—again the specialists shook their heads doubtfully.

"And have you been playing football?" they exclaimed. "Impossible!"

Then they had another man's neck photographed. They compared this picture with the one of Hart's. Finally they admitted the truth.

"We have established," they told him, "the precise nature of a fracture in your upper vertebræ. Only the powerful muscles of your neck have kept your head in place."

"And can I play football?" asked Hart eagerly.

"Yes," they replied with the impatience of learned men, "yes, if you want to commit suicide."

So Hart, very gloomy and anxious, returned to Princeton. He meant to keep

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silent. Only the sharp questioning of the coach finally made him admit what the specialists had said.

coach designed him a huge black helmet with sides that ran down his body and were strapped to it. And Hart was happy. He

WEEKES BEGAN A SPECTACULAR HURDLING OF THEIR LINE AND BACKS. OVER THE CRASHING FORWARDS HE LEAPED, A PERILOUS FEAT, WITH MEN TUMBLING ON HIM AS HE FELL.

"But," Hart added hopefully, "if you make me a head protector that will take the shock of any blow off my neck, putting it on my shoulders, chest, and back, I will be able to play."

So, shaking their heads, the trainer and

could play. That is, he was happy until shortly before the Yale game. Then from New Haven came a message. It was a protest against Hart's playing. Somehow word of his injury had reached Yale. The team there didn't want to play against a

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man whom they might kill. The coaches told Hart he would have to drop out. It was too great a responsibility to place upon them, upon the university, upon himself. Byrne lay dead at West Point; Wilson was dying at Annapolis. Their necks had been broken as had a score of "prep" school boys'. Another serious accident, and football might be abolished.

So Hart, crushed, went to his room. To him at that time football was everything; to play on the 'Varsity against Yale his "one great desire." He began to think. He thought carefully and coldly. The doctors had said it would be suicide to play. Had they not also said he had no right to live anyway? Hart drew a quick breath and wrote something on a piece of paper.

The next afternoon he appeared at the field and handed the coach a note. This said that he (Hart) was playing of his own will, on his own responsibility, and against the wishes of Princeton University. As the coach read these words, Hart watched him narrowly. Then his eyes shone.

"All right," exclaimed the coach, looking up. "Good boy!"

A week later Hart was on Yale Field—Hachiman, God of War, in his black mail and broken neck—a man beside himself, stubbornly damming the tide of blue.

But Hart fought for Princeton, and to do that is to fight for a Cause. For that is a place where heroes are hatched and bred. It is the place where DeWitt, Poe, White, a score of others, molded in the wonderful Princeton tradition, rose quite out of themselves. At Nassau, you see, men live unconsciously in the atmosphere of a Cause. Yesterday they fought for the Revolution; to-day for Princeton. Somehow one looks for the heroic there. And so we come to DeWitt—big, serious-looking DeWitt, who did a wonderful thing. He beat Yale.

From his freshman year, when, high in the Princeton cheering section, he looked down and saw Yale trample Captain Pell's team all over University Field, DeWitt hated the sight of a blue jersey. His hatred was as the bull's toward the *banderillas*. Not at the men was it directed but at the colors—the colors upflung that dreary afternoon when all Yale marched triumphant through the streets of the Jersey town. So began the feud of DeWitt and the Blue.

The following November found him at New Haven. Only this time he was on the field, and from his post at tackle he saw the blue jerseys much clearer. Again Pell was captain and again Princeton met defeat. And again DeWitt hated the colors that everywhere were waved before him. Always he had done what he could to humble them. Time and again his strong leg had sent the ball soaring far afield. Often these punts had saved Princeton—saved the defeat from being more crushing. But DeWitt felt as one who had failed utterly.

"I will beat them," he vowed as, wearied with the fight, he sat on the bench in the dressing-room.

Another year passes. The scene shifts. It is at Princeton. This time Davis, a great end, is leading the Orange and Black team against the men of Yale. This time DeWitt is fitted to make even a harder fight. Since the November before he has become a drop-kicker of deadly skill—a sharpshooter whose target is the goal-posts.

On the fourth play his chance comes. From an unheard-of distance—almost midfield—he kicks, missing the cross-bar by bare inches. The men in blue look worried. DeWitt grins. Some minutes after, standing on the fifty-yard line, he drives the ball cleanly between the posts.

But two hours later Princeton is beaten. Unable to hold the lead DeWitt has given them, they have wavered and broken. To DeWitt in his moment of intense disappointment, the Blue becomes a little more unbearable.

Now another November comes, and, shifting the scenes once more, sets the stage at New Haven. And playing his last game, facing the Blue for the last time, is DeWitt. He is captain now. Failure to-day will mean a great personal failure. Not only will Princeton have yielded, but DeWitt's inner cause, the Quixotic cause, will have been lost utterly.

So five minutes after the kick-off, when Yale storms across the line and scores, DeWitt is as one distraught. Savagely he rallies his wavering team. With whipping tongue he drives them back to the attack. From kick-off he lifts the ball far over the goal-line. Then from forty, fifty, fifty-five yards he tries to kick it over the cross-bar, always missing by the barest margin. And now with the half ending, his attempts balked, and Princeton behind, he sees Yale

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storm down to the twenty-yard line, massing for another score. It is maddening!

A signal from the red-haired Rockwell, and Mitchell, Yale's clever kicker, drops back for a try at goal. DeWitt scowls and crouches lower. Out of the corner of his eye he watches the Yale center bending over the ball. He watches his opponent, watches the way the man's weight is swaying, learns the second he is off balance, when his weight shifts like a great pendulum swinging. He notes the position of Yale's backs: positions taken to check those who might block the kick.

Then he sees a familiar movement by the Yale center. The man's fingers twitch. Knowing what it means, DeWitt tears forward. As he does, the ball is passed. Back to Mitchell it shoots. Past a guard DeWitt has ripped his way. Past a protecting back he sweeps; past another, beating down, plunging, striking, until with a last rush he bears down upon Mitchell, flinging up his arms as he jumps—a giant shooting through space.

Comes the thump of the kick—a louder thump, a succession of reports, and DeWitt's chest crashing into the ball has driven it far behind. DeWitt thunders on. Past the bewildered Mitchell he goes. Another step and he has snatched up the ball. Another and he has swung into his stride. Down field he tears—forty—eighty yards, until he falls behind the goal-posts—a sweet and quiet triumph in his eyes.

Later that afternoon, in the dying minutes of the game, with the score a tie, DeWitt stands fifty-three yards from the Yale goal and, kicking, drives the ball high over the posts. Single-handed, he has won for Princeton, dragged down the Blue. His ambition, three years growing, has been fulfilled.

Hart and DeWitt stand for the two types into which, for the purposes of this article, we may classify football heroes:

Men who, like Hart, have been what we might call "heroic in a general way," and men who, like DeWitt, have been "heroic in a specific way"—the long run, the field goal.

And now we are ready to hear the story of Coggeshall. He accomplished what no man had been able to do. Playing on a small college team, he beat the mighty football machine of Harvard University. More, he gave them their first defeat on Soldiers' Field.

For all of the first and part of the second half, Amherst has held the big Crimson team at bay. A score of times Harvard has hurled her heavy formations at the Amherst line. But in vain. Once, with the goal-posts only three yards away, Harvard has been balked. Four inches in three terrific smashes at center was the most they could gain. Once a Harvard man has blundered with a touch-down inevitable, and the alert little college has recovered the ball. And now, with the second half drawing to a close, the Crimson are desperate. Still they are driven back—farther and farther, until, eleven yards from their own goal, they are forced to punt.

The lines crouch; the quarter-back chants his signals. He bends; the lines crouch lower. Alone, far behind the Harvard center, LeMoyne, the punter, is waiting. Then the ball passes, and amid a surging of men, Shay and Coggeshall of Amherst burst through. Leaping high with wide-spread arms, Shay catches the ball on his wrists and beats it to the ground. Back over the grass it bobs, wobbling end over end, with all the perverseness of inanimate things eluding pursuit.

After it dashes Coggeshall. Behind him the Crimson giants are in hot pursuit.

On the seven-yard line Coggeshall flings himself headlong. He gathers the ball to his chest. He begins to crawl, half sliding, half squirming toward the goal. Not a yard has been covered when the Harvard men leap upon him. Across his neck, his body, his legs, they fall. Brutally they grind him into the hard ground. One after another they pile upon him, until with five Crimson forms lying asprawl his back, Coggeshall, stung with pain, exerts a strength that he never knew before and, clawing his way over the grass, carries half the Harvard team across the goal-line!

And Columbia has her picturesque figures too—men who wore the white and light blue before the faculty abolished football. There are Morley, Berrien, Thorpe, Weekes—but it is with Weekes that we are concerned. He accomplished what for years Columbia football teams had been trying to do. He defeated Princeton.

On a mid-October afternoon two weeks before the Columbia-Princeton game of 1900, two men were conversing earnestly on South Field. The Columbia squad was at practise, but for the moment neither man

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cared. One of them, solid, cleanly built, and good-looking, was dressed in football clothes. He appeared agitated, talking quickly to his companion, an older man in a dark business suit.

"I know I can do it," the young man said. "Wait till the Princeton game."

Then he dashed away to his post behind the Columbia line.

His name was Weekes, left half-back.

Came the day of the Princeton game, with the teams meeting in New York City. In the Columbia stands the spectators were hopeful. That was all. Princeton was known to be strong—too strong, it was thought, for the white and light blue. A few minutes after the kick-off, Princeton punted down to Columbia's twenty-yard line. Then, swaggering into position, they made as if to smother any attack. They were confident—too confident.

Suddenly Wright, a big guard, was drawn behind the Columbia line. Weekes darted beside him. Bending low, he dug his cleats a little deeper into the ground. A pause, a calling of a signal, a scuffling—and the men were in motion. Instantly a formation was disclosed that played havoc with the whole Princeton team. With Wright clearing the path, Weekes began a spectacular hurdling of their line and backs. High over the crashing forwards he leaped, a perilous feat, with men tumbling on him as he fell. Then the whistle blew. He had gained four yards.

"Good boy," murmured the man in the dark business suit.

This time he was standing with his assistant coaches on the side-lines. Again the ball was passed. Again Weekes leaped high over the heads of the Princeton men—again, again, until by his superb daring he brought the ball to within five yards of Princeton's goal—a spectacular march down the field that no man had dared before. A moment later a touch-down was scored, and Princeton was beaten—beaten by Weekes's hurdling.

But now let us turn to the New Haven heroes. You have heard of them—Coy, Chadwick, Heffelfinger, Hinckey, poor Hogan, many of them.

It was early October a score of years ago, and football practise was fairly under way at Yale Field. From the players' bench, "Josh" Hartwell and Crosby, veterans, who had been injured in one of the opening games, were watching. Hartwell appeared particularly interested in a frail-looking youth who was at end on the "Scrubs." Something in the youngster's alert, catlike movements interested the veteran. He saw in the slender, dark-haired boy the latent powers of a brilliant end. And as Hartwell watched, the impression grew—grew until, flinging down the crutch he had been leaning on, he cried:

"Bum ankle or not, I'm going out to practise to-morrow! If I stay away much longer that kid will have my job!"

Crosby, who heard him, only grinned. But sure enough, Hartwell was out the next day. Also, when the Princeton game came around, his name appeared in the Yale line-up as right end. Crosby's was nowhere. The frail-looking youth had won his place on the left wing of the Yale line.

Such was the beginning of the football career of Hinckey—called, tritely, "the greatest end Yale ever had." Utterly fearless, as quick as a cat, clever, resourceful, a bundle of wires that knew no fatigue, Hinckey terrorized opposing teams for four years. Perhaps his greatest strength lay in his versatility. In his first Harvard game, for instance, he broke through, tackling a man behind the line and saving Yale from being scored upon at a critical moment. In another Harvard game, when the entire Yale team was demoralized by a new "flying wedge" that had carried the ball the length of the field, Hinckey solved the trick and checked the advance. In his first Princeton game, by his almost uncanny alertness at recovering fumbles, he made possible Yale's touch-down. And, meeting Princeton, he first furnished interference for a remarkable run and then, with time almost up, blocked a kick in the shadow of Princeton's goal-posts.

I could go on and tell you other feats that have made the name Hinckey enduring at New Haven, but they would be an article by themselves. To Yale he will always be a hero—a hero like Heffelfinger, that great guard who taught linemen that brains are as valuable as weight, Heffelfinger, of the type called "all legs," who ran from his position at guard to the head of the interference and cleared the path for many of McClung's great runs. He also blocked kicks freely and made many long runs himself.

Other men whom I might put in this

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division are the strategic Hare of Pennsylvania; the grim, silent Reid of Harvard; the blond and gigantic Thompson of Cornell; Glaze of Dartmouth; Curtis and Heston of Michigan; Os— But what's the use! I'd be bound to make omissions and bring down some indignant reader upon my head.

So let us turn to our second grouping, where heroes have been made by the long run—the wild, spectacular dash down the field. For instance:

The Navy is ready to kick off. Strung across Franklin Field, in Philadelphia, they wait, an uneasy line of blue and gold, soon to leap and scatter down like segments blown from a wall. Standing under the Army goal-posts, Daly watches them. A veteran campaigner, director of three Harvard elevens against Yale, a master of college football before he entered West Point, Daly is perhaps the coolest man on the field. Calm, quiet, motionless, yet wonderfully alert, he stands there—awaiting the thump of the kicker's foot, the rush of men following.

And as he waits he figures how the Navy

WITH CUTTS BREAKING THE WAY, HARVARD PILED INTO THE ARMY LINE. SO FURIOUSLY DID THEY ATTACK THAT THE CADETS FLUNG THEMSELVES HURRIEDLY INTO THE PLAY.

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defense can be penetrated in this last half hour of play. Five to five is the score—and that only because he sent the ball spinning between the goal-posts with the game not ten minutes old. Besides, the Navy has shown signs of strength reserved, of a terrific battering attack that must crush the Army eleven unless——

Up at mid-field, Belknap, a rangy midshipman, is moving toward the ball with quick, scurrying steps. Like hounds held in leash, his team, poised on their toes, are straining forward. Another step, a jerking motion and, with a swing of his leg, Belknap drives it plunking into the yellow leather. The pack tears down in full cry. High over their heads the ball is spinning—higher and higher until, reaching the crest of the arc, it begins to drop. Down it comes, twisting and turning, down into the arms of Daly, on the ten-yard line.

As he makes the catch he is in motion. Straight up the field he darts. Faster and faster he moves, gaining speed at every stride. Now the Navy tacklers are beginning to swarm before him. He sees their eager faces, their outstretched arms. Pivoting like a dancer, he glides away from them. Straight across the field he goes—a phantom that leaves them blundering. And now he turns again—a quick whirl that brings him facing the Navy goal. And with his feet bounding high he begins a terrific sprint, a ninety-five-yard sprint that strews in its wake a baffled and beaten trail of blue and gold.

But one always expected to see Daly take a game in his own hands and dominate it in a crisis. During his three years as quarter-back at Harvard he saved his team time and again by sheer nerve and resourcefulness. In a Pennsylvania game, for instance, he had a center who passed poorly. Three times, when Daly dropped back to punt, this center threw the ball far over his head. But each time Daly darted back, retrieved the blunder, and with the Pennsylvania forwards storming down upon him, punted as unconcernedly as he might have done on the practise field at Cambridge.

So much for Daly. Harvard and the Army will never forget him.

But from Harvard have come other heroes—Corbett, Lee, Kernan, all men who have snatched games from the burning with their long runs. Take Kernan. He won a game as games are won in football fiction. He broke loose and crossed the goal-line in the last minute of play.

All through the afternoon West Point had fought off the Harvard attack. With the brawny Cutts leading their formations, the Crimson had battered away at the Army line. For a time they had gained. Then, the cadets solving the play, the gains stopped. Also, the cadets solved it by throwing ends, tackles, and defensive halfbacks to the aid of center as soon as the ball was passed. Of course holes were left in their outer defense, but Harvard had no tricks that could seize the opportunity and shoot the runner around end.

With the game closing, though, and a touch-down needed to win, the Crimson became desperate. Gathering the Harvard men about him, Captain Campbell proposed that they invent a play. Cutts was to feign a mass on center. The pass was to be delayed. When the Army had rallied its defensive strength at the menaced point, Kernan, taking the ball, was to swing round the end.

Back to their positions trotted the Crimson. Kernan bent low to the ground and, hiding behind the other backs, was unnoticed. A signal, and the ball was passed. With Cutts breaking the way Harvard piled into the Army line. So fiercely did they attack that the cadets flung themselves hurriedly into the play. No one noticed Kernan. Crouched behind the mass, he was waiting for some one to toss him the ball.

Then he saw it shoot toward him. Came the thump of it against his body, and, leaping away, Kernan had shot round the Army flank and was dashing down the field before the crowd knew what had happened. So, with scattered cheers breaking from the stands, he swept toward the goal. One white line after another flew under his feet. Nearer and nearer came the posts. Another thirty yards and he would be behind them.

But now the Army quarter-back, advancing from an angle, came to meet him. Kernan quickened his pace. He swerved slightly and, as the black-sweatered figure came lunging at him, Kernan thrust out his hand. He felt it thump into the other's face. He saw the man grope and stumble. Then Kernan threw his body to one side and, eluding a last blind lunge, continued

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down the clear field. Harvard had won.

In this group could be told the stories you probably have in mind—the runs of White that, beating Yale and Harvard last autumn, made him a figure for all time at Princeton. Here too might be told of Poe, Suter, Ames, Lamar—all of Princeton.

And I might tell of Findlay of Wisconsin, who seven years ago beat Minnesota by making two eighty-yard runs in one game. I might tell of Torney, an Army full-back, who, running a hundred and five yards, downed Yale; of Barclay and Irmschler, who enabled little Lafayette to crush big Pennsylvania and Princeton.

But they are too many, and we must see how heroes have been made in another way. I mean by kicking.

Here come the deeds of O'Dea of Wisconsin, of Herschberger of Chicago. Here we meet Eckersall, another wonderful kicker of Chicago University. Nine years ago, single-handed, Eckersall defeated the strong team of Wisconsin. He kicked three goals from the field—all the points Chicago made.

But such heroes thrive in the West. There is Capron, who, in his brief but spectacular career at Minnesota, kicked goals from the most unheard-of angles and distances. Six years ago Minnesota tied Wisconsin. Minnesota had the inferior team. They tied because Capron kicked three field-goals with the Wisconsin forwards breaking through to block him.

And there is Sprackling, who has been called "the man who beat Yale." In 1910, playing quarter-back for Brown, he routed Yale on Yale Field! Three goals (that seems to be the magic number) flew from his foot across the bar.

It is not always, though, that the hero is known. Sometimes to another man come the honors that should be his. Sometimes another man steals his moment of victory.

Walled in by bleak gray stands, Harvard and Yale are fighting. Down on a field of brown they are massed, giants in crimson, in blue—fighting for the score that will not come. But now Harvard is seen to be moving more steadily. Toward the Yale goal they advance. Slowly, but as surely as the tides moving up a beach, they come. In their ranks some Achilles has risen—some one man who is dominating the field. Always he drives the blues before him. Always he alone bears the brunt of the fighting. Time and again we see his bristling head rear above the confusion and, lowering, go plunging through. On he comes—five, ten, fourteen yards at a time—a tireless, savage figure who will not be denied.

"It's Ver Wiebe," a man explains behind us. "It's his first Yale game. Isn't it great that he is winning it alone!"

We wonder how Ver Wiebe must feel—his first Yale game and winning it! Nothing, it seems, can stop him. He is as a man possessed. In another minute he will have surged across the goal-line. It is not difficult to imagine the glow in his eyes.

A signal and the backs of the players crouch. Suddenly just below us we see a commotion. On the side-lines men are running up and down. From the Harvard bench, some one has called. The referee blows his whistle. The crouched backs relax. We see the coach. He is walking up and down with a substitute. They walk slowly, but the coach is talking quickly. Then the substitute races out on the field. We watch him go, wondering whose place he will take.

A moment later we are astounded. The substitute touches Ver Wiebe on the shoulder. He says something. Ver Wiebe looks up in surprise. The substitute repeats his words. But Ver Wiebe only stands as one in a daze, unbelief and doubt plain in his face.

Then the coach lifts his hand to his mouth.

"Ver Wiebe! Ver Wiebe!" he shouts. "Come to the bench!"

His voice is as the knell of a bell. We watch Ver Wiebe. Slowly and with head hanging he walks from the field. Not a word escapes him. He never looks up. We see him catch the sweater that is thrown him. We see him drape it listlessly over his shoulder. His movements are those of a man suffering from some intense anguish. Weakly he sinks to a seat on the bench—a broken-hearted Achilles, his head in his hands—a man who has lost yet won. For a moment later he sees Harvard kick—a wonderful kick that, flying from the substitute's toe, sweeps on toward the goal posts, and, spinning above them as a disk of gold, beats Yale.

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THE CASE of JENNIE BRICE

MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

FIRST INSTALMENT

Jennie Brice was an actress, married to Philip Ladley, a playwright. They lived in a Pittsburgh boarding-house kept by Mrs. Pitman, who tells the story. On the first day of the flood of 1907, the Ladleys had been quarreling. At two o'clock the next morning, the other boarder, Mr. Reynolds, wakened Mrs. Pitman to say that some one had taken the boat from where it was tied in the flooded hall. Two hours later Ladley rowed in, explaining that he had borrowed the boat in order to get some medicine for Mrs. Ladley. At breakfast-time Ladley told Mrs. Pitman that his wife had gone away early that morning, for the week. Presently Peter, the Ladleys' dog, brought in a water-soaked slipper of Jennie Brice's; then a broken knife that had been in Mrs. Pitman's room the night before, unbroken. When, in addition to these suspicious signs, Mrs. Pitman saw blood-stains on the boat-rope, she decided that Jennie Brice had been murdered. At the foot of the stairs, as she came down to start for the police station, she found a little, elderly man in a boat, with a tub of raw liver for distribution to starving dogs and cats. She told him her suspicions, and while they were talking Mr. Ladley escaped. Then Mrs. Pitman and the little man, Mr. Holcombe, went to investigate the Ladleys' room.

Their first discovery was that Mrs. Pitman's onyx clock was gone from the mantel-shelf.

CHAPTER III—CONTINUED

Perhaps it seems strange, but from the moment I missed that clock my rage at Mr. Ladley increased to a fury. It was all I had left of my former gentility. When times were hard and I got behind with the rent, as happened now and then, more than once I'd been tempted to sell the clock, or to pawn it. But I had never done it. Its ticking had kept me company on many a lonely night, and its elegance had helped me to keep my pride and to retain the respect of my neighbors. For in the flood district onyx clocks are not plentiful.

I stood staring at the mark in the dust of the mantel-shelf, which Mr. Holcombe was measuring with a pocket tape measure.

"You are sure you didn't take it away yourself, Mrs. Pitman?" he asked.

"Sure? Why, I could hardly lift it," I said, with my lips trembling.

He was looking carefully at the oblong of dust where the clock had stood. "The key is gone, too," he said, busily making entries in his note-book. "What was the maker's name?"

"Why, I don't think I ever noticed."

He turned on me angrily. "Why didn't you notice?" he snapped. "Good Lord, woman, do you only use your eyes to cry with? How can you wind a clock, time after time, and not know the maker's name? It proves my contention: the average witness is perfectly unreliable."

"Not at all," I snapped. "I am ordinarily both accurate and observing."

"Indeed!" he said, putting his hands behind him. "Then perhaps you can tell me the color of the pencil I have been writing with."

"Certainly. Red." Most pencils are

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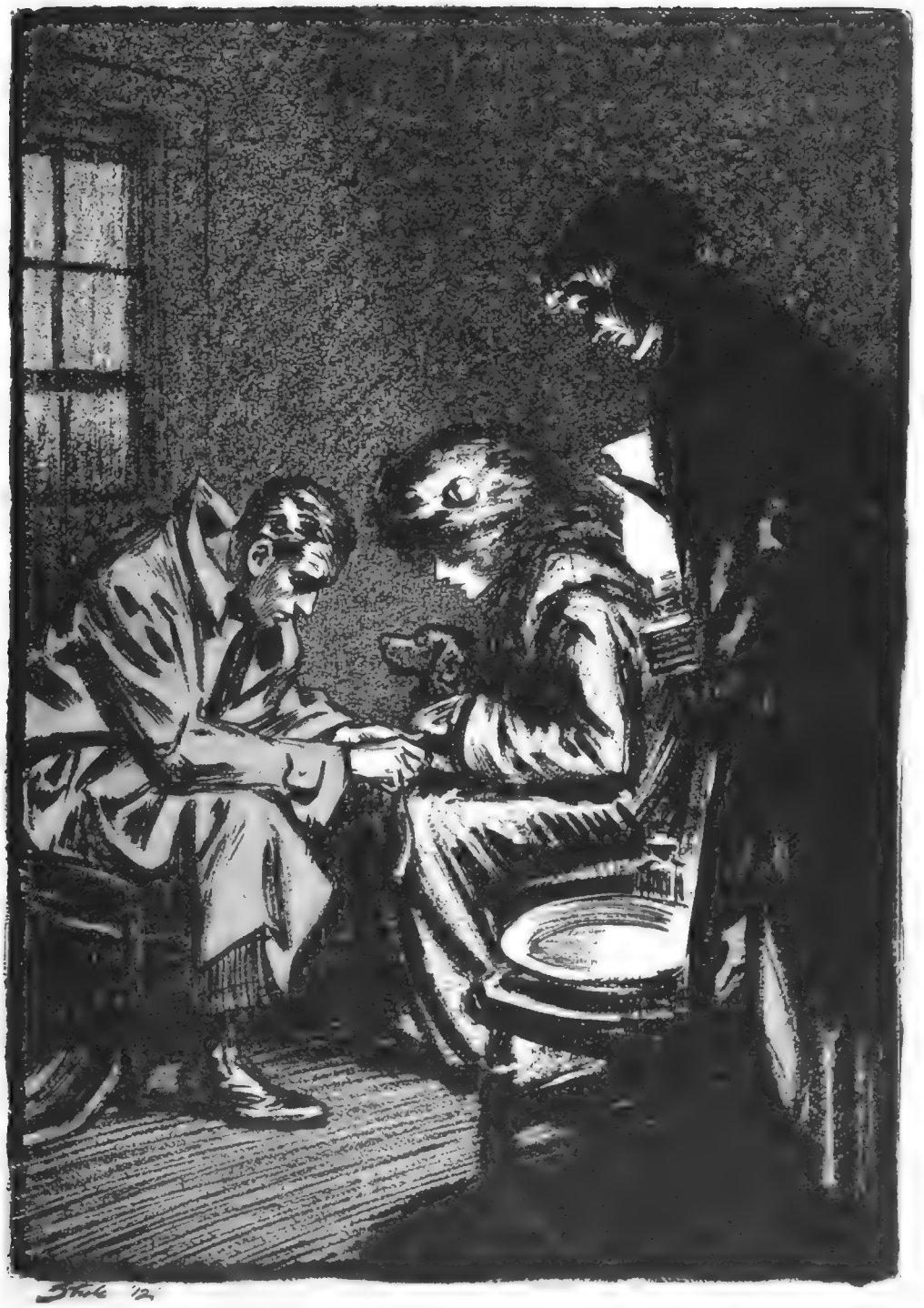

HE MADE A SPLINT FOR THE DOG, LIDA HELPING. HE FOUND EXCUSES TO TOUCH HER HAND OR HER ARM—LITTLE CARESSING TOUCHES THAT MADE HER COLOR HEIGHTEN.

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red, and I thought this was safe. But he held his right hand out with a flourish. "I've been writing with a fountain pen," he said, in deep disgust.

But the next moment he had run to the wash-stand and pulled it out from the wall. Behind it, where it had fallen, lay a towel, covered with stains, as if some one had wiped bloody hands on it. He held it up, his face working with excitement. I could only cover my eyes.

"This looks better," he said, and began making a quick search of the room, running from one piece of furniture to another, pulling out bureau drawers, drawing the bed out from the wall, and crawling along the base-board with a lighted match in his hand. He gave a shout of triumph finally, and reappeared from behind the bed with the broken end of my knife in his hand.

"Very clumsy," he said. "*Very* clumsy. Peter the dog could have done better."

I had been examining the wall-paper about the wash-stand. Among the ink spots were one or two reddish ones that made me shiver. And, seeing a scrap of note-paper stuck between the base-board and the wall, I dug it out with a hairpin, and threw it into the grate, to be burned later. It was by the merest chance there was no fire there. The next moment Mr. Holcombe was on his knees by the fireplace.

"*Never* do that, under such circumstances," he snapped, fishing among the ashes. "You might throw away valuable —Hello, Howell."

I turned and saw a young man in the doorway, smiling, his hat in his hand. Even at that first glance, I liked Mr. Howell, and later, when every one was against him, and many curious things were developing, I am glad to remember that I stood by him.

"What's the trouble, Holcombe?" he asked. "Hitting the trail again?"

"A very curious thing that I just happened on," said Mr. Holcombe. "Mrs. Pitman, this is Mr. Howell, of whom I spoke. Sit down, Howell, and let me read you something."

With the crumpled paper still unopened in his hand, Mr. Holcombe took his note-book and read aloud what he had written. I have it before me now:

" 'Dog meat, two dollars, boat hire'—that's not it. Here. 'Yesterday, Sunday, March the 4th, Mrs. Pitman, landlady at 42 Union Street, heard two of her boarders quarreling, a man and his wife. Man's name, Philip Ladley. Wife's name, Jennie Ladley, known as Jennie Brice at the Liberty Stock Company, where she has been playing small parts.' "

Mr. Howell nodded. "I've heard of her," he said. "Not much of an actress, I believe."

" 'The husband was also an actor, out of work, and employing his leisure time in writing a play.' "

"Everybody's doing it," said Mr. Howell, idly.

"The Shuberts were to star him in this," I put in. "He said that the climax at the end of the second act——"

Mr. Holcombe shut his note-book with a snap. "After we have finished gossiping," he said, "I'll go on."

"'Employing his leisure time in writing a play—'" quoted Mr. Howell.

"Exactly. 'The husband and wife were not on good terms. They quarreled frequently. On Sunday, they fought all day, and Mrs. Ladley told Mrs. Pitman she was married to a fiend. At four o'clock Sunday afternoon, Philip Ladley went out, returning about five. Mrs. Pitman carried their supper to them at six, and both ate heartily. She did not see Mrs. Ladley at the time, but heard her in the next room. They were apparently reconciled: Mrs. Pitman reported Mr. Ladley in high good humor. If the quarrel recommenced during the night, the other boarder, named Reynolds, in the next room, heard nothing. Mrs. Pitman herself was up and down until one o'clock, when she dozed off. She heard no unusual sound. At approximately two o'clock in the morning, however, this Reynolds came to the room, and said he had heard some one in a boat in the lower hall. He and Mrs. Pitman investigated. The boat which Mrs. Pitman uses during a flood, and which she had tied to the stair-rail, was gone, having been cut loose, not untied. Everything else was quiet, except that Mrs. Ladley's dog had been shut in a third-story room.

" 'At a quarter after four that morning Mrs. Pitman, thoroughly awake, heard the boat returning, and, going to the stairs, met Ladley coming in. He muttered something about having gone for medicine for his wife, and went to his room, shutting the dog out. This is worth attention, for the dog ordinarily slept in their room.' "

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"What sort of a dog?" asked Mr. Howell. He had been listening attentively.

"A water spaniel. 'The rest of the night, or early morning, was quiet. At a quarter after seven, Ladley asked for coffee and toast for one, and, on Mrs. Pitman remarking this, said that his wife was not playing this week, and had gone for a few days' vacation, having left early in the morning.' Remember, during the night he had been out for medicine for her. Now she was able to travel, and, in fact, had started."

Mr. Howell was frowning at the floor. "If he was doing anything wrong, he was doing it very badly," he said.

"This is where I entered the case," said Mr. Holcombe. "I rowed into the lower hall shortly after noon, to feed the dog, Peter, who was whining on the staircase. Mrs. Pitman was coming down, pale and agitated over the fact that the dog, shortly before, had found floating in the hall down-stairs a slipper belonging to Mrs. Ladley, and, later, a knife with a broken blade. She maintains that she had the knife last night upstairs, that it was not broken, and that it was taken from a shelf in her room while she dozed. The question is, then, why was the knife taken? Who took it? And why? Has this man made away with his wife, or has he not?"

Mr. Howell looked at me and smiled. "Mr. Holcombe and I are old enemies," he said. "Mr. Holcombe believes that circumstantial evidence may properly hang a man; I do not." And to Mr. Holcombe: "So, having found a wet slipper and a broken knife, you are prepared for murder and sudden death!"

"I have more evidence," Mr. Holcombe said eagerly, and proceeded to tell what we had found in the room. Mr. Howell listened, smiling to himself, but at the mention of the onyx clock he got up and went to the mantel.

"By Jove!" he said, and stood looking at the mark in the dust. "Are you sure the clock was here yesterday?"

"I wind it every Saturday. I wound it night before last, and put the key underneath. Yesterday, before they moved up, I wound it again."

"The key is gone also. Well, what of it, Holcombe? Did he brain her with the clock? Or choke her with the key?"

Mr. Holcombe was looking at his notebook. He was loftily indifferent to Mr. Howell's amusement. "To summarize," he said, "we have here as clues indicating a crime, the rope, the broken knife, the slipper, the towel, and the clock. Besides, this scrap of paper may contain some information." He opened it and sat gazing at it in his palm. Then: "Is this Ladley's writing?" he asked me, in a curious voice.

"Yes." I glanced at the slip.

Mr. Holcombe had just read from his notebook: "Rope, knife, slipper, towel, clock."

The slip I had found behind the washstand said: "Rope, knife, shoe, towel, Horn—" The rest of the last word was torn off.

Mr. Howell was staring at the mantel. "Clock!" he repeated.

CHAPTER IV

It was after four when Mr. Holcombe had finished going over the room. I offered to make both the gentlemen some tea, for Mr. Pitman had been an Englishman, and I had got into the habit of having a cup in the afternoon, with a cracker or a bit of bread. But they refused. Mr. Howell said he had promised to meet a lady, and to bring her through the flooded district in a boat. He shook hands with me, and smiled at Mr. Holcombe.

"You will have to restrain his enthusiasm, Mrs. Pitman," he said. "He is a bloodhound on the scent. If his baying gets on your nerves, just send for me." He went down the stairs and stepped into the boat. "Remember, Holcombe," he called, "every well-constituted murder has two things: a motive and a corpse. You haven't either."

"If everybody waited until he saw flames, instead of relying on the testimony of the smoke," Mr. Holcombe snapped, "what would the fire loss be?"

Mr. Howell poled his boat to the front door, and, sitting down, prepared to row out. "You are warned, Mrs. Pitman," he called to me. "If he doesn't find a body to fit the clues, he's quite capable of making one to fill the demand."

"Horn—" said Mr. Holcombe, looking at the slip again. "The tail of the 'n' is torn off—evidently only part of a word. "Hornet, Horning, Horner—Mrs. Pitman, will you go with me to the police station?"

I was more than anxious to go. In fact, I couldn't bear the idea of staying alone in the house, with Heaven only knows what

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concealed in the depths of that muddy flood. I got on my wraps again and Mr. Holcombe rowed me out.

We rowed to the corner of Robinson Street and Federal—it was before Federal Street was raised above the flood level—and left the boat in charge of a boy there. And we walked to the police station. On the way Mr. Holcombe questioned me closely about the events of the morning, and I recalled the incident of the burned pillow-slip. He made a note of it at once, and grew very thoughtful.

He left me, however, at the police station. "I'd rather not appear in this, Mrs. Pitman," he said apologetically, "and I think better along my own lines. Not that I have anything against the police: they've done some splendid work. But this case takes imagination, and the police department deals with facts. We have no facts yet. What we need, of course, is to have the man detained until we are sure of our case."

He lifted his hat and turned away, and I went slowly up the steps to the police station.

At the door some one touched me on the arm. It was Mr. Holcombe again.

"I have been thinking it over," he said, "and I believe you'd better not mention the piece of paper that you found behind the wash-stand. They might say the whole thing is a hoax."

"Very well," I agreed, and went in.

The police sergeant in charge knew me at a glance, having stopped at my house more than once in flood-time for a cup of hot coffee.

"Sit down, Mrs. Pitman," he said. "I suppose you are still making the best coffee and doughnuts in the city of Allegheny? Well, what's the trouble in your district? Want an injunction against the river for trespass?"

"One way and another the river has brought me a good bit of trouble," I said. "I'm—I'm worried, Mr. Sergeant. I think a woman from my house has been murdered, but I don't know."

"Murdered!" he said, and drew up his chair. "Tell me about it."

I told him everything, while he sat back with his eyes half closed, and his fingers beating a tattoo on the arm of his chair.

When I finished he got up and went into an inner room. He came back in a moment.

"I want you to come in and tell that to the chief," he said, and led the way.

All told, I repeated my story three times that afternoon, to the sergeant, to the chief of police, and the third time to both of them and two detectives.

The second time the chief made notes of what I said.

"Know this man Ladley?" he asked the others. None of them did, but they all knew of Jennie Brice, and some of them had seen her in the theatre.

"Get the theatre, Tom," the chief said to one of the detectives.

Luckily, what he learned over the telephone from the theatre corroborated my story. Jennie Brice was not in the cast that week, but should have reported that morning (Monday) to rehearse the next week's piece. No message had been received from her, and a substitute had been put in her place.

The chief hung up the receiver and turned to me. "You are sure about the clock, Mrs. Pitman?" he asked. "It was there when they moved up-stairs to the room?"

"Yes, sir."

"You are certain you will not find it on the parlor mantel when the water goes down?"

"The mantels are uncovered now. It is not there."

"You think Ladley has gone for good?"

"Yes, sir."

"He'd be a fool to try to run away, unless—Graves, you'd better get hold of the fellow, and keep him until either the woman is found, or a body. The river is falling. In a couple of days we will know if she is around the premises anywhere."

Before I left, I described Jennie Brice for them carefully. Asked what she probably wore, if she had gone away as her husband said, I had no idea; she had a lot of clothes, and dressed a good bit. But I recalled that I had seen the black and white dress with the red collar, and they took that down, as well as the brown valise.

The chief rose and opened the door for me himself. "If she actually left town at the time you mention," he said, "she ought not to be hard to find. There are not many trains before seven in the morning, and most of them are locals."

"And—and if she did not, if he—do you think she is in the house—or—or—the cellar?"

"Not unless Ladley is more of a fool than I think he is," he said, smiling. "Personally,

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"POOR OLD PETER! WHO DID THIS TO YOU? WHO HURT YOU?" HE LOOKED AT ME AND WHINED.

I believe she has gone away, as he says she did. But if she hasn't— He probably took the body with him when he said he was getting medicine, and dropped it into the current somewhere. But we must go slow with all this. There's no use shouting 'wolf' yet."

"But—the towel?"

"He may have cut himself, shaving. It *has* been done."

"And the knife?"

He shrugged his shoulders good-naturedly.

"I've seen a perfectly good knife spoiled, opening a bottle of pickles."

"But the slippers? And the clock?"

"My good woman, enough shoes and slippers are forgotten in the bottoms of cupboards year after year in flood-time, and are found floating around the streets, to make all the old-clothesmen in town happy. I have seen almost everything floating about, during one of these annual floods."

"I dare say you never saw an onyx clock floating around," I replied, a little sharply. I had no sense of humor that day.

He stopped smiling at once, and stood tugging at his mustache. "No," he admitted. "An onyx clock sinks, that's true. That's a very nice little point, that onyx clock. He may be trying to sell it, or perhaps—" He did not finish.

I went back immediately, only stopping at the market to get meat for Mr. Reynolds's

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supper. It was after half-past five and dusk was coming on. I got a boat and was rowed directly home. Peter was not at the foot of the steps. I paid the boatman and let him go, and turned to go up the stairs. Some one was speaking in the hall above.

I have read somewhere that no two voices are exactly alike, just as no two violins ever produce precisely the same sound. I think it is what they call the *timbre* that is different. I have, for instance, never heard a voice like Mr. Pitman's, although Mr. Harry Lauder's in a phonograph resembles it. And voices have always done for me what odors do for some people, revived forgotten scenes and old memories. But the memory that the voice at the head of the stairs brought back was not very old, although I had forgotten it. I seemed to hear again, all at once, the lapping of the water, Sunday morning, as it began to come in over the door-sill; the sound of Terry ripping up the parlor carpet, and Mrs. Ladley calling me a she-devil in the next room, in reply to this very voice.

But when I got to the top of the stairs, it was only Mr. Howell, who had brought his visitor to the flood district, and on getting her splashed with the muddy water, had taken her to my house for a towel and a cake of soap.

I lighted the lamp in the hall, and Mr. Howell introduced the girl. She was a pretty girl, slim and young, and she had taken her wetting good-humoredly.

"I know we are intruders, Mrs. Pitman," she said, holding out her hand. "Especially now, when you are in trouble."

"I have told Miss Harvey a little," Mr. Howell said, "and I promised to show her Peter, but he is not here."

I think I had known it was my sister Alma's child, from the moment I lit the lamp. There was something of Alma in her, not Alma's hardness or haughtiness, but Alma's dark blue eyes with black lashes, and Alma's nose. Alma was always the beauty of the family. What with the day's excitement, and seeing Alma's child like this, in my house, I felt things going round, and clutched at the stair-rail. Mr. Howell caught me.

"Why, Mrs. Pitman!" he said. "What's the matter?"

I got myself in hand in a moment and smiled at the girl. "Nothing at all," I said. "Indigestion, most likely. Too much tea the last day or two, and not enough solid food. I've been too anxious to eat."

Lida—for she was that to me at once, although I had never seen her before—Lida was all sympathy and sweetness. She actually asked me to go with her to a restaurant and have a real dinner. I could imagine Alma, had she known! But I excused myself.

"I have to cook something for Mr. Reynolds," I said, "and I'm better now, anyhow, thank you. Mr. Howell, may I speak to you for a moment?"

He followed me along the back hall, which was dusk.

"I have remembered something that I had forgotten, Mr. Howell," I said. "On Sunday morning, the Ladleys had a visitor."

"Yes?"

"I did not see him, but—I heard his voice." Mr. Howell did not move, but I fancied he drew his breath in quickly. "It sounded—it was not by any chance *you?*"

"I? A newspaper man, who goes to bed at 3 A. M. on Sunday morning, up and about at ten!"

"I didn't say what time it was," I said sharply.

But at that moment Lida called from the front hall.

"I think I hear Peter," she said. "He is shut in somewhere, whining."

We went forward at once. She was right. Peter was whining and scratching at the door of Mr. Ladley's room, although I had left the door closed and Peter in the hall. I let him out, and he crawled to me on three legs, whimpering. Mr. Howell bent over him and felt the fourth.

"Poor little beast!" he said. "His leg is broken!"

He made a splint for the dog, and with Lida helping, they put him to bed in a clothes-basket in my up-stairs kitchen. It was easy to see how things lay with Mr. Howell. He was all eyes for her: he found excuses to touch her hand or her arm—little caressing touches that made her color heighten. And with it all, there was a sort of hopelessness in his manner, as if he knew how far the girl was out of his reach. Knowing Alma and her pride, I knew better than they how hopeless it was.

I was not so sure about Lida. I wondered if she was in love with the boy, or only in

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love with love. She was very young, as I had been. God help her, if, like me, she sacrificed everything, to discover, too late, that she was only in love with love!

CHAPTER V

Mr. Reynolds did not come home to dinner after all. The water had got into the basement at the store, he telephoned, one of the flood-gates in a sewer having leaked, and they were moving some of the departments to an upper floor. I had expected to have him in the house that evening, and now I was left alone again.

But, as it happened, I was not alone. Mr. Graves, one of the city detectives, came at half-past six, and went carefully over the Ladleys' room. I showed him the towel and the slipper and the broken knife, and where we had found the knife blade. He was very noncommittal, and left in a half-hour, taking the articles with him in a newspaper.

At seven the doorbell rang. I went down as far as I could on the staircase, and I saw a boat outside the door, with the boatman and a woman in it. I called to them to bring the boat back along the hall, and I had a queer feeling that it might be Mrs. Ladley, and that I'd been making a fool of myself all day for nothing. But it was not Mrs. Ladley.

"Is this Number 42?" asked the woman, as the boat came back.

"Yes."

"Does Mr. Ladley live here?"

"Yes. But he is not here now."

"Are you Mrs. Pittock?"

"Pitman, yes."

The boat bumped against the stairs and the woman got out. She was as tall as Mrs. Ladley, and when I saw her in the light from the upper hall, I knew her. It was Temple Hope, the leading woman from the Liberty Theatre.

"I would like to talk to you, Mrs. Pitman," she said. "Where can we go?"

I led the way back to my room, and when she had followed me in, she turned and shut the door.

"Now then," she said, without any preliminary, "where is Jennie Brice?"

"I don't know, Miss Hope," I answered.

We looked at each other for a minute and each of us saw what the other suspected.

"He has killed her!" she exclaimed. "She was afraid he would do it, and—he has."

"Killed her and thrown her into the river," I said. "That's what I think, and he'll go free at that. It seems there isn't any murder when there isn't any corpse."

"Nonsense! If he has done that, the river will give her up, eventually."

"The river doesn't always give them up," I retorted. "Not in flood-time, anyhow. Or when they are found it is months later, and you can't prove anything."

She had only a little time, being due at the theatre soon, but she sat down and told me the story she told afterward on the stand:

She had known Jennie Brice for years, they having been together in the chorus as long before as "Nadjy."

"She was married then to a fellow on the vaudeville circuit," Miss Temple said. "He left her about that time, and she took up with Ladley. I don't think they were ever married."

"What!" I said, jumping to my feet, "and they came to a respectable house like this! If this comes out, I'm ruined."

"Well, perhaps they were married," she said. "Anyhow, they were always quarreling. And when he wasn't playing, it was worse. She used to come to my hotel, and cry her eyes out."

"I knew you were friends," I said. "Almost the last thing she said to me was about the black and white dress of hers you were to borrow for the piece this week."

"Black and white dress! I borrow one of Jennie Brice's dresses!" exclaimed Miss Hope. "I should think not. I have plenty of my own."

That puzzled me, for Jennie Brice had said it, that was sure. And then I remembered that I had not seen the dress in the room that day, and I went in to look for it. It was gone. I came back and told Miss Hope.

"A black and white dress! Did it have a red collar?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Then I remember it. She wore a small black hat with a red quill with that dress. You might look for the hat."

She followed me back to the room and stood in the doorway while I searched. The hat was gone, too.

"Perhaps, after all, he's telling the truth," she said, thoughtfully. "Her fur coat isn't in the closet, is it?"

It was gone. It is strange that, all day, I had never thought of looking over her

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clothes and seeing what was missing. I hadn't known all she had, of course, but I had seen her all winter in her fur coat and admired it. It was a striped fur, brown and gray, and very unusual. But with the coat missing, and a dress and hat gone, it began to look as if I had been making a fool of myself, and stirring up a tempest in a teapot. Miss Hope was as puzzled as I was.

"Anyhow, if he didn't kill her," she said, "it isn't because he didn't want to. Only last week she had hysterics in my dressing-room, and said he had threatened to poison her. It was all Mr. Bronson, the business manager, and I could do to quiet her."

She looked at her watch, and exclaimed that she was late, and would have to hurry. I saw her down to her boat. The river had been falling rapidly for the last hour or two, and I heard the boat scrape as it went over the door-sill. I did not know whether to be glad that the water was going down and I could live like a Christian again, or to be sorry, for fear of what we might find in the mud that was always left.

Peter was lying where I had put him, on a folded blanket laid in a clothes-basket. I went back to him, and sat down beside the basket.

"Peter!" I said. "Poor old Peter! Who did this to you? Who hurt you?" He looked at me and whined, as if he wanted to tell me, if only he could.

"Was it Mr. Ladley?" I asked, and the poor thing cowered close to his bed and shivered. I wondered if it had been he, and, if it had, why he had come back. Perhaps he had remembered the towel. Perhaps he would come again and spend the night there. I was like Peter: I cowered and shivered at the very thought.

At half-past nine o'clock I heard a boat at the door. It had stuck there, and its occupant was scolding furiously at the boatman. Soon after I heard splashing, and I knew that whoever it was, was wading back to the stairs through the foot or so of water still in the hall. I ran back to my room and locked myself in, and then stood, armed with the stove-lid lifter, in case it should be Ladley, and he should break the door in.

The steps came up the stairs, and Peter barked furiously. It seemed to me that this was to be my end, killed like a rat in a trap and thrown out the window, to float, like my kitchen chair, into Mollie Maguire's kitchen, or to be found lying in the ooze of the yard after the river had gone down.

The steps hesitated at the top of the stairs, and turned back along the hall. Peter redoubled his noise: he never barked for Mr. Reynolds or the Ladleys. I stood still, hardly able to breathe. The door was thin, and the lock loose: one good blow, and——

The door-knob turned, and I screamed. I recall that the light turned black, and that is all I *do* remember, until I came to, a half-hour later, and saw Mr. Holcombe stooping over me. The door, with the lock broken, was standing open. I tried to move, and then I saw that my feet were propped up on the edge of Peter's basket.

"Better leave them up," Mr. Holcombe said. "It sends the blood back to the head. Half the damfool people in the world stick a pillow under a fainting woman's shoulders. How are you now?"

"All right," I said feebly. "I thought you were Mr. Ladley."

He helped me up, and I sat in a chair and tried to keep my lips from shaking. And then I saw that Mr. Holcombe had brought a suit-case with him, and had set it inside the door.

"Ladley is safe, until he gets bail, anyhow," he said. "They picked him up a half-hour ago as he was boarding a Pennsylvania train bound east."

"For murder?" I asked.

"As a suspicious character," he replied grimly. "That does as well as anything, for a time." He sat down opposite me, and looked at me intently.

"Mrs. Pitman," he said, "did you ever hear the story of the horse that wandered out of a village and could not be found?"

I shook my head.

"Well, the best wit of the village failed to locate the horse. But one day the village idiot walked into town, leading the missing animal by the bridle. When they asked him how he had done it, he said: 'Well, I just thought what I'd do if I was a horse, and then I went and did it.'"

"I see," I said, humoring him.

"You *don't* see. Now what are we trying to do?"

"We're trying to find a body. Do you intend to become a corpse?"

He leaned over and tapped on the table between us. "We are trying to prove a

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crime. I intend for the time to be the criminal."

He looked so curious, bent forward and glaring at me from under his bushy eyebrows, with his shoes in his hand—for he had taken them off to wade to the stairs—and his trousers rolled to his knees, that I wondered if he was entirely sane. But Mr. Holcombe, eccentric as he might be, was sane enough.

"Not *really* a criminal!"

"As really as lies in me. Listen, Mrs. Pitman. I want to put myself in Ladley's place for a day or two, live as he lived, do what he did, even think as he thought, if I can. I am going to sleep in his room tonight, with your permission."

I could not see any reason for objecting, although I thought it silly and useless. I led the way to the front room, Mr. Holcombe following with his shoes and suitcase. I lighted a lamp, and he stood looking around him.

"I see you have been here since we left this afternoon," he said.

"Twice," I replied. "First with Mr. Graves, and later——"

The words died on my tongue. Some one had been in the room since my last visit there.

"He has been here!" I gasped. "I left the room in tolerable order. Look at it!"

"When were you here last?"

"At seven-thirty, or thereabouts."

"Where were you between seven-thirty and eight-thirty?"

"In the kitchen, with Peter." I told him then about the dog, and about finding him shut in the room.

The wash-stand was pulled out. The sheets of Mr. Ladley's manuscript, usually an orderly pile, were half on the floor, and the bed-coverings had been jerked off and flung over the back of a chair.

Peter, imprisoned, *might* have moved the wash-stand and upset the manuscript—Peter had never put the bed-clothing over the chair, or broken his own leg. I told Mr. Holcombe then about the dog, and finding him shut in the room.

"Humph!" he said, and, getting out his note-book, he made an exact memorandum of what I had told him, and of the condition of the room. That done, he turned to me.

"Mrs. Pitman," he said, "I'll thank you to call me Mr. Ladley for the next day or so. I am an actor out of employment, forty-one years of age, short, stout, and bald, married to a woman I would like to be quit of, and I am writing myself a play in which the Shuberts intend to star me, or in which I intend the Shuberts to star me."

"Very well, Mr. Ladley," I said, trying to enter into the spirit of the thing, and, God knows, seeing no humor in it. "Then you'll like your soda from the ice-box?"

"Soda? For what?"

"For your whisky and soda, before you go to bed, sir."

"Oh, certainly, yes. Bring the soda. And—just a moment, Mrs. Pitman: Mr. Holcombe is a total abstainer, and has always been so. It is Ladley, not Holcombe, who takes this abominable stuff."

I said I quite understood, but that Mr. Ladley could skip a night, if he so wished. But the little gentleman would not hear to it, and, when I brought the soda, poured

ALL THAT EVENING MR. HOLCOMBE SAT ON THE FLOOR, WITH HIS EYE TO THE REFLECTING MIRROR AND HIS NOTE-BOOK BESIDE HIM.

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himself a double portion. He stood looking at it, with his face screwed up, as if the very odor revolted him.

"The chances are," he said, "that Ladley —that I—having a nasty piece of work to do during the night, would—will take a larger drink than usual." He raised the glass, only to put it down. "Don't forget," he said, "to place a large knife where you left the one last night. I'm sorry the water has gone down, but I shall imagine it still at the seventh step. Good night, Mrs. Pitman."

"Good night, Mr. Ladley," I said, smiling, "and remember, you are three weeks in arrears with your board."

His eyes twinkled through his spectacles. "I shall imagine it paid," he said.

I went out and I heard him close the door behind me. Then, through the door, I heard a great sputtering and coughing, and I knew he had got the whisky down somehow. I put the knife out, as he had asked me to, and went to bed. I was ready to drop. Not even the knowledge that an imaginary Mr. Ladley was about to commit an imaginary crime in the house that night could keep me awake.

When I was almost asleep, I roused with a start to recollect that I had forgotten to tell Mr. Holcombe about Mr. Howell's visit that afternoon. But I was too tired to get up.

Mr. Reynolds came in at eleven o'clock. I was roused when he banged his door. That was all I knew until morning. The sun on my face wakened me. Peter, in his basket, lifted his head as I moved, and thumped his tail against his pillow in greeting. I put on a wrapper, and called Mr. Reynolds by knocking at his door. Then I went on to the front room. The door was closed, and some one beyond was groaning. My heart stood still, and then raced on. I opened the door and looked in.

Mr. Holcombe was on the bed, fully dressed. He had a wet towel tied around his head, and his face looked swollen and puffy. He opened one eye and looked at me.

"What a night!" he groaned.

"What happened! What did you find?"

He groaned again. "Find!" he said. "Nothing, except that there was something wrong with that whisky. It poisoned me. I haven't been out of the house!"

So for that day, at least, Mr. Ladley became Mr. Holcombe again, and as such accepted ice in quantities, a mustard plaster over his stomach, and considerable nursing. By evening he was better, but although he clearly intended to stay on, he said nothing about changing his identity again, and I was glad enough. The very name of Ladley was horrible to me.

The river went down almost entirely that day, although there was still considerable water in the cellars. It takes time to get rid of that. The lower floors showed nothing suspicious. The papers were ruined, of course, the doors warped and sprung, and the floors coated with mud and débris. Terry came in the afternoon, and together we hung the dining-room rug out to dry in the sun.

As I was coming in, I looked over at the Maguire yard. Molly Maguire was there, and all her children around her, gaping. Molly was hanging out to dry a sodden fur coat, that had once been striped, brown and gray.

I went over after breakfast and claimed the coat as belonging to Mrs. Ladley. But she refused to give it up. There is a sort of unwritten law concerning the salvage of flood articles, and I had to leave the coat. But it was Mrs. Ladley's, beyond a doubt.

I shuddered when I thought how it had probably got into the water. And yet it was curious, too, for if she had had it on, how did it get loose to go floating around Molly Maguire's yard? And if she had not worn it, how did it get in the water?

CHAPTER VI

The newspapers were full of the Ladley case, with its curious solution and many surprises. It was considered unique in many ways. Mr. Pitman had always read all the murder trials, and used to talk about the *corpus delicti* and writs of *habeas corpus* —*corpus* being the legal way, I believe, of spelling corpse. But I came out of the Ladley trial—for it came to trial ultimately —with only one point of law that I was sure of: that was, that it is mighty hard to prove a man a murderer unless you can show what he killed.

And that was the weakness in the Ladley case. There *was* a body later on, but it could not be identified.

The police held Mr. Ladley for a day or two, and then, nothing appearing, they let

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him go. Mr. Holcombe, who was still occupying the second floor front, almost wept with rage and despair when he read in the papers that Ladley had been released. He was still working on the case, in his curious way, wandering along the wharves at night, and writing letters all over the country to learn about Philip Ladley's previous life, and his wife's. But he did not seem to get anywhere.

The newspapers had been full of the Jennie Brice disappearance. For disappearance it proved to be. So far as could be learned, she had not left the city that night, or since, and, as she was a striking-looking woman, very blonde, as I have said, with a full voice and a languid manner, she could hardly have taken refuge anywhere without being discovered. The morning after her disappearance a young woman, tall like Jennie Brice and fair, had been seen in the Union Station. But as she was accompanied by a young man, who bought her magazines and papers, and bade her an unexcited farewell, sending his love to various members of a family, and promising to feed the canary, this was not seriously considered. A sort of general alarm went over the country. When Jennie Brice was younger she had been pretty well known at the Broadway theatres in New York. One way or another, the Liberty Theatre got a lot of free advertising from the case, and I believe Miss Hope's salary was raised.

The police communicated with Jennie Brice's people—she had a sister in Olean, New York—but she had not heard from her. The sister wrote, I heard later, that Jennie had been unhappy with Philip Ladley, and afraid he would kill her. And Miss Hope told the same story. But—there was no *corpus*, as the lawyers say, and finally the police had to free Mr. Ladley.

Beyond making an attempt to get bail, and failing, he had done nothing. Asked about his wife, he merely shrugged his shoulders and said she had left him, and would turn up all right. He was unconcerned: smoked cigarettes all day, ate and slept well, and looked better since he had had nothing to drink. And, two or three days after the arrest, he sent for the manuscript of his play.

Mr. Howell came for it on the Thursday of that week.

I was on my knees scrubbing the parlor floor when he rang the bell. I let him in, and it seemed to me that he looked tired and pale.

"Well, Mrs. Pitman," he said, smiling, "what did you find in the cellar when the water went down?"

"I'm glad to say that I didn't find what I feared, Mr. Howell."

"Not even the onyx clock?"

"Not even the clock," I replied. "And I feel as if I'd lost a friend. A clock is a lot of company."

"Do you know what I think?" he said, looking at me closely. "I think you put that clock away yourself, in the excitement, and have forgotten all about it."

"Nonsense."

"Think hard." He was very much in earnest. "You knew the water was rising and the Ladleys would have to be moved up to the second floor front, where the clock stood. You went in there and looked around to see if the room was ready, and you saw the clock. And knowing that the Ladleys quarreled now and then, and were apt to throw things, you took the clock to the attic and put it, say, in a trunk."

"I did nothing of the sort. I went in, as you say, and I put up an old splasher, because of the way he throws ink about. Then I wound the clock, put the key under it, and went out."

"And the key is gone too!" he said thoughtfully. "I wish I could find that clock, Mrs. Pitman."

"So do I."

"Ladley went out Sunday afternoon about four, didn't he—and got back at five?"

I turned and looked at him. "Yes, Mr. Howell," I said. "Perhaps *you* know something about that."

"I?" He changed color: twenty years of dunning boarders has made me pretty sharp at reading faces, and he looked as uncomfortable as if he owed me money. "I!"

I knew then that I had been right about the voice. It had been his.

"You!" I retorted. "You were here Sunday morning and spent some time with the Ladleys. I am the old she-devil. I notice you didn't tell your friend Mr. Holcombe about having been here on Sunday."

He was quick to recover. "I'll tell you all about it, Mrs. Pitman," he said smilingly. "You see, all my life, I have wished for an onyx clock. It has been my ambition, my Great Desire. Leaving the house that

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Sunday morning, and hearing the ticking of the clock up-stairs, and recognizing by the sound that it was an *onyx* clock, I clambered from my boat through an upper window, and so reached it. The clock showed fight, but after stunning it with a chair——"

"Exactly!" I said. "Then the thing Mrs. Ladley said she would not do was probably to wind the clock?"

He dropped his bantering manner at once. "Mrs. Pitman," he said, "I don't know what you heard or did not hear. But I want you to give me a little time, before you tell anybody that I was here that Sunday morning. And, in return, I'll find your clock."

I hesitated, but, however put out he was, he didn't look like a criminal. Besides, he was a friend of my niece's, and blood is thicker even than flood-water.

"There was nothing wrong about my being here," he went on, "but—I don't want it known. Don't spoil a good story, Mrs. Pitman."

I did not quite understand that, although those who followed the trial carefully may do so. Poor Mr. Howell! I am sure he believed that it was only a good story. He got the description of my onyx clock and wrote it down, and I gave him the manuscript for Mr. Ladley. That was the last I saw of him for some time.

That Thursday proved to be an exciting day. For late in the afternoon Terry, digging the mud out of the cellar, came across my missing gray false front near the coal vault, and brought it up, grinning. And just before six, Mr. Graves, the detective, rang the bell and then let himself in. I found him in the lower hall, looking around.

"Well, Mrs. Pitman," he said, "has our friend come back yet?"

"She was no friend of mine."

"Not *she*. Ladley. If he's not free now, he will be this evening and he'll probably be around for his clothes."

I felt my knees waver, as they always did when he was spoken of.

"He may want to stay here," said Mr. Graves. "In fact, I think that's just what he *will* want."

"Not here," I protested. "The very thought of him makes me quake."

"If he comes here, better take him in. I want to know where he is."

I tried to say that I wouldn't have him, but the old habit of the ward asserted itself. From taking a bottle of beer or a slice of pie, to telling one where one might or might not live, the police were autocrats in that neighborhood. And, respectable woman that I am, my neighbor's fears of the front office have infected me.

"All right, Mr. Graves," I said.

He pushed the parlor door open and looked in, whistling. "This is the place, isn't it?"

"Yes. But it was up-stairs that he——"

"I see. Tall woman, Mrs. Ladley?"

"Tall and blonde. Very airy in her manner—patronizing."

He nodded and still stood looking in and whistling. "Never heard her speak of a town named Horner, did you?"

"Horner? No."

"I see." He turned and wandered out again into the hall, still whistling. At the door, however, he stopped and turned. "Look anything like this?" he asked, and held out one of his hands, with a small kodak picture on the palm. It was a snapshot of a children's frolic in a village street, with some onlookers in the background. Around one of the heads had been drawn a circle in pencil. I took it to the gas-jet and looked at it closely. It was a tall woman with a hat on, not unlike Jennie Brice. She was looking over the crowd, and I could see only her face, and that in shadow. I shook my head.

"I thought not," he said. "We have a lot of stage pictures of her, but what with false hair and their being retouched beyond recognition, they don't amount to much." He started out, and stopped on the door-step to light a cigar.

"Take him on if he comes," he said. "And keep your eyes open. Feed him well and he won't kill you!"

I had plenty to think of when I was cooking Mr. Reynolds's supper: the chance that I might have Mr. Ladley again, and the woman at Horner. For it had come to me like a flash, as Mr. Graves left, that the "Horn—" on the paper slip might have been "Horner."

CHAPTER VII

After all, there was nothing sensational about Mr. Ladley's return. He came at eight o'clock that night, fresh shaved and with his hair cut, and, although he had a latch-key, he rang the door-bell. I knew

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MR. HOLCOMBE CAME BACK THAT EVENING. HE THOUGHT THE BODY WAS THAT OF JENNIE PRICE, BUT THE HEAD WAS GONE.

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his ring, and I thought it no harm to carry an old razor of Mr. Pitman's with the blade open and folded back on the handle, in my left hand.

But I saw at once that he meant no mischief.

"Good evening," he said, and put out his hand. I jumped back, until I saw there was nothing in it and that he only meant to shake hands. I didn't do it: I might have to take him in, and make his bed, and cook his meals, but I did not have to shake hands with him.

"You too!" he said, looking at me with what I suppose he meant to be a reproachful look. But he could no more put an expression of that sort in his eyes than a fish could. "I suppose, then, there is no use asking if I may have my old rooms. The front room. I won't need two."

I didn't want him, and he must have seen it. But I took him. "You may have it, as far as I'm concerned," I said. "But you'll have to let the paperhanger in to-morrow."

"Assuredly." He came into the hall and stood looking around him, and I fancied he drew a breath of relief. "It isn't much yet," he said, "but it's better to look at than six feet of muddy water."

"Or than stone walls," I said.

He looked at me and smiled. "Or than stone walls," he repeated, bowing, and went into his room.

So I had him again, and if I gave him only the dull knives, and locked up the bread-knife the moment I had finished with it, who can blame me? I took all the precaution I could think of: had Terry put an extra bolt on every door, and hid the rat poison and the carbolic acid in the cellar.

Peter would not go near him. He hobbled around on his three legs, with the splint beating a sort of tattoo on the floor, but he stayed back in the kitchen with me, or in the yard.

It was Sunday night or early Monday morning that Jennie Brice disappeared. On Thursday evening, her husband came back. On Friday the body of a woman was washed ashore at Beaver, but turned out to be that of a stewardess who had fallen overboard from one of the Cincinnati packets. Mr. Ladley himself showed me the article in the morning paper, when I took in his breakfast.

"Public hysteria has killed a man before this," he said, when I had read it. "Suppose that woman had been mangled, or the screw of the steamer had cut her head off! How many people do you suppose would have been willing to swear that it was my—was Mrs. Ladley?"

"Even without a head, I should know Mrs. Ladley," I retorted.

He shrugged his shoulders. "Let's trust she's still alive, for my sake," he said. "But I'm glad, anyhow, that this woman had a head. You'll allow me to be glad, won't you?"

"You can be anything you want, as far as I'm concerned," I snapped, and went out.

Mr. Holcombe still retained the second-story front room. I think, although he said nothing more about it, that he was still "playing horse." He wrote a good bit at the washstand, and, from the loose sheets of manuscript he left, I believe actually tried to begin a play. But mostly he wandered along the water-front, or stood on one or another of the bridges, looking at the water and thinking. It is certain that he tried to keep in the part by smoking cigarettes, but he hated them, and usually ended by throwing the cigarette away and lighting an old pipe he carried.

On that Thursday evening he came home and sat down to supper with Mr. Reynolds. He ate little and seemed much excited. The talk ran on crime, as it always did when he was around, and Mr. Holcombe quoted Spencer a great deal—Herbert Spencer.

"Spencer," Mr. Holcombe would say—"Spencer shows that every occurrence is the inevitable result of what has gone before, and carries in its train an equally inevitable series of results. Try to interrupt this chain in the smallest degree, and what follows? Chaos, my dear sir, chaos."

"We see that at the store," Mr. Reynolds would say. "Accustom a lot of women to a silk sale on Fridays and then make it tooth-brushes. That's chaos, all right."

Well, Mr. Holcombe went out that evening, coming in about ten o'clock, and I told him Ladley was back. He was almost wild with excitement: wanted to have the back parlor, so he could watch him through the keyhole, and was terribly upset when I told him there was no keyhole, that the doors fastened with a thumb bolt. On learning that the front parlor was to be papered the next morning, he grew calmer, however,

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and got the paperhanger's address from me. He went out just after that.

Friday, as I say, was very quiet. Mr. Ladley moved to the back parlor to let the paperhanger in the front room, and, evidently not caring to talk to Mr. Reynolds, had his meals in his room. He smoked—and fussed with his papers all day; and Mr. Holcombe stayed in his room, which was unusual. In the afternoon Molly Maguire put on the striped fur coat and went out, going slowly past the house so that I would be sure to see her.

At four o'clock Mr. Holcombe came to my kitchen, rubbing his hands together. He had a pasteboard tube in his hand about a foot long, with an arrangement of small mirrors in it. He said it was modeled after the something or other that is used on a submarine, and that he and the paperhanger had fixed a place for it between his floor and the ceiling of Mr. Ladley's room, so that the chandelier would hide it from below. He thought he could watch Mr. Ladley through it; and, as it turned out, he could.

"I want to find his weak moment," he said excitedly. "I want to know what he does when the door is closed and he can take off his mask. And I want to know if he sleeps with a light."

"If he does," I replied, "I hope you'll let me know, Mr. Holcombe. The gas bills are a horror to me as it is. I think he kept it on all last night. I turned off all the other lights and went to the cellar. The meter was going around."

"Fine!" he said. "Every murderer fears the dark. And our friend of the parlor bedroom is a murderer, Mrs. Pitman. Whether he hangs or not, he's a murderer."

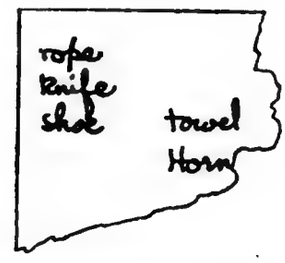
The mirror affair, which Mr. Holcombe called a periscope, was put in that day and worked amazingly well. I went with him to try it out, and I distinctly saw the paperhanger take a cigarette from Mr. Ladley's case and put it in his pocket. Just after that, Mr. Ladley sauntered into the room and looked at the new paper. I could both see and hear him. It was rather weird.

"God, what a wall-paper!" he said.

CHAPTER VIII

That was on Friday afternoon. All that evening, and most of Saturday and Sunday, Mr. Holcombe sat on the floor, with his eye to the reflecting mirror and his note-book beside him. I have it before me.

On the first page is the "dog meat—two dollars" entry. On the next, the description of what occurred on Sunday night, March fourth, and Monday morning, the fifth. Following that came a sketch, made with a carbon sheet, of the torn paper found behind the washstand:



And then came the entries for Friday, Saturday, and Sunday. Friday evening:

6:30—Eating hearty supper.

7:00—Lights cigarette and paces floor. Notice that when Mrs. P. knocks, he goes to washstand and pretends to be writing.

8:00—Is examining book. Looks like a railway guide.

8:30—It is a steamship guide.

8:45—Tailor's boy brings box. Gives boy fifty cents. Query. Where does he get money, now that J. B. is gone?

9:00—Tries on new suit, brown.

9:30—Has been spending a quarter of an hour on his knees looking behind furniture and examining base-board.

10:00—He has the key to the onyx clock. Has hidden it twice, once up the chimney flue, once behind base-board.

10:15—He has just thrown key or similar small article outside window into yard.

11:00—Has gone to bed. Light burning. Shall sleep here on floor.

11:30—He can not sleep. Is up walking the floor and smoking.

2:00 A. M.—Saturday. Disturbance below. He had had nightmare and was calling "Jennie!" He got up, took a drink, and is now reading.

8:00 A M.—I must have slept. He is shaving.

12:00 A. M.—Nothing this morning. He wrote for four hours, sometimes reading aloud what he had written.

2:00 P. M.—He has a visitor, a man. Can not hear all—word now and then. "Llewellyn is the very man." "Devil of a risk—" "We'll see you through." "Lost the slip—" "Didn't go to the hotel. She went to a private house." "Eliza Shaeffer."

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Who went to a private house? Jennie Brice?

2:30—Can not hear. Are whispering. The visitor has given Ladley roll of bills.

4:00—Followed the visitor, a tall man with a pointed beard. He went to the Liberty Theatre. Found it was Bronson, business manager there. Who is Llewellyn and who is Eliza Shaeffer?

4:15—Had Mrs. P. bring telephone book: six Llewellyns in the book; no Eliza Shaeffer. Ladley more cheerful since Bronson's visit. He has bought all the evening papers and is searching for something. Has not found it.

7:00—Ate well. Have asked Mrs. P. to take my place here, while I interview the six Llewellyns.

11:00—Mrs. P. reports a quiet evening. He read and smoked. Has gone to bed. Light burning. Saw five Llewellyns. None of them knew Bronson or Ladley. Sixth—a lawyer—out at revival meeting. Went to the church and walked home with him. He knows something. Acknowledged he knew Bronson. Had met Ladley. Did not believe Mrs. Ladley dead.

9:00 A. M.—Ladley in bad shape. Apparently been drinking all night. Can not eat. Sent out early for papers, and has searched them all. Found entry on second page, stared at it, then flung the paper away. Have sent out for same paper.

10:00 A. M.—Paper says: "Body of woman washed ashore yesterday at Sewickley. Much mutilated by flood débris." Ladley in bed, staring at ceiling. Wonder if he sees tube? He is ghastly.

That is the last entry in the note-book for that day. Mr. Holcombe called me in great excitement shortly after ten and showed me the item. Neither of us doubted for a moment that it was Jennie Brice who had been found. He started for Sewickley that same afternoon, and he probably communicated with the police before he left. For once or twice I saw Mr. Graves, the detective, sauntering past the house.

Mr. Ladley ate no dinner. He went out at four, and I had Mr. Reynolds follow him. But they were both back in a half-hour. Mr. Reynolds reported that Mr. Ladley had bought some headache tablets and some bromide powders to make him sleep.

Mr. Holcombe came back that evening. He thought the body was that of Jennie Brice, but the head was gone. He was much depressed, and did not immediately go back to the periscope. I asked if the head had been cut off or taken off by a steamer; he was afraid the latter, as a hand was gone too.

It was about eleven o'clock that night that the door-bell rang. It was Mr. Graves, with a small man behind him. I knew the man: he lived in a shanty-boat not far from my house—a curious affair with shelves full of dishes and tinware. In the spring he would be towed up the Monongahela a hundred miles or so and float down, tying up at different landings and selling his wares. Timothy Senft was his name. We called him Tim.

Mr. Graves motioned me to be quiet. Both of us knew that behind the parlor door Ladley was probably listening.

"Sorry to get you up, Mrs. Pitman," said Mr. Graves, "but this man says he has bought beer here to-day. That won't do, Mrs. Pitman."

"Beer! I haven't such a thing in the house. Come in and look," I snapped. And the two of them went back to the kitchen.

"Now," said Mr. Graves, when I had shut the door, "where's the dog's-meat man?"

"Up-stairs."

"Bring him quietly."

I called Mr. Holcombe, and he came eagerly, note-book and all. "Ah!" he said, when he saw Tim. "So you've turned up!"

"Yes, sir."

"It seems, Mr. Dog's—Mr. Holcombe," said Mr. Graves, "that you are right, partly, anyhow. Tim here *did* help a man with a boat that night——"

"Threw him a rope, sir," Tim broke in. "He'd got out in the current, and what with the ice, and his not knowing much about a boat, he'd have kept on to New Orleans if I hadn't caught him—or Kingdom Come."

"Exactly. And what time did you say this was?"

"Between three and four last Sunday night—or Monday morning. He said he couldn't sleep and went out in a boat, meaning to keep in close to shore. But he got drawn out in the current."

"Where did you see him first?"

"By the Ninth Street bridge."

"Did you hail him?"

"He saw my light and hailed me."

"You threw the line to him there?"

"No, sir. He tried to work in to shore. I

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got my small boat and rowed along River Avenue to below the Sixth Street bridge. He got pretty close in there and I threw him a rope. He was about done up."

"Would you know him again?"

"Yes, sir. He gave me five dollars, and said to say nothing about it. He didn't want anybody to know he had been such a fool."

They took him quietly up-stairs then and let him look through the periscope. *He identified Mr. Ladley absolutely.*

When Tim and Mr. Graves had gone, Mr. Holcombe and I were left alone in the kitchen. Mr. Holcombe leaned over and patted Peter as he lay in his basket.

"We've got him, old boy," he said. "The chain is just about complete. He'll never kick you again."

But Mr. Holcombe was wrong in thinking we had him.

I washed that next morning, Monday, but all the time my mind was with Jennie Brice. The sight of Molly Maguire, next door, at the window, rubbing and brushing at the fur coat, only made things worse.

At noon when the Maguire youngsters came home from school, I bribed Tommy, the youngest, into the kitchen, with the promise of a doughnut.

"I see your mother has a new fur coat," I said, with the plate of doughnuts just beyond his reach.

"Yes'm."

"When did she buy it?"

"She didn't buy it. Say, Mrs. Pitman, gimme that doughnut."

"Oh, so the coat washed in!"

"No'm. Pap found it, down by the Point, on a cake of ice. He thought it was a dog, and rowed out for it."

Well, I hadn't wanted the coat, as far as that goes; I'd managed well enough without furs for twenty years or more. But it was a satisfaction to know that it had not floated into Mrs. Maguire's kitchen and spread itself at her feet, as one may say. However, that was not the question, after all. The real issue was that if it was Jennie Brice's coat, and was found across the river on a cake of ice, then one of two things was certain: either Jennie Brice's body, wrapped in the coat, had been thrown into the water, out in the current, or she herself, hoping to incriminate her husband, had flung her coat into the river.

I told Mr. Holcombe, and he interviewed Joe Maguire that afternoon. The upshot of it was that Tommy had been correctly informed. Joe had witnesses who had lined up to see him rescue a dog, and had beheld his return in triumph with a wet and soggy fur coat. At three o'clock Mrs. Maguire, instructed by Mr. Graves, brought the coat to me for identification, turning it about for my inspection, but refusing to take her hands off it.

"If her husband says to me that he wants it back, well and good," she said, "but I don't give it up to nobody but him."

With Molly holding one arm and I the other, we took it to Mr. Ladley's door and knocked. He opened it, grumbling.

"I have asked you not to interrupt me," he said, with his pen in his hand. His eyes fell on the coat. "What's that?" he asked, changing color.

"I think it's Mrs. Ladley's fur coat," I said.

He stood there looking at it and thinking. Then: "It can't be hers," he said. "She wore hers when she went away."

"Perhaps she dropped it in the water."

He looked at me and smiled. "And why would she do that?" he asked, mockingly. "Was it out of fashion?"

"That's Mrs. Ladley's coat," I persisted, but Molly Maguire jerked it from me and started away. He stood there looking at me and smiling in his nasty way.

"This excitement is telling on you, Mrs. Pitman," he said, coolly. "You're too emotional for detective work." Then he went in and shut the door.

It was on Monday evening that the strangest event in years happened to me. I went to my sister's house! And the fact that I was admitted at a side entrance made it even stranger. It happened in this way:

Supper was over, and I was cleaning up, when an automobile came to the door. It was Alma's car, and empty. The chauffeur gave me a note:

> DEAR MRS. PITMAN:—I am not at all well, and very anxious. Will you come to see me at once? My mother is out to dinner and I am alone. The car will bring you.
>
> Cordially, LIDA HARVEY.

I put on my best dress at once and got into the limousine. Half the neighborhood was out watching. I leaned back in the upholstered seat, fairly quivering with excitement. This was Alma's car; that was Alma's card-case; the little clock had her monogram on it. Even the flowers in the flower holder, yellow tulips, reminded me

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of Alma—a trifle showy, but good to look at. And I was going to her house!

I was not taken to the main entrance, but to a side door. In this back hall there were even pieces of furniture from the old home, and my father's picture, in an oval gilt frame, hung over my head. I had not seen a picture of him for twenty years. I went over and touched it gently.

"Father, father!" I said.

Under it was the tall hall chair that I had climbed over as a child, and had stood on many times, to see myself in the mirror above. The chair was newly finished and looked the better for its age. I glanced in the old glass. The chair had stood time better than I. I was a middle-aged woman, lined with poverty and care, shabby, prematurely gray, a little hard. I had thought my father an old man when that picture was taken, and now I was even older. "Father!" I whispered again, and fell to crying in the dimly lighted hall.

Lida sent for me at once. I had only time to dry my eyes and straighten my hat. Had I met Alma on the stairs, I would have passed her without a word. She would not have known me. But I saw no one.

Lida was in bed. She was lying there with a rose-shaded lamp beside her, and a great bowl of spring flowers at her elbow. She sat up when I went in, and had a maid place a chair for me beside the bed. She looked very childish, with her hair in a braid on the pillow, and her slim young arms and throat bare.

"I'm so glad you came!" she said, and would not be satisfied until the light was just right for my eyes and my coat unfastened and thrown open.

"I'm not really ill," she informed me. "I'm—I'm just tired and nervous, and—and unhappy, Mrs. Pitman."

"I am sorry," I said. I wanted to lean over and pat her hand, to draw the covers around her and mother her a little—I had had no one to mother for so long—but I could not. She would have thought it queer.

"Mrs. Pitman," she said, suddenly, "*who was* this Jennie Brice?"

"She was an actress. She and her husband lived at my house."

"Was she—was she beautiful?"

"Well," I said slowly, "I never thought of that. She was handsome, in a large way."

"Was she young?"

"Yes. Twenty-eight or so."

"That isn't very young," she said, looking relieved. "But I don't think men like very young women. Do you?"

"I know one who does," I said, smiling. But she sat up in bed suddenly and looked at me with her clear, childish eyes.

"I don't want him to like me!" she flashed. "I—I want him to hate me."

"Tut, tut! You want nothing of the sort."

"Mrs. Pitman," she said, "I sent for you because I'm nearly crazy. Mr. Howell was a friend of that woman's. He has acted like a maniac since she disappeared. He doesn't come to see me, he has given up his work on the paper, and I saw him to-day on the street—he looks like a ghost."

That put me to thinking.

"He might have been a friend," I admitted. "Although, as far as I know, he was never at the house but once, and then he saw both of them."

"When was that?"

"Sunday morning, the day before she disappeared. They were arguing something."

She was looking at me attentively. "You know more than you are telling me, Mrs. Pitman," she said. "You—do you think Jennie Brice is dead, and that Mr. Howell knows—who did it?"

"I think she is dead, and I think possibly Mr. Howell suspects who did it. He does not *know*, or he would have told the police."

"You do not think he was—was in love with Jennie Brice, do you?"

"I'm certain on that," I said. "He is very much in love with a foolish girl, who ought to have more faith in him than she has."

She colored a little, and smiled, at that, but the next moment she was sitting forward, tense and questioning again.

"If that is true, Mrs. Pitman," she said, "who was the veiled woman he met that Monday morning at daylight, and took across the bridge to Pittsburgh? I believe it was Jennie Brice. If it was not, who was it?"

The third instalment of "THE CASE OF JENNIE BRICE" *will appear in the December number. Prizes amounting to $11,540 await ingenious readers of the story. Details of the contest will be sent upon application to* "THE JENNIE BRICE DISAPPEARANCE BUREAU," *care of* EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE.

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FAY WALLACE IN
"READY MONEY."

The Players.

THERE can no longer be any cause for complaining that comparatively unknown playwrights are not given, by the managers, a fighting chance to establish their productions on the New York stage. Indeed, one of the most interesting features of the early weeks of the current theatre season was the fact that nearly all of the successful plays were written by comparative newcomers to the craft, whereas the latest offerings of our established playwrights failed for the most part to satisfy the public expectation.

Mr. Augustus Thomas failed with "The Model;" Mr. George Broadhurst failed with a farce entitled "Just Like John;" and Mr. Edward Knoblauch, the author of "Kismet," failed with "Discovering America."

Meanwhile, several new playwrights were coming forward with successes. "Ready Money," the most entertaining farce of the autumn season, was written by Mr. James Montgomery, an author who previously had had only "The Aviator" to his credit; and "Within the Law," a thrilling melodrama, was devised by Mr. Bayard Veiller, whose earlier efforts had offered little promise of his present efficiency. Mr. Belasco's usual success was attained this autumn with a play by Miss Alice Bradley, whose name had never before been heard of in connection with the theatre. These last three plays will probably make more money than even the current comedies by those two noted British dramatists, Mr. Alfred Sutro and Sir Arthur Pinero.

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Photograph by Moffett, Chicago.

KATHERINE KAELRED IN "THE NE'ER-DO-WELL."

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Photograph by Moffett, Chicago.

FLORENCE REED, NOW PLAYING IN "THE MASTER OF THE HOUSE."

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Photograph by White, N. Y.

CLIFTON CRAWFORD IN "MY BEST GIRL."

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It would appear from this evidence that the new playwright no longer needs to fear the competition of his famous fellow-craftsmen. Yet, even in their unpopular plays, there is a certain poise and finish in the work of our established dramatists which their younger rivals would do well to emulate. The work of the newcomer succeeds mainly because of the freshness of its subject-matter and because of a certain enthusiasm in the treatment; but for accomplished art—even though it be applied for the moment to comparatively dull material—the critical observer must nearly always turn to the author who has experienced many successes and failures in the past. It is mainly for this reason that, in examining the most interesting plays of the early autumn season, we shall first turn our attention to the latest labor of the master of our modern English stage.

"THE MIND-THE-PAINT GIRL"

In "The Mind-the-Paint Girl," Sir Arthur Pinero has intended a *genre* picture rather than a drama. The piece is a study of stage life. It was designed apparently as a companion picture to "Trelawney of the Wells;" but, unlike the latter, it deals with the conditions of to-day. The heroine, Lily Parradell, who rose into prominence by singing a topical song called "Mind the Paint," is the reigning beauty of the Pandora Theatre—a name that has been taken by the British public to signify the Gaiety Theatre in the London of to-day. Pinero's purpose is to discuss the advantages and disadvantages of those marriages between Gaiety girls and younger scions of the peerage which have occurred not infrequently in recent years.

There is very little dramatic movement in the first two acts, which are devoted almost entirely to picturing the conditions under which the heroine conducts her daily life both at home and in the theatre. We meet her first in her house in Bloomsbury, where she lives somewhat elegantly with her Cockney and ungrammatical mother. It is Lily's birthday; and a whole host of her admirers come to call upon her. The actors, the show-girls, and the hangers-on of the theatrical profession are admirably drawn, with many touches of caustic humor and sudden sympathetic sentiment.

Among Lily's callers is a certain Captain

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Jeyes, who has resigned his career in the army for her sake, and is hanging about like a faithful dog in the hope that she will ultimately marry him. There is also a young nobleman who has been coming to the theatre every night—the Viscount Farncombe.

The second act takes us, after the performance, to the foyer of the Pandora Theatre, where a midnight supper-party is being given to the heroine in honor of her birthday. Captain Jeyes has been left out of the list of the invited; but he comes in the disguise of a waiter and glooms about the scene. Again we are given a series of portrait-sketches. We meet an elderly colonel who has married a show-girl in haste and lived to repent his choice at leisure; an unctuous little Jew who tries to get the manager to write in a new song for his favorite girl; a careless young aristocrat who is drinking himself to death; and many other typical figures of this artificial world. And we see in the midst of all this shoddy, glittering life of make-believe the sincere and simple and persistent personality of young Lord Farncombe.

There is scarcely any plotting in these first two acts; but the third act rises suddenly to emotional intensity. At four in the morning a bevy of the revelers conduct the heroine to her home; and after she has sent them packing, the young peer remains behind to ask her to marry him. Lily does not love the Viscount—for as yet she scarcely knows him; but she has seen enough of him to admire and respect him.

Instead of snapping at this chance to marry a title and retire from the stage, she tells him the entire story of her life, from her very humble origin to the attainment of her present prominence, and tries to convince him that he would be making a great mistake if he should marry a girl so destitute of education and of social background as herself. At this point the almost insanely jealous Captain Jeyes, who has been watching the house ever since the others left, breaks in and accuses Lily of an illicit intrigue with the Viscount. The heroine flares up into a tempestuous denunciation of the Captain; then, softening a little, she tells the Viscount how heartlessly she has kept the poor Captain dangling all these years, how she has ruined his career, and how, unless the Viscount takes warning from this example, she may be doomed to ruin him in turn.

Photograph by Gould & Marsden, New York.

JOSÉ COLLINS IN "THE MERRY COUNTESS."

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WILLIAM COURTLEIGH AND VIOLA FLUGRATH
IN "THE MODEL."

Then, to protect the young peer against herself—for his profound sincerity has made her care for him—she rejects his offer and agrees to marry Captain Jeyes.

But, in the last act, the Captain himself brings the Viscount back with him and pleads with Lily to accept the young man's suit. The Captain has decided to retire to South Africa and endeavor to begin life anew; and he knows that Farncombe and Lily really love each other. Thus the story closes with a marriage which seems soundly based, because the emotions of the lovers have been so violently tested in the dramatic struggle of the tense third act.

It will be noticed that this play is much more loosely constructed than is customary with Pinero. Indeed, the third act is the only one that is, in his habitual degree, dramatic. But the characterization is interesting in itself; and the writing, especially in the course of Lily's long account of her career, is worthy of the highest praise.

In her presentation of the heroine, Miss Billie Burke discloses a capacity for the expression of profound emotion which even her admirers had not hitherto suspected. Excellent work is done also by Mr. William Raymond as the young peer, by Mr. Morton Selten as a "man about town", and by Miss Lydia Rachel as the mother of the heroine. Several of the other parts, however, are inadequately acted; and the stage-direction is at times unfair to the author's fabric.

"THE PERPLEXED HUSBAND"

Mr. John Drew opened the season at the Empire Theatre with his customary polished and urbane performance of a polite comedy. His vehicle this year is entitled "The Perplexed Husband," and is a satire, by Mr. Alfred Sutro, on the feminist movement

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in the England of to-day.

Mrs. Thomas Pelling has been converted to "the cause" of the suffragettes during the absence of her husband on a lengthy business trip, and has installed in her household, as permanent guests, a Mrs. Elstead, who has forsaken her husband in order to become a leader of the League for Women, and a certain Clarence Woodhouse, who gathers a precarious living from giving parlor-lectures on the equality of the sexes, and is referred to by his feminine admirers as "The Master." When Mr. Pelling comes home, his wife (who has lately seen "A Doll's House") informs him that she considers him a stranger and has moved her things up-stairs. It is at this point that the husband is perplexed.

Photograph by Moffett, Chicago.

GLADYS HANSON IN "THE GOVERNOR'S LADY."

But his sagacious sister, Mrs. Margel, advises him to undermine the intruders by pretending to accept their teachings and introducing still another woman into the household with the ostensible desire of converting her to "the cause." At this point in the argument the law of dramatic contrast would seem to demand that this other woman should be wise in the old-fashioned way and should be an efficient representative of anti-suffragette ideals; but Mr. Sutro has chosen, instead, to introduce a heroine who is, if anything, less sane than the female followers of "The Master."

This girl, who calls herself by the Greek name of Kalleia, is an esthetic sentimentalist, and is herself as fit a subject for satire as the champions of the League for Women. The result of this collocation of characters is a mixture of moods that militates to some extent against the easy enjoyment of the comedy.

Kalleia takes Mr. Pelling about to see her favorite statues and pictures; and she reads many poems to him. Quite naturally Mrs. Pelling becomes jealous to a degree that

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Photograph by Bangs, N. Y.

JANE COWL IN "WITHIN THE LAW."

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destroys her new doctrine of the freedom of the individual. When his wife has been sufficiently roused, Mr. Pelling gives Kalleia a large check so that she may go upon a pilgrimage to Athens; and Kalleia surprises everybody by persuading "The Master" to forsake his labors for "the cause" in order to accompany her upon her sentimental journey. Mrs. Elstead is then deleted from the household, and Mrs. Pelling moves her things down-stairs.

This playful satire is written wittily; but the mixture of its moods is a little disconcerting, and the action is arrested by many lengthy passages of talk. Mr. Sutro has written better plays than this; but the piece is entertaining, and there is a pleasing atmosphere of distinction in the acting.

"THE MODEL"

"The Model" was a bad play, and its failure was inevitable; yet it requires a word of comment, because it was written by that good and faithful servant of our theatre, Mr. Augustus Thomas. The story was commonplace and sentimental. A young American painter, who is engaged to marry a girl of wealth and social position, falls in love with his model. A famous French novelist, whom he has known intimately in Paris, is now upon a visit to America; and this friendly man of the world advises him to seize both horns of his dilemma by marrying the rich girl and establishing at the same time an illicit relation with the model. This course the hero refuses to take. Subsequently the French novelist discovers that the model is his own long-lost daughter, and thereupon revises his "wisdom of the world."

This conventional story was embroidered with many lengthy conversations, which Mr. Thomas evidently regarded as more important than his plot. In fact, ever since "The Witching Hour," he seems to have taken himself less seriously as a playwright than as a teacher and a preacher. But the subject-matter of the little sermons in "The Model" was already thoroughly familiar to the New York public, and the author found himself talking behind the times. The one bright spot in an otherwise disappointing evening was William Courtleigh's admirable impersonation of the French novelist.

"THE GOVERNOR'S LADY"

"The Governor's Lady," by Miss Alice Bradley, is a loosely constructed play, and at times the characters seem to be unduly influenced by the compulsion of the author; but, like all of Mr. Belasco's productions, it is very admirably acted and enjoys the advantage of minute attention to details of stage-direction.

Daniel S. Slade and his wife have begun life in a Western state in very humble circumstances; but by steady industry and several turns of luck, Slade has worked his way upward to a position of prominence and wealth. He builds himself a stately mansion in his native city; but his simple-minded wife finds herself uncomfortable in the palatial setting she is not accustomed to.

Slade is a very ambitious man, and aspires to be elected governor of his state. In the campaign for political preferment it is necessary for him to court the favor of many people who are above him in the social scale; and his wife is unable to acquit herself well at the social functions which it becomes her duty to attend. A point is reached where Slade must renounce either his ambition or his social contract with his wife. He decides in favor of his own preferment, and leaves his home.

Mrs. Slade retires to the simple cottage, on the outskirts of the town, where she had lived with her husband in the early years of their struggling married life. Slade becomes acquainted with the young and beautiful daughter of Senator Strickland, who is herself exceedingly ambitious for a public career. She has all the graces of education and social experience in which Mrs. Slade is lacking; and he decides to divorce his wife in order to marry this young girl. Mrs. Slade pathetically opposes his efforts to obtain a divorce; and Miss Strickland adopts the perilous expedient of going to the little cottage to sound the temper of the wife of the man whom she intends to marry.

Confronted by the homely and simple character of Mrs. Slade, the ambitious girl breaks down, and, renouncing her hard-hearted schemes, resolves to marry a young lawyer whom she really loves. The husband, entering and perceiving what has come to pass, attempts a reconciliation with his wife; but at this point Mrs. Slade

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grows stubborn in her turn, and insists that there shall be a divorce—but in her favor instead of in her husband's.

With this scene the drama may be said to end. But an epilogue has been added, in which Mr. and Mrs. Slade meet by accident two years later and are melted emotionally to a reconciliation that leads to a remarriage. This scene is set at midnight, in New York, in a Childs' restaurant, for the sole reason that Mr. Belasco desired to show how exactly he could reproduce such a restaurant upon the stage. The reproduction is precise, but the critic wondered a little why the theatre-goer should be eager to pay two dollars to see the counterfeit presentment when he might see the actual establishment around the corner for the price of a five-cent cup of coffee. There is no art in these photographic reproductions of the commonplace.

The play is rather slow and dull in dialogue, and the story seems a little thin and long drawn out. The piece is aided greatly by the appealing acting of Miss Emma Dunn in the title part, and the restrained and skilful performances of Mr. Emmett Corrigan and Miss Gladys Hanson in the rôles of the governor and the ambitious girl. Once again the cleverness of Mr. Belasco as a producer has allured the public to flock to a play that is in itself of rather slight importance.

"THE MASTER OF THE HOUSE"

A somewhat similar theme is developed in "The Master of the House," a melodrama adapted from the German by an unknown author who is called, upon the program, Edgar James. This play is more directly dramatic than "The Governor's Lady," but the production lacks the popular appeal of Mr. Belasco's stage-direction.

A clever and attractive young woman, named Bettina Curtis, is engaged to administer the household of a rich retired merchant named Frederick Hoffman. Hoffman, divorced from the activities of business, has grown a little bored with the even tenor of his daily existence, and the even temper of the ordinary wife who had aided him strenuously in his struggling years. Naturally enough, he becomes interested in his new housekeeper.

Bettina had set her cap originally for Hoffman's son; but when his father threatens to disinherit him unless he renounces his attentions to her, this designing young woman trains her attack upon the elder man, and so ensnares his susceptibilities that he divorces his wife in order to marry the adventuress.

Hoffman's life with Bettina turns out to be exceedingly uncomfortable. She drains him of his money to supply her worthless relatives, and raises a continual rumpus in his new establishment. Finally, in a great outburst of indignant anger, he denounces and discards her.

This outburst is, of course, the proper ending of the play; but a last act is appended in which the broken husband returns repentant to his cast-off wife and daughter. This act is extremely sentimental, and has evidently been designed as a sop to the populace. The piece is rather crudely written; but it exhibits many moments of powerful emotion, and these are rendered very effective by the capable acting of Miss Florence Reed and Mr. Malcolm Williams in the leading rôles.

"THE NE'ER-DO-WELL"

"The Ne'er-Do-Well," a dramatization of Mr. Rex Beach's novel by that practised mechanician of the theatre, Mr. Charles Klein, is a rather amorphous compound of comedy and melodrama.

Kirk Anthony, the shiftless son of a New York millionaire, is drugged in an all-night restaurant and smuggled aboard a passenger-steamer that is bound for Panama. Arrived at this unexpected destination, he borrows several hundred dollars on the strength of his father's name, and cables the old gentleman for a remittance. His father responds with a curt telegram discarding and disowning him.

Reduced to desperation, the hero goes to work as a conductor on the Panama railway. He is befriended by a certain Mrs. Cortlandt, whose elderly husband is extremely jealous of her. At a dinner-party in his own house, Cortlandt accuses his wife of infidelity with Kirk; and the indignant hero threatens to kill the somber-minded husband. Cortlandt commits suicide, and Kirk is accused of murdering him.

The hero is about to be hurried to execution, when his father arrives with his steam-yacht, and, landing a body of armed sailors, rescues his son from the Panama police.

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Mr. Klein's dramatization is fairly amusing in its slangy comic passages; but its more emphatic scenes betray the creak of mechanism. Mr. Hale Hamilton is effective as the breezy, careless hero; and Miss Katherine Kaelred offers an earnest performance of the artificial part of Mrs. Cortlandt.

"WITHIN THE LAW"

Mr. Bayard Veiller's play, "Within the Law," is a much more effective melodrama. It is, in fact, the most thrilling play of plot that has been produced in New York in several seasons. The structure is admirably intricate, with many breathless moments of suspense and of surprise; and the exciting story enjoys the sound advantage of a basic theme that is both timely and important.

This theme is that our present legal system does not look with equal justice on the rich and on the poor. Frequently the rich evade the law in committing, on a large scale, crimes for which, when committed on a small scale, the poor are sent to prison. The play, furthermore, attacks the iniquity of our police system at the present day, and shows that what is called "justice" in our legal language is very rarely just.

The heroine, Mary Turner (who is played with a strong appeal of personal emotion by Miss Jane Cowl), is a shop-girl on a salary of six dollars a week. She is accused unjustly of the theft of certain goods; and, despite her innocence, the attorney for her employer succeeds in having her sentenced to three years in prison. This employer, the wealthy Edward Gilder, cares very little about her guilt or innocence; but he wishes to make this particular case an emphatic warning to his other shop-girls not to steal. At the first curtain-fall the heroine denounces her employer for tempting his employees to steal by refusing to pay them a living wage, and threatens to be revenged upon him after she has served her term.

The heroine comes out of prison with a fixed, fanatical idea of fighting with its own weapons the system that has ruined her. She studies carefully the technical details of our legal usage; and, gathering about her a little company of former convicts and crooks, she teaches them to make money dishonestly without ever violating the letter of the law. She soon rises to the possession of the power that comes from capital; and, because she never breaks the law, the police are helpless against her. Meanwhile, as a personal revenge on Edward Gilder, she allures his only son into a clandestine marriage with her.

Inspector-Burke of the police perceives that the only way to break up Mary Turner's gang is to trap one of her assistants into an overt violation of the law. He employs a "stool-pigeon" to tempt her follower, Joe Garson, to collaborate in a robbery of Edward Gilder's house. Garson succumbs to this temptation. Mary, with her newly wedded husband, happens quite naturally to be in the house of her father-in-law at the hour set for the springing of the trap. At the last moment, Garson, discovering that his supposed "pal" is a "stool-pigeon," shoots him dead. He passes the pistol to Mary's husband, Richard Gilder, and escapes with his partners through a window. Inspector Burke, entering, discovers the dead body of the traitor on the floor; and Mary says that her husband shot him. Since the dead intruder was a burglar, Mary maintains that the murder was "within the law."

In the last act, which takes place in the office of Police Inspector Burke, Garson is ultimately broken down to a confession of the crime; and Mary (her innocence of the original theft for which she went to jail being now established) is at liberty to begin life on a new basis with the young husband she has grown to love.

No summary can do justice to the power of the play. The piece is tightly constructed, tersely written, and admirably acted. Mr. Veiller has labored long for this success, and should be congratulated on a genuine achievement.

"LITTLE MISS BROWN"

The theme of "Little Miss Brown," by Mr. Philip Bartholomae, has long been familiar in the farces that are made in France. A young lady who, because of a series of accidents, arrives unaccompanied and devoid of baggage at a hotel late at night, secures a room by the expedient of registering as a married woman. The name she uses has been seized carelessly from a remark made by a colored porter. She is assigned to an apartment that has been ordered in the name that she has given as her husband's, and goes to bed. The man of that name, arriving later, retires in the

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adjoining room; and the two meet at breakfast, to their mutual consternation.

Of course, a jealous wife turns up and makes a row; and the heroine is obliged to discard her own fiancé for a more trustful lover when circumstances seem to put her in the wrong.

This is a good enough story for a farce; but it is treated by the author in a manner that is too expository. A thinness of invention is betrayed in the elaboration of the theme; and the lines are lacking in wit. The piece seems to have succeeded mainly because of the winsome wistfulness of Miss Madge Kennedy as the heroine and because of the quaint and ludicrous performance of Mr. Ned A. Sparks as the night-clerk of the hotel.

"READY MONEY"

"Ready Money," by Mr. James Montgomery, is a far more effective farce, and is indeed the most entertaining comic composition of the early season. The theme of this play is that any one can easily make money if his business associates believe that he already has it.

The hero, Stephen Baird, has invested all of his capital in a Western mining claim, but has not been able to sell enough stock to develop the mine. He falls into association with a certain Jackson Ives, who describes himself as "the greatest counterfeiter in the world." Ives gives him fifty counterfeit one-thousand-dollar bills and tells him that if he will merely show this money to his friends,. without attempting to pass any of it, they will all invest in his mining stock.

This procedure, with certain ethical misgivings, the hero follows. All his friends make haste to hand over to him for investment whatever capital they can lay their hands on. He assures them that his mining property is no richer than it was before, and tries to give them back their money; but they regard this move as an effort to squeeze them out of a good thing, and threaten to sue him for damages if he refuses to retain their investments.

Encouraged by these enthusiastic subscriptions for their stock, Baird's partner in the West begins active operations, and discovers a rich vein of gold which insures the investors a large interest upon their money.

But meanwhile the farce has ascended naturally to the mood of melodrama. A detective of the Secret Service is hunting Jackson Ives and trying to secure the evidence necessary to convict him. A package containing the bogus money is passed unwittingly about from character to character through many breathless moments of suspense, until finally it falls into the hands of the detective. But even this expert is deceived by the cleverness of the counterfeit; and, deeming the imitated money to be genuine, he returns it to its maker. Ives destroys the bills with his own hands, and thereby insures the future happiness of the hero.

This clever plot carries sufficient characterization to make it seem alive; and many of the lines are genuinely humorous. The accomplished acting of Mr. William Courtenay as the hero has helped to carry this melodramatic farce to a deserved success.

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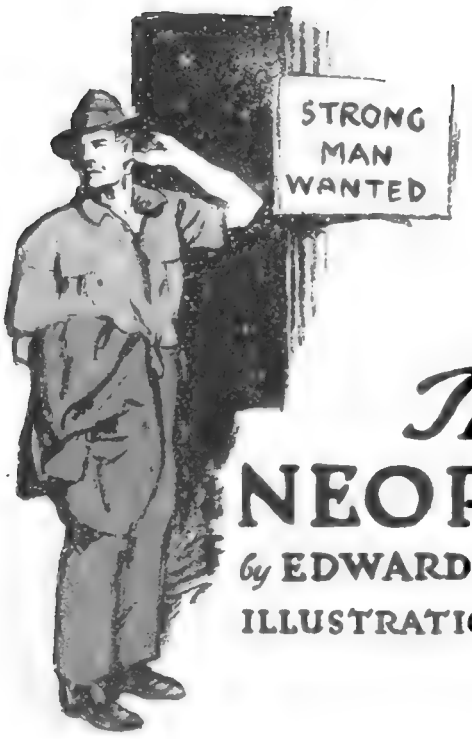

The NEOPHYTE

by EDWARD S. MORRISSEY

ILLUSTRATIONS by C. B. FALLS

IT WAS getting along toward the fag end of the afternoon when Jerry Mullen, late of the Four Square Gang, still later of the County Prison, and now beating the business jungle on his maiden hunt for a job, trudged down a street that lay in the neutral zone between the wholesale and the financial districts—one of those streets that are neither fish nor flesh, where stocks neighbor with stock.

All around him was the bustle of workers. Hither and yon clerks scurried, porters lumbered, stenographers tripped—all busily; and Jerry eyed them with a large approval and an even larger yearning. For, one and all, these humdrum, workaday folks bore the visible, outward signs of Respectability. And the beauties of Respectability were something that Jerry was fully capable of appreciating—with that keen appreciation which comes only to the man who has recently slammed the doors of his memory full in the teeth of an ultra-disreputable past.

As to the details of Jerry's past—it would be indeed an ill-natured hand that at this late day would delve into sundry police blotters and drag into the light those musty facts.

Let it suffice to say that it had ended no later than that very morning, with his first blink in the sunlight on the outside of the County Prison gate at the expiration of his most recent "bit"—six months, this time, for petty larceny.

But he viewed that as all done and, therefore, over with. Not for a moment did it occur to him that in the mart where he was now showing his wares, his cell-blanched face and the scars lividly inlaid upon his closely cropped scalp were crying louder than was the strength of his lusty youth. For although Jerry knew his Tenderloin—knew it with the intimate, exact knowledge of one who had spent all his days there, a loafer and an occasional petty thief—he knew but little else. When the Four Square Gang should hear of his desertion, it would be reported pithily in

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the cant of the tribe that he had "gone outside." Which expressed it exactly; Jerry was a stranger in a strange land.

Midway in that hustling block Jerry suddenly came to a rigid halt, his eyes glued upon a bit of unpainted board that dangled from a warehouse door and bore in rude lettering the legend:

STRONG MAN WANTED

For a moment he stood there, while his right hand went to his cheek, pawing aimlessly. Then his square chin came stiffly up, his square shoulders jerked back even squarer, and he got under way again—heading straight for that warehouse door and unconsciously flexing the muscles of his arms as he went, as if to reassure himself of their strength.

"I'm strong, mister," he said to the man behind the railing in the little office, with a jerk of his head back toward the sign. "An' I want a job."

The warehouse man took one long look and grinned knowingly. "Sorry, young fellow," said he, bending over his desk, "but we just hired a man."

Jerry passed out, disappointed but not dejected. Slowly—very slowly—he started away. Half a dozen steps, and he turned to cast back toward the "Strong Man Wanted" sign a glance that was full of wistfulness. Then, once more, the square chin shot up and out, the square shoulders went even farther back, and he was off.

"Hi, there! Hi, young man!"

"NOW, YOU DRILL! YOU DIRTY CROOK!" HE RASPED. AND JERRY DRILLED.

At the shout Jerry wheeled, and instantly caught sight of the beckoning forefinger of a rather pursy, middled-aged gentleman who was standing at the open window of an office-building across the street. On the way over, he noted that all the windows of the three-story building bore the words, "Brunt & Co.—Investments." The same words appeared on the frosted glass of the

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door in the hallway toward which the man at the window stabbed an inviting thumb.

"Sit down," came the amiable invitation from the sole occupant of the cozy little office, who had himself taken a seat at a roll-top desk, the faint suggestion of a benevolent smile lighting his face where it was not occupied by fluffy, white, mutton-chop whiskers.

The manner in which Jerry perched himself gingerly on the edge of a chair bespoke his extreme wariness. "Mullen—Jerry Mullen," he replied, in answer to a genial question.

"And my name's Brunt," he was informed. "Isaiah W. Brunt, president and general manager of this concern. Over there, now—" with a nod toward the warehouse across the way—"they told you they'd hired a man? Eh?"

"Yes," admitted Jerry shortly. "He says some other guy beat me to it."

"Um-m!" mused Mr. Brunt. There was something of satisfaction in his knowing nod, as if a judgment he had formed stood vindicated. Then his swivel-chair creaked and for the first time he switched his keen blue eyes from the window to Jerry's face—switched them with a disconcerting suddenness, asking: "Ever work before, Jerry?"

"Uh-er! No!" Jerry's teeth clipped down on his lower lip just a fraction of a second too late to clap that answer in; and an unwonted shame mingled with the resentment that leaped into his face. But the author of the barbed question had resumed his far-away gaze out of the window and presently he began again, speaking very slowly, almost meditatively:

"I'm looking for a man, Jerry—a man who's willing to work twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week, for a dollar a day. If you want the job—say so!" The last two words came out with a snap, and although the speaker's attitude as he sat twiddling his thumbs indicated that he was prepared to wait some time for a reply, it also indicated that he expected a decisive one when it came.

Jerry did not keep him waiting long. "I don't care what it is, mister. I want a job."

Again the swivel-chair creaked as Brunt wheeled those keen blue eyes into action. "Twenty-four hours a day," he repeated, emphasizing every word, "and seven days a week. All work and no play, every day, every night—for a dollar a day. Sure you want it?"

"Dead sure, mister!" came the reply, a little grimly.

"Then you get it!" And the well-padded knuckles banged down on the desk with a mighty thump. "You can go to work right now, Jerry. We open at eight and close at five. While we're open you'll be messenger and do odd jobs, and so forth. When your day's work's done, you'll be night watchman. You'll sleep up-stairs—and you'll sleep all you want to. But you don't go out of the place—except to eat—without first asking me. Now get that! From eight till five you're handy man; from five till eight you're night watchman. See? Report to me at five."

Jerry's eager nod implied that he saw. But for all that, he did not see—not just then. In fact, it was not until half an hour later, while he was wielding an exultant broom among the litter in the cellar, that he really did begin to see. And the clearer his vision became, the more wildly swirled the dust from the path of his broom. Here was that upon which he had gazed with envious eyes—Respectability—a full twenty-four hours of it, seven days in the week, with not even the need of a lodging until pay day to claim a moment of his time back in the haunts he had come to despise. It was not altogether the flying dust which half choked him when at last he paused, wiping the grime of his first industrial battle from his face with his sleeve, and leaning upon his broom as a conquering warrior might have leaned upon his sword.

"That old guy's an ace!" he muttered soulfully. "Make good? I—guess—yes! Why, I'll make the bloke that invented work look like a load o' cheese!"

Later he paused again, poising the broom in the middle of a long sweep as if his thoughts had taken a sudden and rather solemn turn. "I didn't tell him no lie, at that!" he assured himself. "He didn't ask me nothing. Gee! If he did, he'd 'a' yelled fer a cop!"

But that view of Jerry's hardly fitted in with the conversation that was going on in the front office up-stairs, between the gentleman with the white mutton-chop whiskers and his confidential clerk, who was looking bored and rather sour.

" 'Whim' isn't the word at all, William,"

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the older man was saying. "And even if it was, it would be *my* whim, you know. But that's not it. You see, years ago, out Ohio way, folks used to believe that I was a pretty good judge of a horse. Maybe I was, and then again, maybe I wasn't—but I've got the first time to be stuck in a sale or a swap. Now when a man brought me a critter that had faults and four legs and the ability to neigh, do you know what I used to do? First, I'd look at that horse—right slow—in the mouth; then I'd look at the man—right quick—in the eye. Sometimes the peep at the nag told me things, sometimes not—but I never got stuck!"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Brunt!" hastily interposed the clerk. "I didn't mean to question your judgment."

"Oh, that's not the point," waived the other. "Here's what I was going to say. This boy admits that he's been a loafer all his life, and it don't take half an eye to see that he's just been in jail—for some petty stealing, ten to one. See what that means? It means that he never *went* wrong, because he always *was* wrong. Now what does he do? He starts right out with the prison marks still on him, and he hunts for work—and, mind you, he admits that he never worked in his life. So he's not trying to climb back to some place that he's fallen from. Any chicken-hearted clown would naturally try that on! What he wants to do is to climb up to some place where he's never been before. It takes the makings of a pretty good man to even begin to entertain an idea like that; and it takes the makings of a better man to hug that idea long enough to try to put it through. I like the way he carried his jib in that little affair across the street there, and I've got just enough conceit to want to prove that my first impression about him was right. So, seeing that he wants to climb, I'm going to cut him a couple of footholds. Maybe he'll tumble down, but—well, if he does, William, I'll buy you a new hat. And I wouldn't advise you to go selecting the style—not just yet."

The big clock in the hallway began to strike—five. The rattle of the typewriters, which in the past ten minutes had been dwindling perceptibly, ran off into a few desultory clicks and then gave way to the banging of desks and the lively hum of voices. Down in the cellar Jerry heard the hurried tramping of many feet on the floor above his head. Mindful of his instructions, he stood his broom in the corner and started slowly up the stairs; he was not exactly keen for the coming interview, at which the questions he dreaded might rise up to confound him. So slow was his dubious progress that as he emerged from the cellarway the last of Brunt & Co.'s bevy of typists was flitting down the front steps.

His employer was waiting for him in his private office, and suspended the operation of carefully running his sleeve around the shiny circumference of his silk hat to nod emphatic approval of Jerry's grimy face.

"That's the ticket!" he announced. "You look the part now, Mr. Workingman. Now come right along here with me."

With the possibility of those dangerous questions still hovering in the offing, Jerry's mien was far from confident as he ascended the stairway in the wake of the mutton-chop whiskers; but he managed to take fairly keen account of his surroundings as he went. The habitat of Brunt & Co. had been a roomy mansion in the old days of the city, but the second story, like the first, had been remodeled into a series of offices, the interior walls having been torn down and replaced with partitions of wood and frosted glass. The third story, however, whither Jerry's conductor led the way, was in its original state, but was unfurnished with the exception of the room fronting on the street.

That room boasted a brass bedstead immaculately dressed, two chairs, a table, a rug, and curtains upon the windows. All was touched with the mellow glow of the setting sun.

"Here's your quarters," said Jerry's companion with a wave of his hand. "Nothing very fine, but I've used them myself, and you've had lots that were a good deal worse. Eh, Jerry?"

The situation was fairly screaming out for a remark on Jerry's part, but he felt himself unequal to the demand. "Is—is this—where—where I sleep?" he stammered finally.

"This is where you sleep, when you get ready. But please don't get ready right away. Here's the keys. Go down-stairs first and lock up. Then go out and get your supper. Here: That's a ticket for twenty meals at Hanley's—around the

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"JUDGE, AT 7:05 LAST NIGHT I GOT THIS CHAP OVER ON CLYDE AVENUE. HERE'S HIS RECORD AND HIS PICTURE. HE ONLY GOT OUT OF THE COUNTY YESTERDAY MORNING."

corner, you know. You'll have to get your breakfast before you open up; and be sure and have everything open before eight. That's an alarm-clock over there. Let's see! No, I guess that's all. You're all straight now, are you? All right, then—Good night!"

On the bare boards of the third-floor hallway, of the stairs, of the second-floor hallway, of the lower stairs, of the lower hallway, the clatter of his employer's brisk steps came echoing up to Jerry's ear. Still he stood there, the keys in one hand, the meal ticket in the other, staring at them with wide eyes. His departing employer must have been well around the

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corner before he made his first move. Quite gingerly he stepped toward the bed, and for a moment gazed down at it incredulously. Then, timidly, almost reverently, he poked his grimy forefinger into the yielding whiteness of the sheet. The result was a smudge, at which he frowned in dismay.

Simultaneously a jingle from the keys recalled him to his duty. He started hastily for the door, but on the threshold turned to cast back a long, rapt look that took in every detail of the room which henceforth was to be his.

"Gee!" he muttered, as he turned away. "Hul-ly Gee!"

There were three keys on the ring. The small, flat, steel one, as Jerry found, was the master-key to the doors of the various offices. He locked them all, tried them, unlocked and opened them, then locked and tried them again. In the washroom he splashed luxuriously in the porcelain basin until his face and arms were afoam with sweet-scented soap-suds. Over his well-worn coat and trousers the whisk-broom flew until his arms ached, and although many stains remained, they were of a nature that defied the best of whisk-brooms and the most tireless of arms.

Then there was the large iron key; and Jerry duly fitted that into the lock of the front door.

There remained the medium-sized brass key. That one troubled him for a time, for the rear doors were equipped with bolts, and he found no place where it could be used. Finally, however, after twice making the rounds, a thought occurred to him that sent him back to that wonderful room up-stairs—his own room. The key fitted there. It was Jerry's own key—his own!

Much as he yearned to do so, now that he was worthily clean, Jerry refrained from entering that room. First, he would follow instructions to the letter by getting his supper. Then—then!—he would return and taste of the sweets that would be all the sweeter for the waiting. So he closed the door and locked it, and, having tried it very carefully, he went down-stairs. At the front door the large iron key came into play, and the locking attained the dignity of a ceremony. Then they jingled into his pocket—those three keys: the large iron one, the small flat steel one, and the medium-sized brass one. And Jerry, whistling blithely, sauntered down the street.

When he proudly preempted a deal table in Hanley's Restaurant—"Full Meals 35c."—he found three customers already there. One, at whom he barely glanced, was a trim, quietly dressed man who sat at a table across the aisle. The other two, teamsters evidently, were sitting so that he faced them. Their flannel shirts, open at the top, revealed their hairy, weather-beaten chests; and they talked loudly, and laughed even more loudly, as if they cared not for any man's ears or how the world might wag. These two men were after Jerry's own heart, and deep down in that heart he called them brother. And why not? Was not he an honest toiler, too?

Finally the two big men went out, with a good-natured parting jibe at the cashier, in a gust of laughter, one slapping the other mightily upon the back. But the trim, quietly dressed man tarried. Jerry gave him no heed, for he was busy with pleasant thoughts that had their inspiration in the two big men.

After a bit, for no reason that he could have put into words, he took from his pocket those three keys and spread them lovingly upon the palm of his hand. With the forefinger of the other hand he told them off—the large iron key for the front door, the small flat steel key for the office doors, the medium-sized brass key for the door of his own room. Then, with a long-drawn sigh that was replete with satisfaction, physical and mental, he let them jingle back into his pocket again and rose from the table. As he passed out he was aware of a regret that he did not know the cashier well enough to jibe at him, and also that he had no companion whom he could slap upon the back to the accompaniment of roars of laughter.

He quite failed to notice that the trim, quietly dressed man went out at his heels.

"Hello, Jerry!"

The suave voice was right at his ear, and his chin swung to his shoulder with a startled jerk. "Hello!" he ejaculated involuntarily.

"You don't mean to say you don't remember me!" mocked the other, pressing closer.

Whether or not he remembered the vaguely familiar face, Jerry was not sure.

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But the swift sliding of the hand down his arm until it closed in a deft grip on his sleeve at the wrist—yes, he remembered that, only too well.

"I ain't done nothin'!" he cried desperately. "An' I ain't a-goin' t' do nothin'! Lemme go!"

"Oh, yes, you are, Jerry," was the smooth rejoinder. "You're going to do something, old scout. You're going to come right along with me!"

"I tell ye I ain't done nothin'!" cried Jerry again, his voice rising in frantic helplessness. "Lemme go!"

Unconsciously, in the vehemence of his protest, he jerked his arm, as if he would pull it from the other's grasp.

Like a flash the Central Office man's hand went to his hip pocket. "Now, you drill! You dirty crook!" he rasped. And Jerry drilled.

That the Professional Thief Act, as a bit of preventive legislation, approaches very nearly to the ideal—except in spots—none knew better than did Jerry Mullen. But that his case happened to be one of those exceptional spots was the reflection that irked him sorely during the early, silent moments of that short walk to the Central Station. Presently a conciliatory question from his captor broke in upon his bitter ruminations:

"When'd you get out?"

"'S mornin'," returned Jerry sullenly.

"Tough luck!"

The sinister suggestion behind the lightly sympathetic words stung.

"Tough fer you!" hotly retorted Jerry. "You ain't got nothin' on me! Not a thing. I wasn't mixin' in no crowd, an' I ain't even got a toothpick on me. The Act don't go—not this time, pal!"

"Ah!" There was both understanding and chagrin in the detective's grunt, and with a quick swing he thrust Jerry back against the wall on the deserted side street along which they were making their unobtrusive way, shaking a threatening fist under his nose. "Ye dumped 'em, did ye?" he gritted.

"Dumped what?" gasped Jerry hurriedly. "I ain't dumped nothin'!"

"Turn 'em up then!" came the swift order. Then, as Jerry's eyes widened: "Come on! Come through with them keys!"

Jerry's jaw dropped. He had thought to make no idle boast when he taunted his captor with inability to bring him under the provisions of the Professional Thief Act. For he had done none of those things that the law says shall not be done by one who has sinned and been found out. His capture had not been effected where a gathering of many persons would make pocket-picking easy, nor had he been taken with burglarious implements on his person. Yet . . . They jingled musically as he handed them over—the large iron key to the front door, the small flat steel key to the office doors, and the medium-sized brass key to—to the door of his own room. His dull ear scarcely caught his captor's triumphant jibe:

"Huh! You didn't have a thing on you, did you? Not a single thing—only the key to your brownstone front, and the key to your bank, and the key to your garage! And you just getting back from a vacation, too! Well, well! I guess you better wire the servants that you won't be home for ninety days."

After that, although Jerry had no idea of resistance, he lagged behind a little, so that the other appeared to be dragging him along. As the City Hall loomed ahead of them, his chin came up for a moment from his breast.

"Say!" he began hoarsely. "You got me wrong, I tell ye. I'm outside now, an' I got a job to-day. I'm a-workin' over to—er—over to——"

"That's right!" grinned his captor presently; for Jerry had floundered into silence. "It won't do you any good to lie about it, and anyway that stall was old before you was born."

At the desk in the cell-room, when they asked him where he lived, the same vague idea that had choked off his explanation on the street now made him shake his head miserably.

"Jeremiah Mullen—twenty-two—United States—no home—professional thief—Detective Hartz—7:15 p.m.—take him back!" rattled the desk-sergeant, and a moment later the iron-grated door clanged behind him. Heavily he slumped down on the narrow wooden bench, his cropped head between his tightly clenched hands.

Farther along the tier a drunken sailor, in his changing moods, crooned many ballads, all to the same tune, hurled profane defiance at the turnkey, and then wept

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audibly until his sobs and sniffles merged into sibilant snores. Two women of the street at intervals threw off the burden of the long hours by strident exchanges of ribald badinage. So that the turnkey often wound his hoarse call for his charges to "Cut out that racket!"

Yet to Jerry, hunched upon his bench, the big cell-room was full of strange silences, through which at times a kindly voice came, faintly, from afar.

"From five till eight you're night-watchman. . . . That's an alarm-clock over there. . . . Be sure and have everything open before eight."

So the sleepless night dragged on. At long intervals Jerry shifted his cramped limbs; but always the cropped head dropped again into his hands, and his unseeing eyes stared full at the grayish white cement of the floor. Once, long after midnight, he stretched himself along the bench and, closing his eyes, sought to sleep. In a flash, as the hard board met his shoulder blades, he saw a brass bedstead, and in the snowy sheet a dimple, and in the heart of the dimple a faint smudge. With a bitter oath he sprang to his feet and shot out his clenched fist in a blow that brought a dull clang from the sheet-steel wall of the cell.

The pain of it steadied him, and for a moment he stood there, sucking at the blood that spurted from his knuckle. Then he sat down, and again his hands went to his temples while the unheeded blood trickled down to his wrist and moistened the fringe of his ragged coat-sleeve.

Presently he kicked his heel upon the floor in sudden decision. "What th' hell!" he gritted. "I'll do the ninety! I ain't a-goin' t' tell 'em nothin'. They'll only beat it to *him*, an' tell 'im I'm a crook. An' I lose out anyways."

From out the darkness in the corner of the cell seemed to beam upon him a familiar face—a face that wore an approving smile between fluffy white mutton-chop whiskers. Jerry nodded over that way and all of the hardness went out of his haggard eyes.

"That old guy was an ace!" he murmured. "I was on th' level—that's what he thought. An'—an' he ain't goin' to know nothin'—never!"

Oddly enough, shortly after he had thus decided to sacrifice a full ninety days of his future for the sake of preserving intact in the mind of one man his brief record for respectability, Jerry arranged himself quite comfortably along the hard bench and went to sleep.

In the morning, just before ten o'clock, when Jerry and his blue-coated escort formed one of many such pairs that wound their way around the corridor from the cell-room to the police court, his air was merely insolent and sullen—so deeply was he steeped in the philosophy of the underworld, where even the oak must catch the trick of bending before the storm.

To an old hand like him there was little interest in the sight of the lawyers and the loungers, the petty politicians and the policemen, who had gathered in the court-room, some for pleasure, some for profit, and some for no reason at all. So he sat on the bench at the back of the little prisoners' pen, shielded by his less experienced fellows. His case was near the top of the list, and since the wheels of justice grind swiftly in the old police court, he soon slouched into the dock in answer to his name.

"No home?" asked the docket clerk.

Jerry nonchalantly shook his head; but instantly a wicked gleam shot into his eyes, for the detective who had "brought him in," had elbowed his way to the witness-stand, where he looked professionally bored while being sworn.

"Judge," the witness began in a confident and rather confidential tone, "at 7:05 last night I got this chap over on Clyde Avenue—detailed down there on account of a lot of warehouse jobs lately. Here's his record and his picture." He passed the record card and the photograph up to his Honor, who glanced at them perfunctorily and handed them back. "He only got out of the County yesterday morning," resumed the witness a little proudly, "and he was in a restaurant when I recognized him. I knew him right away and I thought I'd bring him in—when I saw him monkeying with these keys."

They jingled musically as he tossed them upon the desk—the large iron key to the front door, the small flat steel key to the office doors, and the medium-sized brass key to the door of Jerry's own room.

"This big one—" the witness poked it with his finger—"that's the kind they file down for old-fashioned double tumblers. This one's a master-key, and pretty good business for any kind of a slot lock. That brass one—well, that's not much good for

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anything. I guess he just picked that up for luck."

"What have you to say?" asked his Honor formally, as the witness stepped down.

A writhing knot showed at the angle of each of Jerry's jaw-bones, and his eyes, fixed upon the witness, were mere glinting slits. "Nothin'," he mumbled after a bit.

His Honor showed a very evident surprise at the reply and favored Jerry with a curious stare. "Oh, come now!" he urged encouragingly. "Where did you get these keys?"

"Found 'em," explained Jerry curtly.

This time his Honor's stare went over Jerry's head back among the spectators, and it seemed to be freighted with a puzzled inquiry. Suddenly his face broke into a broad smile. "Very—uh!—very well!" he jerked, and he was struggling hard to suppress an open laugh. "Er! You're discharged!"

A murmur of surprise ran along the benches. Of the lawyers and the loungers, the petty politicians and the policemen, some thought one thing, and some thought another. But as for Jerry—Jerry thought exactly nothing at all. And his face fully expressed all his thoughts.

A policeman thrust the three keys into his hand, and then, seeing that he was apparently disinclined to move, accelerated his progress from the dock by an energetic shove. Jerry, perforce, took a few stumbling steps toward the door, and then halted again—with a great gulp of amazement. For in the last row of seats one of the spectators had risen and was sidling his way laboriously toward the aisle—a rather pursy, middle-aged gentleman, twinkling as to his keen blue eyes and immaculately white as to his fluffy mutton-chop whiskers.

Straightway a wild desire to flee gripped Jerry. In rapid succession he rejected as places of refuge the chairs of the spectators and the prisoners' pen, and finally compromised by marching rather rigidly to the door, his eyes anywhere but upon the man who awaited him there. However, as he headed desperately down the corridor with averted face, he was keenly conscious that something white and fluffy was bobbing along at his right shoulder.

"You see, Jerry," began a far-away voice inconsequentially, "I went around to Hanley's restaurant, and I heard about it there. It was outrageous! It was the most fortunate thing in the world that the magistrate is my very good friend. Most outrageous thing I ever heard of! Did they abuse you, Jerry? If they did, I'll—I'll— How did you come to get that hand hurt? Eh?"

Jerry involuntarily raised his hand and inspected the injured knuckle in some surprise, and then began rubbing it against his trouser leg to remove the crusted blood. "'Tain't—'tain't nothin'!" he blurted finally. "I—I punched it agin th' wall—in th' cell—last night."

For a bit there was silence again, and then Jerry felt a sympathetic hand stealing to his shoulder. "Um-m!—Yes!—I see!" said Mr. Bright, of Brant & Co., very softly.

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The THINGS *that* ARE NOT

by KATE JORDAN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLOTTE HARDING BROWN

SUSY was ready to go out with her mother. She was in her prettiest clothes; yet she stood before the mirror and wished that she was *different.* She wished her brown hair was light golden like her little sister Genevieve's, or else black as coal, in a long skinny plait to the waist, like Netty Faulkner's—anything but just brown and short. She hated the splash of fine freckles over her nose. She did not like being so solid, either. She wished people called her "a little fairy," as they did Genevieve.

Her mutinous, ten-year-old, Leghorn-hatted reflection looked back at her. Oh, it was horrid to be just "a healthy little girl with a good appetite and a nice face." She had often heard her parents speak of her that way. How could one ever be a heroine if one had to shoulder such a description through life? The heroines of the stories she read, as well as those in the little stories that she wrote secretly herself, were all beautiful and mysterious, and so indifferent to food it was really a wonder they lived. A rebellious sigh escaped her. She made a "snoot" at her reflection and went down to join her mother.

Their destination was a Broadway shoe-shop where Susy was to be fitted with a pair of storm rubbers. She enjoyed the walk through the October streets, but was not a *smitch* interested in the errand, for she hated all the things of life that were only sensible and useful without being pretty. All the time the man was buttoning up the cumbersome things, Susy was wishing they were pink satin party slippers with a little rosette of chiffon on the instep. She was yawning, her head lolling back, when a greeting, sung out over the back of one of the chairs on the row behind, brought her up sharply to a stiff, sitting posture:

"Hello, Floribel!"

Susy looked cautiously around, and was uncomfortably aware that her mother did the same. A girl of about her own age was kneeling on the chair, smiling.

"What kind of shoes are *you* getting, Floribel?" the little girl asked.

"Rubbers." Susy felt forced to admit it. She kept her flushed face averted from her mother's, whose amazement she could feel right through her.

"Mine are patent leather shoes with fancy tips," the little girl said, wrinkling her nose

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triumphantly; but she disappeared abruptly, flounced back to attention by an elder.

Susy tried to leave the shop later without attracting her friend's notice—she stepped as if walking on egg-shells; but in vain.

"Good-by, Floribel!" came after her in a ringing treble.

Miserable, looking a sneak, and swallowing hard, she gave a sickly nod over her shoulder.

"When did you become Floribel?" were Mrs. Gilvarry's first words as the door was closed after them. As Susy remained silent her mother shook her arm gently and brought her to a standstill. "Why did that little girl call you by a name that is not yours?"

"I told her to."

"But why, dear?"

"I like it."

"But don't you like your own name?"

"No. I hate it!"

They continued down Broadway. "I'm sorry," Mrs. Gilvarry said in a hurt voice, "for Susan, as you know, is my name. I gave it to you as a compliment."

Susy's hand clutched the one she held, and she became quickly repentant. "I only took Floribel as a *middle* name," she explained. "All the girls have them except me, so I picked out a pretty one for myself."

As they went westward through Washington Square they approached a boy in a middy suit. He was nibbling at a small chocolate elephant that he held up by its tail of twine, and he stopped munching to beam and nod at Susy, who at sight of him had given a guilty lurch. She replied by a wabbly smile and walked very fast, evidently anxious to get away from him. Her mother asked her who he was, and Susy said he was the brother of a new girl who had just come to school. The reply was scarcely spoken when she heard the boy's lumping steps beside her. He thrust a pasteboard confectionery box into her hand.

"Have an elephant, Ruby?" he asked, his smiling mouth dark-ringed by the chocolate. "Walnut cream inside—dandy!" and he swung off, whistling.

Mrs. Gilvarry lost her temper a little. She took the box from Susy and laid it on one of the park benches. "I don't like you to eat these mucky things. But I like less hearing girls and boys call you by names that

"WHAT KIND OF SHOES ARE *YOU* GETTING FLORIBEL?" THE LITTLE GIRL ASKED.

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do not belong to you. *Ruby!* You told this boy your name was Ruby?" she demanded.

"My *middle* name," Susy said, frightened.

"But an hour ago I heard you answer to Floribel."

"I got tired of Floribel, and only last week I thought of Ruby," Susy explained unhappily. It was hard not to be able to treat herself to a name she liked.

Mrs. Gilvarry looked at her, quietly distracted. "Certainly you are queer. So unlike Genevieve!"—Susy trudged along, her face one miserable pout—"But I'm curious about you. Why did you select the name Floribel?"

"It sounds like flowers," Susy said, her lip stiff and quivering.

"Well, perhaps. But Ruby?—that ridiculous name! You really like that, too?"

Susy nodded. "It sparkles and burns," she said wistfully, in defense.

Her mother laughed helplessly. "I see. But really, dear, you must stop naming yourself in this foolish way. If you keep on I'll give you a *real* middle name—two of them—*Eliza-Ann*, after your aunt."

Susy had been thinking of appropriating "Eulalie" to her use—it had be longed to a lovely princess in a "Chatterbox" story who had lived in a haunted house and had heart trouble—but this awful threat made her realize that she must discontinue her excursions in nomenclature; and the check upon her inventive powers left her with a cold feeling of depression.

When they reached home a cousin from out of town was awaiting them—a big, brown, gay, laughing man. Susy secretly adored him, but he had never invited an expression of her love strenuously enough to satisfy her pride. During his other visits she had often suspected that Genevieve was his favorite. And on this afternoon when everything had gone wrong, when she felt she had nothing—not even a middle name—she became sure of it.

"Hello, Susy," he said, and gave her a kissless kiss, mostly on her chin. After this casual greeting he ignored her, while he seemed more than ever to be fascinated by Genevieve.

This continued all the next day, which was Sunday. Every one was at home. The cousin held Genevieve on his knees constantly; said she was a "moon-flower," a "jewel," a "pink-and-white fairy." He let her pick his pocket and put things down his back. He even pretended to be dead, and let her bury him under the rug.

It is true that now and then he spoke kindly to Susy—*as if he felt he'd ought to.* It is true that now and then Genevieve tried urgently and generously to include her in the games. But Susy could not rouse herself to receive these crumbs in a thankful spirit.

Nobody noticed when, late in the afternoon, she slid from the chair where she had been sitting with heavily dangling legs, and left the room. No one saw her trudge up through the Sunday silence of the house to the attic. No one saw her sit down on the narrow, dusty stairs and lay her heavy head against the wall. *No one cared.* Oh, the suffering of the hour that followed! Genevieve was made for love. Susy fully admitted that. Indeed, there was not an admirer among Genevieve's many who adored her daintiness and blondness more than did her own miserable sister, whose name was only Susan, who had freckles and fat legs, and who on this day of poignant self-revelation was sitting, *alone*, on the cold attic stairs, wishing that she were dead and that all the family were weeping above her coffin, saying how sorry they were they hadn't been kinder to her *when they had her.* She summed up the emptiness of her life under three headings: She was not pretty. Nothing interesting happened to her. No one noticed her.

A faint, rustling sound made her lift her melancholy lids. Her mother stood before her, anxiety and excitement in her face. "Susy, didn't you hear me calling? What are you doing up here? Every one has been wondering what has become of you."

The last words brought life into Susy's heavy face. At least she had made them *ask* about her.

"Cousin Hal thinks you are looking pale, dear. He says you seem to have something on your mind."

At this Susy sat up straight and alert. Her stagnant, sad brain began to buzz. The supposition that she had a secret sorrow evidently made her important, conspicuous.

While her mother drew her tenderly from the gloomy hiding-place to her own room, the phrase "*something on your mind*" lilted invitingly in Susy's brain. She was placed in a little chair and Mrs. Gilvarry knelt before her. "Tell mother," she coaxed.

Susy looked fairly rapacious, but all she could whisper was: "What?"

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WISHING THAT SHE WERE DEAD AND THAT THE FAMILY WERE WEEPING ABOVE HER COFFIN.

"Tell mother what is troubling you. I thought you acted strangely all day, and now Cousin Hal has made me sure of it."

Susy's blood warmed pleasantly. They had all been talking of her, wondering about her; and all because they thought she had *something on her mind*. She saw clearly that in order to hold this attention and continue in the limelight, it behooved her to acquire some hidden canker of woe as quickly as possible.

"Won't you tell me?" her mother insisted.

Susy still stared helplessly before her.

"You seem frightened," said Mrs. Gilvarry, as she tenderly retied the big butterfly bow over Susy's left ear.

Frightened—that was it! The word gave Susy's imagination the impetus required for the start, after which she would roll easily, like a stone going down hill. For another moment she remained profoundly still. When she spoke, her voice was small and far-away. "I didn't know that every one could *see it*."

"See—what?" Mrs. Gilvarry demanded in alarm.

"What the gipsy told me," said Susy in a burst of inspiration, having no idea

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what was to follow, but trusting to luck.

"A gipsy? Why, you've never seen one, dear."

"Oh, yes," said Susy, with a faint, sad, fatalistic smile, grateful for this small discussion which gave her a chance to *think up*. "Gipsies live in cities sometimes."

"And you've been talking to one and she's frightened you? Tell me just what you mean, dear."

One would scarcely have known Susy's face at this moment for the same that had been pressed to the attic wall. It shone. She settled herself comfortably in the little rocking-chair while she allowed herself to be persuaded to tell all. And oh, it was so easy, now! Her thoughts came faster than she could talk.

She said that every day for several weeks on her way to school with her companions she had passed a strange-looking woman all in black, with big, gold hoops in her ears, and with big, inky, solemn eyes that had *looked through her*.

At last a day had come when, meeting the group, she had beckoned to Susy—to Susy only.

"My child, may I speak to you alone?" the gipsy had said.

Mrs. Gilvarry gave Susy a little shake, at this. "You didn't leave the others and speak to this impertinent stranger, surely?" she asked, a healthy anger in her face.

Susy swallowed, and went on with a fresh spurt. Yes, she had stopped, for she had felt powerless to resist the dark, sad eyes that gazed at her. "It was then that she told me she was a gipsy," Susy resumed. "She said that since the very first time she saw me she had singled me out from the other girls."

"But why? Why should she single *you* out?" Mrs. Gilvarry asked blankly.

Susy was now radiant. "She said it was because I was so *different*. She said there was something so strange and sad about me it was like a *terrible shadow* following me, and that unless I was very careful I was fated to meet some awful doom."

Then Susy sat back, like one who, having thrown a bomb, becomes a comfortable spectator of the results.

As the peroration had risen to its close, Mrs. Gilvarry had begun to frown in a puzzled way. She imaged the picture described by Susy; but in no way did the real Susy fit into it. That a stocky, curly-haired, freckled, ruddy-mouthed little girl who was given to eating at all hours, to running, jumping, skipping, and hopping, should have awakened a presentiment of tragedy in any one, was inconceivable.

Susy Gilvarry had overshot her mark. Like Cæsar, she had been too ambitious. Her mother gazed at her with steady, patient disbelief and disappointment.

"Susy—look at me." The attempt was made, but the eyes of the "doomed" one wabbled, and she began to twist her legs. "Look straight at me." There was a pause during which the clock's ticking seemed to Susy to fill the room. "You've told a lie." Her mother sprang up and, taking her by the shoulders, made her rise too. "You never met this gipsy at all—did you?"

"No," said Susy faintly and flatly.

"You worried me into thinking you had some *real* grief—and then made this all up—didn't you?"

This was unfair. But Susy was too proud to confess that she had a genuine depression born of a sense of her personal defects. Silence was a good half-way house under the circumstances, and she crept into it.

"Oh, Susy! That I should have to say this to my own child! I can not believe anything you say." Mrs. Gilvarry sat down and drew the child between her knees. "You always talk of things that are not. Why don't you talk of things as they actually are—true things? But no—you tell ridiculous falsehoods about *things as they are not*, and couldn't be."

She paused, struck by the obsessed stare of Susy's eyes, the light that had come suddenly to her face. Instead of showing regret or fear at being brought to task, she looked as entertained as a child watching a play. "Don't you hear what I am saying, Susy?"

"Yes, mother," said Susy absently.

Mrs. Gilvarry let her go, too disheartened to admonish further. She saw Susy drift to the window and stand looking out, as if entranced, at the empty street. Her lips were moving silently, as if she were praying.

"The things that are not," came from her in a vague, melancholy sing-song. "The things that *are not*, and the things that *be!*"

"How queer you are!" Mrs. Gilvarry exclaimed, taking her by the hand. "Now come back to Cousin Hal and Genevieve, and act sensibly. If you sit about sulking again you'll be sent to bed."

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And all the time these things were happening Susy did actually have a guilty secret. But so guilty was it, and *such* a secret, that no combination of circumstances could have made her willingly disclose a fraction of it. It was this: *Not one of her school companions knew that she was Irish.*

She had outlined the situation in which she found herself, in this fashion: She knew that her father had been a professor in Dublin, where he had prepared young men for Trinity College; that when he had been offered a position in one of the big American colleges he had come to a New England town when Susy was three and her sister Genevieve but a babe in arms. Ergo, although they did not remember it, both she and her little sister had been born in the Irish capital.

During Susy's babyish years this fact had had no significance. It was only in her eighth year, after her parents had come to live in New York—her father becoming attached to a college there—that it had become a guilty secret.

She had come gradually to realize that a large class of the Irish in America were of the sort who found their proper niche in the kitchens of her mother's American friends; that jokes about the Irish temperament, wit, mistakes, and faults, and stories about the omnipresent "Mike and Pat," abounded in the comic papers; that while some of her little friends were born in America, of Irish parents, there was not one—no, not a single one!—who was, like herself, a real daughter of Erin. These observations led her to reason that big people, like fathers and mothers, could be born anywhere, but that little children should be American, though allowances were made for those of foreign *descent;* that while most countries other than America were tolerated, Ireland was tabooed; therefore, that a child who really "hailed" from Ireland was marked for scorn.

Susy made up her mind that rather than be laughed at because she had been born in Ireland, she would die. So, *no one must ever know.* She even counseled little, blonde Genevieve, her faithful follower, to remain silent as the grave on this most unfortunate subject. To her companions, therefore, whenever nationality was touched upon, as it was constantly, Susy Gilvarry had proclaimed herself of Irish descent.

But the day of reckoning came. One fine morning the geography teacher, in order to whip up interest, introduced a diversion in the lesson. She stood before a map of the world and a smaller one of the United States, and spoke these words:

"To-day, children, I am going to make each one of you see on the map the very spot where each was born. You will rise in turn, name the country and the town or village, and then come down and find it for me on the map. We will begin with Harriet, at the head, and go all along the lines. Now then, Harriet, rise. In what country were you born?"

If Doom in black draperies had actually entered the room and pointed a bony finger at Susy Gilvarry, terror more dire could not have seized her. A sickly, icy sweat came out all over her. Her mind was like a rowboat whirling, unmanageable, in a current. She was midway in the class; and as she waited, oozing terror, she listened to the first half-dozen. Oh, if there might be another like herself from whom the secret of Irish birth would be wrested!

One Celt—just one!

What country? The United States came time after time; France once, Canada twice, Cuba once; then more states of the Union. *No one seemed ever to have heard of Ireland!* Susy noticed how gladly and glibly they all answered. But when *her* turn came—*What country? . . . Ireland*—she could fancy the sensation! She felt in advance the humiliation of being unmasked before them—she who had talked so volubly of "descent"—*if she confessed.*

Ah, there lay a possible escape! Need the awful fact be stated? She groped for a way out. But she was so nervous she could not think up anything really finished. She might have given the New England college town as a birthplace, but in her confusion she did not think of it. Besides, there was grace enough in her to shrink from such a hard, cold fraud.

She inclined to a middle course—a half lie that would sustain her and yet not make her an utter Judas to the little, green island so beloved by her parents.

The ordeal was only two pupils from her, and still she had thought of nothing to say. In fact, she heard her name actually called before the saving inspiration burst upon her. She trembled as she stood up.

"Now, Susy, in what country were you born?" the teacher asked.

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"I wasn't born in any country," said Susy, and a nervous spasm in her throat made a loud gulping sound in the still room.

"What do you mean? You must have been born in *some* country."

Susy could feel the astonishment and breathless attention of the class; the twenty-six girls seemed to have one big Eye, and it was fastened on her. This made her put fear from her; and a latent histrionic ability—which was really her Irish heritage, had she but known it—nerved her to soar to undreamed-of heights.

"No, Miss Thurlow, I wasn't born in any country," said Susy, "because I was born on the high seas."

She heard a ripple go over the class. The teacher's interest became enthusiastic. "What?" she said, with a surprised smile. "Upon the high seas? Is it possible?"

Success warmed Susy's body, which had been so cold. And how easy it had been! Just a few words—and besides saving herself she had become a heroine. She was about to sit down, suffused in a triumphant glow; but the teacher's next words made her waver and then grow rigid.

"But nevertheless, Susy, you *do* belong to a country. Now listen, children, for this is most interesting. Here is Susy Gilvarry, born on the high seas, who thinks she has no country. I am going to show you how and why she is mistaken. We are now going to discover to exactly what country Susy Gilvarry belongs, although she was born on the vast ocean."

To Susy these words seemed to tell of nothing less than a clairvoyant power that would enable the teacher to *look into her* and see the word IRELAND in her mind in big, green capitals. She stood like a block, her face gray.

"Now then, Susy," said the smiling inquisitor, "under what flag did the ship sail? . . . You see, children?—*the ship's flag makes that ship belong to that country.* What flag, Susy?"

"It didn't have any flag," was all Susy could think of to say.

"But it must have had one, my dear. Every ship that sails carries the flag of its country."

Had Susy known that all things Irish were included in what was English—flags as well as politics—she might still have won. But before her tortured, inward sight a bright green square with an orange harp upon it waved mockingly. The strain would probably have ended in a storm of nervous tears had not a chance for salvation suddenly appeared to her active mind.

"You must have heard your parents say from where they sailed; and that is the country to which you belong. Every ship has its country."

"No, ma'am," said Susy, feeling suddenly weak from relief; "this one hadn't, because it was a *pirate ship*."

This produced a dramatic sensation in the class. One girl called out "Oo!" rapturously. Susy would again have felt herself a huge success except for Teacher. Teacher was acting queerly. She had grown quiet. She had stopped smiling. She put her finger to the side of her lip in a thoughtful, *sarcastic* way she had when things disgusted her.

"A pirate ship?" Miss Thurlow said musingly. "I suppose your parents had been on a frigate and the pirates scuttled it with cutlasses, and took them both prisoners?"

Susy had nothing to say to this.

"And were you by any chance—a little later in your career—a castaway upon a desert island?" Miss Thurlow continued, her brows lifted.

Still Susy said nothing.

"That will do," said Miss Thurlow. "I wish to speak to you—alone—after the lesson."

Recess followed. The others filed out.

"That ridiculous story was a lie, Susy. Why did you tell it?" Miss Thurlow asked sadly.

"I don't like where I was born. It's a secret," Susy faltered in a quiver of anguish. "I don't want any one *ever* to know!"

"You can tell *me* — confidentially." Teacher's eyes were dove-like gray ones that called for faith.

"Ireland—Dublin," Susy said, and wept aloud.

"But why should you deny that?" Miss Thurlow asked, amazed.

"Because little children can only be Irish *descent*, or fun is made of them!"

"And to avoid the criticism of ignorant little girls you told this falsehood! Why not help your companions to a more intelligent opinion of Ireland by saying: 'Here I am, a nice little girl, a truthful one, a clever one, and *I* was born there.' Your lie might amuse me by its absurdity, Susy, if it did not make

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"SHE SAID THERE WAS SOMETHING STRANGE AND SAD ABOUT ME AND THAT UNLESS I WAS VERY CAREFUL I WAS FATED TO MEET SOME AWFUL DOOM."

me sad, for I have noticed that it is hard for you ever to tell the exact truth. I must find a way to correct you. You may go."

The next morning in the first mail Mrs. Gilvarry received a letter from the teacher. It told about the pirate ship, asking that nothing be said of her talk with Susy, which had been a confidence. But she dwelt on the child's constant exaggerations and of the ease with which she could coin a lie.

"In fact, dear Mrs. Gilvarry," Miss Thurlow concluded, "I fear I must tell you that Susy really seems to enjoy manufacturing an untruthful statement, and will fit its corners and embroider its edges amazingly 'while you wait.' Either she will one day write fiction, or she is one of those natural liars to whom truth is unattractive."

The letter troubled Mrs. Gilvarry deeply. The charge, added to her own recent dis-

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coveries about Susy's deliberate fabrications, became a serious thing. She went to the children's playroom and sat down to think. As she rocked there, her hand like a cup holding her chin, she was unconsciously gazing at Susy's tiny desk and chair, where she studied her lessons and where she would also sit with curved back and head bent almost to her arm, scribbling feverishly for hours at a time.

Pensively Mrs. Gilvarry crossed to the desk and lifted the ink-splotched and knife-nicked cover. She saw heaps of papers covered with spelling and grammar lessons, all in Susy's round, heavily shaded writing. There was also a much-handled copy-book in a leather cover. She lifted this aimlessly, and while thinking in a tender, troubled way of her child, twinkled the leaves.

One glance told her this was not a lesson book—that here Susy had been writing out of herself. Her interest grew. Down in one corner she saw these words:

Susan Gilvarry
S. Ruby Gilvarry
S. Pearl "
S. Gladys "
S. Floribel "
S. Eulalie "

On the next page she was further entertained:

POETRY BY S. GLADYS GILVARRY

Said the things that are not
To the things that be—
"I am not a bit like you, my dear,
And you are not a bit like me.
The things that *are not* are like fairies
In the moonlight white.
They make lovely songs in Gladys's head
They make lovely songs at night.
But things that *be* are very different,
For they are like *school*, and *going to bed!*"

Mrs. Gilvarry's fingers trembled; her face had grown very bright. She turned more pages and came upon:

THE SAD HISTORY OF FLORIBEL LEE

Floribel was the daughter of an earl and she lived in a lovely house with big lions on each side of the gate. She was very beautiful, with hair of gold and eyes of blue, and every one loved her. One day she was stolen by gipsies. This was a terrible thing to happen to poor Floribel. Her mother happening to stroll past the gipsies' camp happened to see Floribel who ran to meet her with her arms all wide outstretched. Then the gipsies stole her mother. They would of stolen the earl if they could of got him but the earl being afraid of the gipsies was shut up in a high turret. Well the gipsies took F and her mother away in a big ship they knew not where and then something terrible happened. The ship was chased by pirates and F and her mother was taken on board the pirate king's ship. This was also a terrible thing——

Mrs. Gilvarry laughed out like a girl and pressed the smudgy copy-book to her heart. Tears were in her eyes as, still smiling, she opened it again and read of the further misfortunes that befell the ill-fated Floribel.

"She lives 'the things that are not.' She *writes* them. And that's why she tells them," the mother thought.

She recalled the last words in the teacher's letter: "Either she will one day write fiction, or she is one of those natural liars to whom truth is unattractive."

"She is not," said Mrs. Gilvarry aloud, and ecstatically kissed three inky thumb-smudges in succession. "She is *not*."

Susy was placed to her mother's satisfaction as a novelist in embryo; still, she felt that the child's creative hunger must be kept from falsifying her actual life. "She will be misunderstood, you see," she said to her husband later, after he had read the teacher's note. "We must end this."

Mr. Gilvarry was smiling tenderly. "Her inventive talent only needs directing," he insisted. "We must not try to kill it. Let me have a try at her, my dear."

On the next Saturday afternoon, as he rose from luncheon a little ahead of the others, he said to Susy: "In about half an hour I want to talk to you in the study."

Talks in the study were always kindly but decisive secret tribunals for misdeeds, so Susy answered him only by a stretched, scared look, and her fork lay idle, even upon a chocolate éclair.

But oh, the difference, as she entered the sedate room later! She was greeted by the words: "I need your help about something, my dear." No grown person had ever said such a thing to Susy Gilvarry before.

As her father settled her comfortably in the biggest chair, she had a most *scrumptious* feeling, and every moment of that wonderful hour, as he took her into his confidence, deepened this into a joy past belief. He told her that when very young he had wanted to write stories, but had stopped trying because he found his more serious and profitable bent was for mathematics. However, he wished he could revive through some one else's observing eyes some of the real, vital impressions that in his busy life escaped him. He believed his daughter could help him, because he felt that some

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day she was going to write the stories that he had longed to write.

This shattered Susy's silence. "I'm writing one *now!*" she said in a hollow voice. "It's about Indians and settlers——"

"Ah, but that's not what I mean, my dear," her father said gravely. "That's *making up* things. Time enough for you to do that when your mind is stored with impressions from actual experience. Now, see here—I want you to begin a series of little paragraphs, describing, for instance, a rainy street in the twilight; a sunset over the chimneys; the queer people you pass in the streets; what your dog does; just how you feel on Monday morning when school begins again——"

"Oh, I could write *that*," Susy said with an eloquent look and a large sigh. "Empty and cold inside, but saying to yourself that all the other girls *got to go, too*, and that anyway it'll be nicer by Tuesday——"

"Splendid!" her father exclaimed triumphantly. "You've made me remember just how I used to feel on Monday when I was a little boy. Write me *true* things like that—in *this*."

Before her amazed and enraptured eyes he held up a good-sized blank book bound in pliable, scarlet morocco, and with these words in silver capitals cut into the leather:

THE BOOK OF TRUTH
BY
SUSY GILVARRY

"Take it, my little daughter," her father said as he kissed her very tenderly. "After your lessons are finished and you feel a wish to write, describe in this book your impressions of what you see and know. Write only of the *truth*, Susy. After a month let me see the book. In order to talk over what you've done we'll go for a holiday by ourselves, in a hansom, and have lunch in some bright, pretty place."

"Just us two?"—and she hugged her book.

"You and I," said her father.

Charlotte Harding Jones

"HER CRITICAL FACULTY WILL SHARPEN AMAZINGLY, AND SHE'LL WRITE US UP—JUST AS WE ARE!"

When the month was up, Susy's father and mother bent over her book of truth. It was almost half-filled with immaculately written paragraphs, of which the following are samples:

Our dog lies in the sun and does not do a single thing. Only his ears jump sometimes. His hair is wavy like the sea would look if the waves didn't jounce around. I would like to tell that our house got on fire and that he saved Genevieve in his teeth. But this is not so. This is all the truth about our dog I'm sorry to say.

The Italian man that has the fruit-stand near our school has a purple face, like a grape. The wind makes sawdust stick in his hair and he warms his hands in the hot peanuts. He has round features and once I saw him on Sunday in a plaid suit with brass buttons on the velvet vest. I was very surprised. He plays the accordion.

My father is a very fine man. I heard the minister say so. The minister is tall and wears a little, round hat and has a cold generally but not always. He has six children. Two died and before that he had eight. I would not call the minister's feet small but his mouth is littler than mine.

They laughed over this description of the new minister. "Well," Mr. Gilvarry said, "I think I've got her going with her searchlight out for truth. But I warn you—we'd better walk a straight line. Her critical faculty will sharpen amazingly, and she'll write us up—*just as we are!*"

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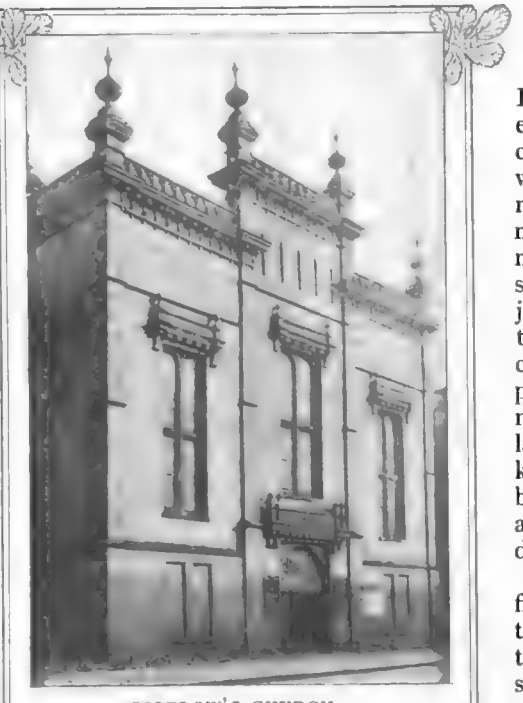
OHIO WIDE AWAKE

by

FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE

THE people of Ohio went to the polls the other day and set themselves free.

We used to think of Ohio as one of the "safe, sane, and conservative" states—like Russia, for instance, or Delaware, or—I was going to say China, but there wouldn't be enough contrast. For China has waked up, and that's what has just happened in Ohio.



BIGELOW'S CHURCH.

They laid their irreverent hands on the sacred constitution of their state, those Ohio people did, ripped up the seams, took it apart, threw away all the crinoline and passementerie and other frills and furbelows of the fashions of 1851, and remodeled it into a garment that enables Ohio for the first time in many years to hold up her head in good society—in the society of free states, such as Oregon and California, Montana and Utah and Colorado and South Dakota, Oklahoma, Missouri, Arkansas, and Maine.

For what makes these states free—what has given their people a larger power of self-government than the other states have—is the Initiative and Referendum. And what Ohio did on September 3, 1912, was to put the Initiative and Referendum into its constitution, along with a lot of other modern improvements, such as municipal home rule, simplification of the judicial machinery, taxation reforms, compulsory direct primaries, and permission to the legislature to pass all kinds of laws for the betterment of social and economic conditions.

But they did infinitely more than that. They moved the new American spirit another square eastward on the checkerboard of the map.

Forty-one amendments, in all, the people of Ohio voted on, and adopted most of them. Some desirable reforms were defeated; but at the same time the voters gave the people of Ohio, for all time to come, the power to put woman suffrage, prohibition—whatever new things a new generation with new thoughts may want—into their constitution whenever the common thought is educated up to the new ideas. And that is more important than any one reform or any dozen of reforms, for it is fundamental and basic

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and lies at the bottom of all true reforms—the insistence upon and resumption by a free people of the right to govern themselves.

They may never have to use this newly-gained power, but *they've got it.* That's the big thing—the fact that Ohio has done what eleven other states had done before her and what the people of four more are voting on this month of November.

Why, at this rate it won't be long before the whole United States is a really self-governing nation, for the first time in its history! We'll all be "safe, sane, and progressive" if we don't watch out.

You know about the Initiative and Referendum, of course. It is the little joker that lets any reasonably large group of voters lay a proposal to change the constitution before all the people of the state to be voted on—submit it without intervention of legislatures, courts, or other hired men. Then, if a majority of the people vote for it, that's all there is to it—it's in the constitution, and the supreme court is bound to respect it just as much as it respects anything else in the constitution. That is what the people of Ohio adopted, and now they can get anything else they really want. You see how that works out, of course. And they also adopted the *legislative* Initiative and Referendum, which applies to statute laws.

They have the right of petition in Ohio, just as in every other state. The people can send petitions to the Legislature—and the Legislature can pigeonhole them. I saw one with nearly half a million names on it come to the General Assembly—and the General Assembly just laughed. Now, the legislative Initiative is a sort of sublimated petition—a petition with teeth in it, as it were. It says to the Legislature, in substance:

"We would like to have you pass this bill, but if you don't, we reserve the right to submit it to the voters of the state."

That's one angle of the legislative Initiative that has been found a mighty effective means of making the public's hired men pay some attention to their jobs. And the other phase of it fixes it so that laws enacted by the hired men in the Legislature do not take effect until the people have had time to decide whether they are fair and just. Then, if they are not satisfied, they can file their little petition with the Secretary of State and give every voter in the state a chance to

HENRY P. HUNT, MAYOR OF CINCINNATI, WHO BROKE THE COX-BERNARD MACHINE.

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say whether he agrees with the petitioners or with the Legislature. And if the voters don't like the law, it isn't a law.

That's what they put into the constitution of Ohio. The poor old thing was over sixty years old, anyway—a ripe old age for a constitution even if, as Dr. Osler claims, it is just the age when a healthy man ought to be at the height of his powers. (Yes, that's what Dr. Osler *said*.) You see, the older a man gets, the more he knows; but the older a constitution gets, the less it knows, because men can adjust themselves to changing conditions, but there isn't any way a constitution can do that unless the people can get at it and change it as fast as conditions change.

And Ohio's old constitution was one of those solid, substantial, cast-iron documents, such as the politicians whom we now refer to reverently as "the fathers" used to hammer out and carefully tie up in red tape so nobody could readily alter them in any fundamental way. That used to be the way they built constitutions. And that is the frame of mind in which many grave and learned persons still approach a constitution.

To people who believe that all the wisdom of the ages was vested in the politicians of the past, it is a very shocking thing to suggest that just common, ordinary voters should have power to change their constitution at will. But that is exactly what they have done in Ohio. They have made it an instrument for the expression of whatever ideals of righteousness and justice and liberty the people may have progressed to at any particular time. They have, as it were, fixed the Bill of Rights so it will work.

You know the clause—something like it is in your constitution, too, whatever state you live in:

"All political power is inherent in the people. Government is instituted for their equal protection and benefit, and they have the right to alter, reform, or abolish the same, whenever they may deem it necessary."

But the men who wrote the Ohio constitution in 1851 tied the document up with red tape until it was impossible, or next to it, for the people to make any changes. And the courts and the bosses and the special interests, and everybody who didn't want the people to have anything to say about when and where and how they should be exploited, set the constitution up on a pedestal and called upon the people to bow down and worship it—which the people proceeded to do, just as they have done in your state and all the others from Maine to California; still are doing in most states.

They have waked up in Maine and California and the other states I have mentioned, and they have waked up in Ohio. Washington and Idaho and Wyoming and North Dakota are waking up—are all going to vote this month on whether they want to govern themselves through the Initiative and Referendum. And what makes it a vital question for *you* to consider is this:

In your state the great world movement for political freedom is seething and fermenting and ripening just as it is everywhere else, and you are going to be called on pretty soon to vote whether or not you want this new political weapon for you and your fellow-citizens to wield.

The great political battles of the future are going to be just like the great political battles of the past—battles between the Common Good and Special Privilege; between human rights and property rights, if you like to put it that way. In Ohio it was a square-cut issue between the Common Good and Special Privilege, and the Common Good won.

I might almost say Tom Johnson won, for Johnson was the first great leader in Ohio to trace the political wrongs of the people back to the constitution itself.

One morning in August, 1902, two visitors stood on the veranda of Mr. Johnson's house in Cleveland. One of them was August Lewis, to whom Henry George had dedicated his last book; the other a young preacher from Cincinnati, broad-shouldered, blond-haired, blue-eyed, boyish-looking, with an appealing smile and a stimulating hand-clasp. Mr. Johnson threw his arm affectionately around the young preacher's shoulders.

"Lewis," he said, "some day Bigelow and I are going to rewrite the constitution of the state of Ohio."

He did not live to see his prophecy fulfilled, but the young preacher, Herbert S. Bigelow, became president of the Constitutional Convention that ten years later gave the people of Ohio the right to adopt the Initiative and Referendum. I am going to tell you a great deal about Herbert Bigelow, because, until you know and understand

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HERBERT S. BIGELOW, THE PREACHER-PRESIDENT OF THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION THAT GAVE THE PEOPLE OF OHIO THE RIGHT TO SAY HOW THEY SHALL BE GOVERNED. THE DOMINANT PERSONALITY IN THIS STRUGGLE FOR MORE DEMOCRACY.

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him, you can not understand what lies behind the awakening in Ohio.

His story is the story of the inner life of the whole American people in these later years. It is the story of the spiritual unrest that is breaking the chains of barren creeds and worn-out dogmas. It is the story of the development of new political ideals and of the spirit in which men are acting all over this land in the effort to make these ideals realities—the truly religious spirit of the brotherhood of man. It is a story that has its bearing on the future of American politics for many years to come, and directly affects every one of you.

Herbert Bigelow is a rare combination of dreamer and doer—a poet by instinct, with the muscles of a miner. He was born in Elkhart, Indiana, January 4, 1870, and his father was a poor laborer named Seeley. His mother died when he was a baby. When he was eight he ran away to become a bootblack. At nine he ran away again and never went back. A kind-hearted Michigan farmer took him in and kept him for several years. Then he cut loose again and became

Photograph by Baker, Columbus, Ohio.

C. B. GALBREATH, FORMER STATE LIBRARIAN AND SECRETARY OF THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.

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a "bell-hop" in a Florida hotel. Wealthy guests, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Bigelow, saw him reading the Bible, found that he wanted an education, adopted him, gave him their name, and took him to their home in Cleveland. He went to Oberlin College, then to Western Reserve University, where he was graduated in 1894. He was a reporter on the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* for a year or so. Then he married an Oberlin classmate, Margaret Doane, and went to Cincinnati, to enter Lane Theological Seminary.

Photograph by Baker, Columbus, Ohio

E. W. DOTY, OF CLEVELAND, VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE CONVENTION AND FLOOR-LEADER OF THE "I. & R." GROUP.

While he studied theology Mrs. Bigelow studied medicine. They lived in a poor tenement and founded the first social settlement on the banks of the Ohio. Then the pulpit of old Vine Street Congregational Church fell vacant in 1896, and young Bigelow was chosen pastor.

More fully than any other institution in the whole Ohio Valley did the Vine Street Congregational Church typify the spirit of liberty and brotherhood in all its traditions. Not for nothing had it been termed "the Faneuil Hall of Cincinnati." Founded by a handful of devoted abolitionists as a protest against the pro-slavery sympathies of the Cincinnati Presbytery, every stone in its massive walls was a monument to the very spirit of freedom. Nor had the faith of its founders failed to justify itself by works. It was the southern terminal of the "underground railroad" over which fugitive slaves were transported from Kentucky to Lake Erie and thence to Canada and liberty.

The new minister gloried in these traditions of liberty. Here was the same trap-door above the organ loft, where fleeing slaves were hid; here the old back door where fugitives were smuggled out under the noses of the sheriffs. He was soon to learn, however, that not all of his flock shared the ideals that clustered about the old church.

Dwight L. Moody, the evangelist, came to Cincinnati for a series of "revival" meetings. A negro was one of his converts, and Moody sent him to the Vine Street Church. But for this seeming accident there might be no story of liberty for me to tell now. As it happened, it was the point from which began a complete revolution in Bigelow's career. For when the application of this

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Photograph by Baker, Columbus, Ohio.

ATLEE POMERENE, UNITED STATES SENATOR AND A DEMOCRAT, SPELLED WITH A SMALL "D."

intelligent negro for membership came before the church body, it was opposed—and among the leaders of the opposition were descendants of a Kentucky slaveholder and his slave mistress, who had become controlling factors in the management of the church.

Bigelow denounced those who would trample under foot all the traditions of the old church, and the negro was admitted. He had tact enough to withdraw immediately, but the incident set the young minister to thinking. If those who called themselves Christians could so completely fail to grasp the teachings of the gentle Man of Galilee, he concluded there was something wrong, either with Christianity or with the way in which Christianity had been applied. More than sixty years the old church had stood there, and conditions in its neighborhood had been getting worse instead of better.

Long before he had found the answer, Bigelow began to gain local fame as an orator. New members began to come in, attracted by his personality. His enemies in the congregation, after carrying on a

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GEORGE W. HARRIS, A CINCINNATI BUSINESS MAN WHO RETIRED AT FORTY-FIVE TO DEVOTE THE REST OF HIS LIFE TO UNPAID LABOR FOR THE COMMON GOOD.

long series of persecutions, retired from the church, his powers grew, and the old church took on new life; but the young minister was not satisfied. All that the church was doing seemed to him merely palliative. He felt that there must be a better way to make the ideal of brotherhood a reality.

One October day in 1897, George Von Auer, one of the new members, burst into the minister's study and threw himself upon a lounge, weeping.

"Henry George is dead," he sobbed.

That the printer-philosopher, whose writings Bigelow had been taught to believe were unsound, could gain such a hold upon his disciples that his death seemed a personal bereavement, was a revelation to Bigelow. He reread "Progress and Poverty," and began to see that the only thing of any consequence the rich can do for the poor, is, as Tolstoy says, "to get off their backs."

"I came to the conclusion, about which I now have not the slightest doubt," he said, telling me of his conversion, "that the world is suffering more from the lack of a social conscience and a sound political

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economy than from the lack of agencies to give aid and comfort to the victims of social wrongs; that freedom of opportunity is the brand of charity that is needed.

"I saw, at last, that religion has vastly more to do with the question of wages than with the question of the Trinity. I saw more religion in the Declaration of Independence than in all the creeds. I began to realize that unless the church substituted for lifeless doctrines the doctrine of the sovereignty of the people and made it her business to guard popular liberties against the encroachments of subsidized politics, her name would become the synonym for treason and her doors the gates of hell."

BIGELOW'S NEW VIEW OF RELIGION

No man was ever converted to a new doctrine in a minute. First comes intolerance of the new truth, merely because it is new; then impatience at one's inability to ignore it; then the admission that there may be something in it. The only sudden thing about any genuine change of heart is the suddenness with which the final complete acceptance possesses one. And suddenly the new conception of religion took possession of Bigelow. Protest against conditions that made poverty replaced his efforts to ameliorate the condition of the poor.

The Single Tax appeared to be one way out. Before long, he saw what U'Ren and his Single Taxers in Oregon had seen—that the way to get the Single Tax, and incidentally to get complete popular liberty, was through the Initiative and Referendum. It became the goal of his efforts. In 1899 the idea of direct legislation was introduced to the people of Ohio by the Union Reform Party—a little group of enthusiasts—with the Initiative and Referendum as the only plank in its platform—and Bigelow went out and stumped the state for the "I. & R."

Once one begins to admit the essential truth of the Declaration of Independence, one can not remain silent in the face of any sort of oppression. The new vision of human liberty as the most sacred thing in the universe led Bigelow irresistibly into the anti-Imperialist ranks. His protest against the exploitation of the Filipinos echoed across the continent and drew to him a new following who agreed with his declaration:

"It is not for us to decide whether a people are ready for self-government. It is for them to decide what sort of government they want."

The meetings of protest in the old church revived the spirit of its abolitionist founders. The young minister who had dared to voice his belief in the Jeffersonian doctrine that "all governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed" became the target for denunciation from sources that had not before noticed him. Anti-Imperialists from Boston to Seattle sent for him to address mass-meetings. President McKinley sent Murat Halstead, official press-agent of the Philippine Commission, to answer Bigelow's charges in Bigelow's own church.

Reared in the Republican tradition, Bigelow found it hard to tear away from the party that had been founded on human liberty. There were tens of thousands who, like him, could not tolerate the Hannaized Republicanism of the McKinley administration, but were as yet unwilling to accept the Democratic party name. These men called a national convention, the significance of which future political historians must recognize in tracing the beginning of the breaking down of party lines which is the most obvious political phenomenon of 1912—the Silver Republican Convention of 1900. It met at Kansas City on the Fourth of July and nominated William J. Bryan for President and Charles A. Towne of Minnesota for Vice-President. Free silver was far less the principle that drew these former Republicans together than the spirit of liberty, which they felt the party of their old allegiance had outraged.

Bigelow offered the opening prayer—a prayer that was headlined in the anti-Imperialist press like the report of a railroad wreck. "A thrilling convention!" screamed the Duluth *Tribune* in big black letters. "A Prayer as was a Prayer!—And one which it would seem that the Almighty really ought to answer! Nearly two thousand people give its author a rising vote of thanks!"

There was nothing irreverent in such enthusiasm. It reflected the spirit of those whose protest Bigelow had voiced. For in his prayer he had laid down the new political creed that is the dominant issue in American politics to-day. It expressed everything that the militant soldiers of the Common Good, in whatever party, are fighting for in this year of grace 1912.

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Something else happened at Kansas City that had an even more profound influence on Bigelow's later career. He met Tom Johnson, who was a delegate to the Democratic National Convention. The two men took an instant liking to each other. Both were followers of Henry George, and each had pledged his life to fundamental reform. The friendship begun that day was more than a political alliance. It was a spiritual bond that lasted until Johnson's death.

Johnson encouraged Bigelow to go into politics. Bigelow's congregation agreed with him that it had become their duty as a church to take a militant hand in the war on fundamental wrongs. Religion in the old sense was no longer the test for membership in the Vine Street Church. Every one who wanted to help make the world a better place to live in was welcome. Men who had never had any religious training came in. There was still a formal process of questioning, since abandoned, before these novices could be enrolled. One earnest fellow, a real brother of all mankind, as evidenced by the emblems of fraternal orders with which he was garnished, passed the ordeal creditably until, at a pause in the examination, he inquired with perfect gravity and all sincerity: "Well, where's your goat?" He became one of the wheelhorses in the work the Vine Street Church set out to do.

So did Daniel Kiefer, the Jewish clothing merchant, who, hearing Bigelow speak at an anti-Imperialist meeting, went to the Sunday-night meetings at Vine Street, heard about the Single Tax, "saw the cat," and gave himself thenceforward, body and soul and pocketbook, to the cause of humanity —Daniel Kiefer, now chairman of the Joseph Fels Fund Commission of America and an acknowledged leader of the Single Taxers of the whole world.

It was not difficult for Bigelow to get permission from a congregation like this to leave the pulpit to make political speeches, as he did in 1900. During his absence Mrs. Bigelow herself often preached; at other times volunteer speakers, clerical and unordained, discussed religion, politics, economics, and sociology from the venerable pulpit. The Sunday-evening meetings at Vine Street became a center of new political thought, greatly to the indignation of "Vox Populi," "Constant Reader," and the other hoary anonymities who voice the rage of conservatism whenever a new prophet arises to restate the old truths.

In 1902 Tom Johnson asked Bigelow to lead the fight against the Democratic wing of Boss Cox's bipartisan Cincinnati machine. When the primary results were announced the Bigelow ticket had carried the county. Bigelow himself was named to head the Democratic state ticket, as candidate for Secretary of State. The campaign was the most spectacular Ohio had ever seen. Johnson took the stump, carrying his famous "circus tent" around the state. Thousands of people who never had attended a political meeting went to hear him. The "Red Devil-wagon" in which he and Bigelow rode was the first automobile many of the country folk had ever seen. They did not win, but they sowed the gospel of the new politics—the idea of self-government instead of government by Privilege—in many fields where it took root and later flourished exceedingly.

OHIO'S TEN YEARS AT SCHOOL

Then followed ten years of almost ceaseless labor for the cause of popular government. Johnson and Bigelow managed to get the Initiative and Referendum written into the Democratic party platform of 1903 —and were defeated. By 1905 it had become easier to get the indorsement of a great party for the new idea, though there were still those who regarded it as "communistic." Moreover, the Legislature elected that year was pledged, three-fifths of both houses, to submit the question of the "I. & R." to the people. Both houses did pass a resolution, but the Senate worded it one way and the House another and the conference committee killed it—demonstrating exactly the need for the thing they were trying to suppress.

Education was what was needed—education that would reach every voter in the state and show him that he could not be free until he was in control of his own government. Bigelow gave himself heart and soul to this work. He organized a Direct Legislation League, with Tom L. Johnson as president and George W. Harris, a Cincinnati business man who had retired at forty-five to devote the rest of his life to unpaid labor for the Common Good, as treasurer and principal financial backer.

The farmers began to see it. The labor

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organizations became enthusiastic. The next Legislature had eighty out of one hundred and twenty-one members of the lower house pledged to the "I. & R.," and Frederic C. Howe, now director of the People's Institute of New York, then an Independent Republican senator and one of Johnson's right-hand men, got the resolution through the Senate. The House took no chances—pledged members violated their pledges, and again the new idea was delayed.

Every defeat was a gain, however, for the fights in the Legislature focused public attention on Bigelow and the Initiative and Referendum. In 1908 the Democratic party indorsed it again—and both sessions of the next General Assembly defeated it. It was disheartening. Johnson, stricken with a fatal illness, could no longer lead. Bigelow, distrustful of his own leadership after so many failures, announced his intention to retire from politics. He wanted to approach the problem in another way and to organize all the people into centers of discussion and debate until the popular demand for reform became irresistible.

BIGELOW'S "TOWN-MEETING SOCIETY"

Bigelow proposed to the congregation of the Vine Street Church that they should sell the church building and with the income of the proceeds pay his very moderate salary and something toward the expense of organizing a Social Center movement in Cincinnati, modeled along the lines of the Social Centers that were just reaching the height of their activity and influence in Rochester. And for a pulpit he proposed the stage of the Cincinnati Grand Opera-House. The congregation agreed, the church property was sold, the opera-house engaged for Sunday afternoons, and as an auxiliary to the church Bigelow formed a "town-meeting society."

The essence of the Social Center idea is the opening of the schoolhouses as meeting-places for the discussion of public affairs. When Bigelow's town-meeting society went to the school board and laid the plan before that body, it got a blunt refusal even to consider such a project. This in itself was not a very big thing, but it was the spark that kindled the conflagration that has just burned away the restrictions on popular government in Ohio.

The Cincinnati school board was the personal property of the boss, and every effort to take it out of the hands of the boss had failed because of the constitution of the State of Ohio. One Legislature had enacted a law providing for the election of the Cincinnati school board by the citizens as a whole. But the boss's courts had declared the law unconstitutional on the ground that it did not apply to all the cities in the state. So the old boss-controlled board, with a member from each ward, had been reestablished. Efforts to enact a law that would pass the constitutional test failed because the people of a few dozen other cities were not interested.

When Bigelow found that the Constitution of Ohio stood in the way of even such a simple right as the use of the schoolhouses by the owners of the schoolhouses, he changed his mind about getting out of politics and got in again. The constitution of Ohio permits the General Assembly, once every twenty years, if it desires, to permit the people to call a convention to revise the constitution. The question had been submitted just twice. In 1870 the people had called a convention but rejected the constitution it drafted. In 1890 they voted not to call a convention. The third twenty-year period was at hand.

"Let's call a constitutional convention," said Bigelow. His congregation and the members of the town-meeting society agreed. They talked about the plan to other associations and organizations and discovered a surprising number of people who had grievances against the constitution. Folks who had tried to better conditions in hundreds of different ways had found themselves up against the constitution, and when that document couldn't be twisted to block the wheels of progress the supreme court had sometimes fallen back on the Ordinance of 1787, enacted by Congress for the government of the Northwest Territory. One did not have to be an advocate of the Initiative and Referendum to agree that it would be a good thing to take advantage of the psychological moment and revise the constitution of Ohio. The Legislature that met in 1910, the same that a year before had defeated the Initiative and Referendum, agreed to let the people call a constitutional convention, if they wanted it.

They did want it—voted for it more than ten to one, in the fall of 1910. And this

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time, when Bigelow and his friends and the friends of the "I. & R." went to the Legislature with a request, it was granted. They asked—as a measure to keep the constitutional convention out of the hands of the bosses and the special interests—that provision should be made for the nomination of delegates to the convention only by petition, and that they should be voted for on separate ballots, without party classification.

For the first time in Ohio it became possible to conduct a campaign without party labels. In April, 1911, soon after Tom Johnson's death, Bigelow called together at Columbus a little group of Initiative and Referendum enthusiasts and organized the Ohio Progressive Constitution League. The president was Brand Whitlock, Mayor of Toledo. Bigelow was its secretary and the principal field worker.

Group after group of Ohio voters fell into line for the Initiative and Referendum. More than a thousand organizations, ranging in importance all the way down from the great Cleveland Chamber of Commerce to the smallest local grange, indorsed the progressive platform. The powerful papers of the Scripps-McRae League lined up behind Bigelow and hammered home the doctrine of self-government in daily broadsides. In every county candidates bound by written pledge to the League's platform were nominated by the progressives.

The special interests, awake to their danger, organized in the Ohio State Board of Commerce, and gave battle. The Board levied an assessment of one-tenth of a mill in the dollar on the capital of every privileged corporation and sent tons of "boiler-plate" to the rural press. And in every county the special interests nominated their "conservative" candidates.

But when the people of Ohio voted on November 7, 1911—smashing the Cox-Bernard machine in Cincinnati, restoring Johnson's followers to power in Cleveland, and upsetting Privilege's apple-cart in many other cities—they declared with no uncertain voice that the platform of the Progressive Constitution League suited them, for out of the one hundred and nineteen delegates, picked out one by one on the ballots by the voters, sixty-one were those who had signed the League's pledge and nearly a score more had openly declared themselves in favor of its principles.

The convention was a continuous battle. Bigelow was its president, and strong men from every corner of the state held up his hands. In the end they won—won the privilege of submitting the Initiative and Referendum to the voters of Ohio—and the voters, eager to gain control of their government, voted the new weapon into their own hands and set Ohio free.

Bigelow will be elected to the Legislature in November—he will be elected to many higher offices if he lives. He is forty-two, looks thirty, has the constitution of twenty, and has proved himself a leader of men. He isn't bothering about the future, though—merely preaching every Sunday to a congregation that fills the Grand Opera House.

But the big thing—the thing that interests you and me—is that conservative old Ohio dared to wrench itself free from the grip of dead men's hands and to contemplate its constitution from the point of view of its usefulness to the people of to-day, as something to be "scrapped" like any other piece of worn-out, antiquated machinery. That is the hopeful message for the rest of us. Ohio awakened to the truth of the Declaration of Independence, the truth that Mark Twain's "Connecticut Yankee" expressed:

> You see, my kind of loyalty was loyalty to one's country, not to its institutions or its office-holders. The country is the real thing, the substantial thing, the eternal thing; it is the thing to watch over and care for and be loyal to; institutions are extraneous. They are its mere clothing, and clothing can wear out, become ragged, cease to be comfortable, cease to protect the body from winter, disease and death. To be loyal to rags, to shout for rags, to worship rags, to die for rags—that is a loyalty of unreason; it is purely animal; it belongs to monarchy, was invented by monarchy; let monarchy keep it. I was from Connecticut, whose constitution declares that "all political power is inherent in the people, and all free governments are founded on their authority and instituted for their benefit; and that they have at all times an undeniable and indefeasible right to alter their form of government in such a manner as they may think expedient."
>
> Under that gospel, the citizen who thinks he sees that the commonwealth's political clothes are worn out, and yet holds his peace and does not agitate for a new suit, is disloyal; he is a traitor. That he may be the only one who thinks he sees the decay does not excuse him; it is his duty to agitate anyway, and it is the duty of the others to vote him down if they do not see the matter as he does.

What sort of rags is *your* state wearing?
What is *your* church doing about it?
What are *you* doing?

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LITTLE STORIES OF REAL LIFE

JUST ACROSS THE FERRY

BY ROBERT CARLTON BROWN

THE Pompillis lived on Sullivan Street in three unheated rooms at sixteen dollars a month. To the Pompillis, flats in New York naturally fell into two classes: sixteen-dollar ones on dark, drear air-shafts, for poor people like themselves, who had been attracted by the promised glitter of America and had found it lusterless; and twenty-dollar ones, which were preempted by lucky liquor-dealers on Bleecker Street who had stumbled on something of the fortune America promises. These at $240 a year had windows looking into the squalid street; and between ten and twelve, according to the time of year, the sun regularly looked in on the front rooms for a brief moment.

Papa Pompilli had come to America with a dozen neighbors from a sunny Italian slope where he had farmed, peacefully and successfully, but without content. Landing in the fairy palace of New York, he was immediately enchanted by the multitude of alluring prospects before him. The vending of clams on a push-cart had tempted him and he had chased after the fascinating rainbow.

At first it was deliriously intoxicating to be housed with his family in a neat niche on Sullivan Street; and each morning, as he went early to the Fulton fish-market to fill his push-cart with clams, he looked at the great buildings as he passed, realized they belonged to individuals, the citizens of New York, and dreamed of one day having one for himself.

Opening clams on street corners for passing customers appealed to him from the start as a nice, gentlemanly business, much more elegant than grubbing on a hillside with a blunt hoe. Slitting little lemons and passing out an eighth with each ten skilfully opened clams was delightful work, and then pocketing ten pennies in return for the favor was brilliantly satisfying. To stand master over a considerable property of clams rapidly turning to money gave one a decided puffing of importance.

But presently Papa Pompilli became dissatisfied with trade. He found that while the rush of business in America was tremendous and profits were big, it required more money just to live. He changed the location of his stand, bought cheaper wine and olive-oil for his family, and became one of the struggling flies caught in the web of New York.

At home he had saved; here it was impossible. He must buy heavy underwear to stand on the streets in winter, the children must have school-books, the wife acquired the expensive moving-picture-show and five-and-ten-cent-store habit. Rapidly the Pompilli family was approaching ruin.

Papa Pompilli gradually lost his illusions about the great future in clams on Bleecker Street; he began to think about Italy. He began to growl about the bosses in America. Possibly the thought of bombs and Black Hand letters was born in his mind during the struggle. But he fought it out, grumblingly. He had been lied to about this

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grand, free country. He had been imposed upon. America was a fine place for the rich who had nothing to do but go to the moving-picture show and hang around *Café de Sport*. But it was no place for a spirited vender of clams. Prices were too high, competition was too keen; there were so many other people who had been deluded by the promise of a free land, and who daily tried to dispel the delusion by practising sharp American methods.

As spring drew on, the clam-cart became a revolting, unromantic master. Pompilli could only pay his bills by it, and his breast was straitened with care, thoughts of home, dreams of sunny hillsides, of clear, unsmoked skies, and the simple country life. It might be all right for some to wear shoes every day and curl their mustachios between clam-customers; but the streets were dirty and people who did nothing but mouth clams were revolting.

He compared his lot with that of those luckless neighbors who had come with him. Pietro was finding seven dollars a week in a boot-blacking shop. Giovanni had become a progressive American Camorrist and always had time and money; but his position was hazardous, and Papa Pompilli was afraid of secret societies—their intrigues, their jealousies. Nick, the fool, had gone to scraping with a hoe out in a mosquito-infested New Jersey valley, and nothing had been heard from him, as was to be expected. Michele had caught on in Mulberry Street. He was importing groceries and beloved things from Italy, wrapping them in tin-foil and gaudy tissue and selling them easily at extortionate prices on fête days. Michele's wife and children were making paper flowers. It was current gossip among the Camorrists that Michele had two thousand dollars in the Bowery Savings Bank.

But poor Pasquale Pompilli, he had nothing but seven children, an expensive wife, sore feet from standing, and a decided distaste for clams.

He would go back to Italy broken, flat. He would flee from clams and delve in the ground forever in a restful country where salad could be had for the planting and picking, where chickens cost only the grain they gleaned from the fields, where a man could dance and sing and live in a house.

OPENING CLAMS ON STREET CORNERS FOR PASSING CUSTOMERS APPEALED TO HIM FROM THE START AS A NICE, GENTLEMANLY BUSINESS.

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But the will to go home and the way to get there are separate questions. Pompilli had no money, he had no way of getting money. Of course he had saved a little, but his wife had bought that beautiful purple punch-bowl at Christmas with its twelve dazzling cups dangling over the edge on twisted wires.

It had cost something to fill the bowl, so the showy Americanized Sullivan Streeters could drink the Pompillis' health and rightly realize their station.

He had bought a suit on Bayard Street for four dollars, and the rain had broken its spirit and stretched its seams. Life in New York with all its grand living in rooms with purple and saffron roses on the walls was hollow. He had found New York rotten at the core; he had scraped down to the essentials and learned that even the style of Grand Street is only a passing thing, spelling ruin for the flighty woman who lifts her head above Sullivan. He would go back home and get his radishes from the ground, not the push-cart; he would have his year's artichokes at the cost of two days' labor with a spade; he would never again wear a necktie and shoes except on Sunday.

He wrote home asking for a loan, then tore up the letter as he realized what a fortune is eighty-five dollars in Italy. He knew vaguely, too, that it was quite a fortune in New York, though Michele had paid as much for the privilege of sending out little boys with morning papers on an established news-route.

Would Michele lend him the money? Perhaps! He would ask. He would ask, knowing already that Michele was of the new order of things.

He did ask, and Michele said: "My good friend Pasquale, I would love to lend it to you, but the principle of my business, the corner-stone of my success, has been to make my money work for me. I have no current funds; but I can put you in the way of making a hundred dollars."

He spoke lightly in beautiful, flowing Italian, and Papa Pompilli followed his words suspiciously, feeling certain that he was being laughed at.

Michele grandly offered him the agency for his import goods in the Bleecker Street section. But that was too foreign and American an idea for Pompilli. He only shrugged his shoulders and grinned foolishly: "I can not sell candies and wine, I can not even sell clams; I have dug beet-roots and grown *dei cavoli* and *carciofo* all my life. I must go back to Italy where the sun shines and life is without a headache."

"Pasquale, you are a fool," said Michele in harsh Italian now, softened only by a friendly accent. "Go out to Coytesville or Newark and raise your cabbages and cauliflower where you can take them to New York, the biggest market in the world, where you can get the best prices in the world. I like this life on Mulberry. I am a city man, a merchant; you are a country man, a farmer. America is big; it is one thousand times bigger than Italy. It is one million times as rich and beautiful. There is room here and money here for all. Why stick in the slums! Go plant onions and spinach on Staten Island, or in Jersey. It is all fine, productive country. Beautiful hills. Beautiful——"

"Bah!" Pompilli cut him off with an angry hiss and an impatient gesture. "I hate America! It is cold, hard, dead. It squeezes the life out of you, like the juice from a lemon." He turned sharply away and rushed off home.

At home he found Pietro drinking beer with his wife and waiting for him with a letter in his grimy hand, shiny with the blacking he used.

"It is from Nick, the fool, and he asks you and Pietro to come out and see him where he is working in Jersey," Mrs. Pompilli explained.

"He is probably poor," answered Papa Pompilli with a sneer, "and he asks us to come, thinking he can borrow enough money to bring his family over to New York. The fool! Trying to grow things to eat on the rocks they have in this country!"

"No," spoke up Nick, "he says he has planted early lettuce, radishes, and dande-

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lion greens, some under glass, and he has already sold eight hundred dollars' worth, and it is hardly April."

"The fool! He lies!" answered Pompilli irritably.

"He says for us to come out and see for ourselves what a wonderful country."

"Bah!" cried Pompilli, drowning his doubt in the pitcher of beer.

But he thought it over silently during the chatter that night. If Nick had eight hundred dollars, no matter how he got it, he might borrow from him. Nick had always been a friendly, trusting, simple fellow. He would make the loan to his old friend Pasquale.

So Pasquale Pompilli wrote that he was coming and that Nick must meet him, because he would not know the streets in that Jersey place. The answer came that Nick would be on hand at the street-car Pasquale must take on the Jersey side, at noon, Sunday.

With the hope of a loan as his guiding star, Papa Pompilli set forth on Sunday, eyes down to avoid the disgusting, dingy artificiality and poverty of the streets through which he passed, his mind on Italy and her clear blue waters as he crossed the clay-puddled Hudson. He would not look out of the window even when the street-car climbed the Palisades and struck off into the country. New York was the only place in America, and knowing how bad that city was, he could easily imagine Jersey.

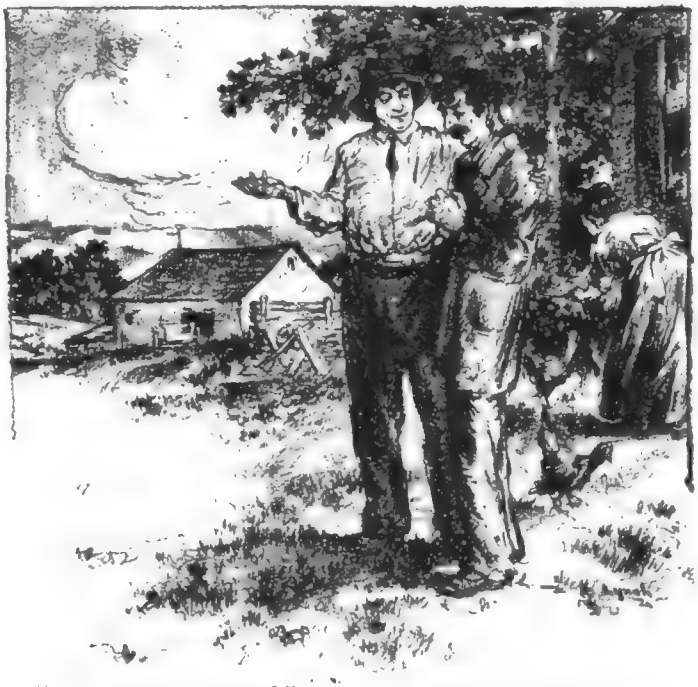
Staring stolidly at the wicker back of the seat ahead of him, Pasquale saw only the squat figures 100, with a fat dollar sign before them. If Nick would lend him that amount, or ninety even, then——

"Oh, look at that beautiful hillside, simply carpeted with flowers. Quick!" exclaimed a girl in the seat ahead of him, turning to glance back.

"It reminds me of Italy," replied her companion.

"That glimpse of water, too; those trees; those fertile farms—I never saw anything so picturesque through Lugano or Como."

"Are you sure you aren't prejudiced by that old fireplace sentiment, 'East or West,



"HOW YOU LIKE EET?" POMPILLI EXPLODED SEVERAL ADJECTIVES ENDING IN "*ISSIMO*" AND NICK BEAMED.

hame's best?'" smiled the other young woman.

"No. Really, I think the sweep of fields, the spring flowers, the houses—everything right here in Jersey is just as picturesque as anything I ever saw abroad."

"The farms are certainly superior to those little pocket-handkerchief patches on the other side," agreed her companion.

Pasquale emitted a "Bah!" and glanced challengingly through the window. A vast expanse of green cooled his eye. He caught a flitting glimpse of a truck farm—rows and rows of early vegetables, popping pertly through the black, rich soil. His obstinate head turned irresistibly. The car shot through other fields. He could see the greens, luxuriant, full, bursting from the ground in thick, well-ordered rows.

The sight was new to him. He felt a

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throb somewhere between his heart and his throat.

"Like Lugano," he admitted weakly to himself, knowing he lied.

His open-eyed stare betrayed him. He drank in the beauty, the freshness of the country; wondered at the fine horses prancing in the fields, marveled at the big barns and thrifty-looking houses.

The conductor called his station twice before he finally heard and clumped down the aisle in a panic, fearing he would miss Nick.

"Pasquale!" a red-cheeked countryman hailed him from a neat, roomy buggy, drawn by a striking team of deep-chested horses.

"Ah, Nick!" cried Pasquale, rushing into his arms and patting his back after the demonstrative Italian fashion. "Such a fine team! Your own?" he exclaimed in Italian, his eyes running eagerly over the shapely flanks as he took his seat beside Nick.

"Nothing like that in Palermo, eh?" cried Nick proudly, touching the flanks of his team with his whip. "I finished paying for them during the winter. Yes, they are mine."

As they drove along the country road Nick pointed out the fields of neighboring farmers; told how one had paid for his place with the crops of two years; how another made enough out of mustard greens alone to put up a new barn; how Solari, from their own countryside at home, had had much success with his hothouse cucumbers and was putting eighty acres into corn.

Pompilli was so absorbed in gathering the glowing details that he forgot entirely about the loan that had brought him out to hateful Jersey.

With a flourish Nick swung through his own gate and came to a stop beside a summer kitchen built during spare hours. "How you like eet?" he cried in English, sweeping his hand from the house to the barns and off into the fields of garden-truck.

Pompilli exploded several adjectives ending in "*issimo*", and Nick beamed. "After dinner I will show you how the American plow and cultivator work."

Pasquale bolted down a hearty farm meal, the best he had had since leaving Italy. The best he had ever had, he would have said, if his enthusiasm hadn't been tempered by a tinge of jealousy at Nick's sudden wealth.

But he forgot even envy in the childish delight he found, after dinner, in breaking ground with such a marvelous plow. He took off his shoes and followed in the fresh furrow, exclaiming, investigating, experimenting. The cultivator was a revelation, the weeder a triumph.

"It is a pleasure to farm with such tools!" he cried, just before supper-time. "It is like being a gentleman to sit in a chair and drive a pair of fine horses. It is not work to farm in America, as it is in our country."

He hardly stopped for supper. Rushing out into the open again, he called Nick to see the sunset. Over a beautiful, bountiful hillside on Nick's own property, he pointed out the great red disk descending through clear, unsmoked skies. Bowing his head, he repeated the evening prayer of the peasant for the first time since he had come to America; his breast broadened—he was a man again.

"I am not going home to-night," he said to Nick. "I will help you put the radishes and lettuce in bunches, and I will drive with you to market on the wagon in the morning."

Nick clasped his friend in his arms like a boy, pounding with rustic enthusiasm on his back.

They worked deftly by lantern light, with the help of three men, Mrs. Nick, and the older children, until one o'clock in the morning—sorting vegetables, bunching them, and loading them into a great wagon with built-up sides.

"You are sleepy," said Papa Pompilli, as they started in the middle of the night to drive marketward. "You curl up on top and I will drive."

"You are sure you remember how?" laughed Nick.

"Remember how! Watch me!" he cried, shouting at the horses and flicking their flanks caressingly with his whip.

At four o'clock they reached the ferry and in half an hour the clamor of West Washington Market, Manhattan, engulfed them.

Pasquale chaffered with buyers, counted out dozens of bunches, took money for Nick; playing desperately, feverishly, that he was a real farmer again.

The amount of money taken in amazed him. "I have seen such radishes, once, at a fair in Palermo, but never such *prices*," he said to Nick as they sold the last of the load.

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"Palermo is a little one-ring circus. Where is there a market like New York?" answered Nick, stuffing the bills into his pocket. "Maybe you come out and help me this summer? Men are hard to get—good men, who know farming like you, Pasquale. I will give you an interest in my farm; it is much too big for me, and that will help me to pay for it more quickly. What do you say?"

Pasquale said nothing. His eyes lighted up like the rising sun just peeping above the brick-topped city line. He threw his arms about his friend and pounded him joyously on the back.

"When will you come out?" asked good, simple Nick, bubbling over with the hope of a reliable yoke-mate.

"*Now!*" shouted Papa Pompilli, snatching the reins from Nick's hand and threading his way through the babbling market, dexterously dodging loads of purple cabbages, wagons bursting with glowing onions, heaps of spinach on the corners, barrels of cucumbers, and coming out at length on Fourth Street.

In ten minutes' time he had reached Sullivan Street and swung his horses handsomely in at the curb before his sixteen-dollar dwelling.

He raced up-stairs and roused his wife. The children flocked about him, wondering at his wide, toothy smile.

"We go back to-day," cried Papa Pompilli. "Come. The wagon is waiting. We will take the chairs, the beds, everything."

"But where are we going?" asked Mrs. Pompilli, reluctant to leave the land of the five-and-ten-cent store.

"To the New Italy. To Nick's place in Jersey. The grand new country that we heard about back in Palermo. It is really there." His eyes glowed. "Come!"

He headed the procession with a sofa, and the children hustled down to load Nick's wagon with chairs and cooking utensils.

Mrs. Pompilli came last, clinging to her purple punch-bowl.

"Come!" cried Papa Pompilli, bundling her in. "We are off to the land of the free, where there are no moving-picture shows, no clams, no bargains, and a man can go without shoes and necktie. Drive on, Nick, to New Italy, just across the ferry!"

THE DOOR OF FRIENDSHIP

(From the Persian of Jalalu-ddin Rumi)

TRANSLATED BY LAURENCE HOUSMAN

ONCE came a youth to the doorway of friendship, and knocked.
"Ah!" cried a voice from within, "faithful heart, is it thou?"
"Yea," the youth answered, "'tis I." But the door remained locked:
"There is no room for thee then!" cried the other. "Go, thou!"

"There is no room for raw meats, O fair child, at my feast;
Go and find fuel in places of exile, and burn:
Toast there, and roast, till thy soul from itself be released:
Heat thy heart through, sorry comrade, before thou return!"

Weeping, the youth turned away: for a year remained lone;
Burning, he hung all on fire for the waiting to end;
Till, with no self in him left, no heart of his own,
Back like a swallow came he to the house of his friend.

Quick at the portal he knocked, and trembled for fear,
Lest from his lips there should fall any word but the true.
"Ah!" cried the friend from within, "who is this that I hear?"
Spake he that waited without, "O Beloved, it is *you!*"

"If it be I, then let me come in!" the friend cried;
"Under one roof was no room for two 'selfs' to abide."

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STRAIGHT TALK

MORE ABOUT BIG BUSINESS AND THE BENCH

SUBJECT TO DEBATE

While abroad I have read with much interest your articles "Big Business and the Bench," and it seems to me they are written more from the point of one who holds a brief to attack the Bench, than from a desire to hold impartially the scales of justice.

One of your principal complaints is that the courts write into the law clauses or words it didn't contain, and you cite as a notable instance the decision of the Supreme Court in the Standard Oil case.

It must be admitted that in this case the court did write into the act the word "reasonable," which changed its meaning and emasculated the criminal part of the act. But who is most to blame in this matter—the court, or the eminent gentlemen who framed an act which, if enforced literally, would practically stop business in the United States?

I knew personally some of the gentlemen who introduced this law, and am satisfied they were only playing politics, and never thought the bill would become a law; or if it did, that the Supreme Court would, in the first test case, declare it unconstitutional, and thus bear the odium of thwarting the people.

My own judgment is that the best way to get rid of a bad law is to enforce it, and that in this celebrated case, if the court hadn't the courage to declare it unconstitutional, as it hinted it would have to do if not viewed in the light of *reason*, it would have been better to enforce it literally, and let the public see to what an *impasse* bad legislation had brought the country. Then the people would have been the first to insist on its repeal.

But is it fair to think the courts always stretch their power to decide in favor of "Big Business"? We have only to look at the long line of decisions giving the Government its present control over interstate commerce, and then read the debates surrounding the framing of that clause in the Constitution, to see that in trying to protect the people against corporate wealth the court has armed the Government with powers never dreamed of by the framers of the Constitution, powers that the states, very jealous of their power, would never have given.

As the master is responsible for his man, so are the people responsible for their servants in Congress. If they want good laws that courts will not have to amend or reject, let them send statesmen and not politicians to their legislatures, men who will not play to the gallery in the hope of throwing the means of stopping bad legislation on another branch of the Government.

H. W. B.

Château de Ste. Hélène, Nice, France.

BUT BIG BUSINESS IS IN THE BUSINESS OF CONTROLLING THE POLITICIANS

Mr. Connolly's articles, under the title "Big Business and the Bench," may have a certain educational value as criticising wrong judicial interpretation, but their chief importance lies in the fact that the faults he finds all apply to an elective judiciary. If some means could be adopted whereby judges would not be brought under the dominance of voters; whereby their selection to office would not be an act of favoritism, but of fitness; where their terms of office and salaries would be sufficient to enable them to be care-free as to living expenses—then there would as a rule be fair, just, and impartial

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construction and enforcement of the law, and the corrupt decision would be the exception.

All the evils Mr. Connolly has thus far attempted to expose are those due to politics—the opportunity of bold, aggressive men to gratify their ambitions and extend their influence through a majority or plurality of one-fifth of the people. Being inducted into office by politics and political management of a majority or plurality of this fraction of the population, their sense of justice and conscientious desire to discharge duty impartially become exchanged for the desire to continue in office and utilize power of office to the greatest personal benefit.

The very fact that the office was obtained through manipulation blunts the qualities a real judge should have; for politics as handled by the one-fifth of all the people is regarded purely as a selfish right, and we can hardly expect the judge to rise above the characteristics or qualities of this selfishness that put him in office. He does his utmost to prevent being "recalled" by those associates and managers who gave him the place; hence his decisions are tinctured by the same lack of principle that actuates selfish or prejudiced voters.

If the "recall" had then been in force in California, perhaps the McNamara brothers would not have confessed, relying covertly upon those managers in sympathy with that form of violence to hold this menace over the judge and court officials—for labor organizations as at present managed are just as selfish, and as lacking in patriotic regard for all the people, as any other form of "trust."

Speaking from the standpoint of forty-one years at the bar, and with varied practise, my judgment is that the appointive judiciary more nearly enforces the law, is more in accordance with the true spirit of justice, and more in agreement with common fairness, than the elective bench. H. W. G.

IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS

In writing of the courts of Pennsylvania, as you propose, I beg leave to call your attention to a foot-note in "Lawson on Common Carriers," published about twenty years ago, in which he advised students to pay no attention to the decisions of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania in damage suits brought by employees, as the P. R. R. ran that court with the same success it ran its trains.

I regret that I shall not be home for several days, and that I can not find the book here, to give you a reference to the edition and page. I am glad that you are able to write such judicial articles, and I believe they will accomplish much good.

Atlantic City, N. J. E. Y. B.

ONE OF MANY OFFERS

I have a letter from Mr. C. P. Connolly, saying he is to be out of town for two weeks. If he is going anywhere near Binghamton, he ought to call on me. I can give him more material than any man in the state as regards the corruption of Bench and Bar, because I have the material, and am willing to give it up. I have fought these evils more strenuously for years than any lawyer in the state. My health failed four years ago and I care nothing about hurting my future. If he calls, have him call at my office in the forenoon.

W. A. D.

Binghamton, N. Y.

REASONABLE CRITICISM

I have been reading with great care and interest Mr. Connolly's "Big Business and the Bench."

If reforms are to be effected in the administration of justice, ought not the reformer to be scrupulously honest and fair, not only in his presentation of the facts, but in the inferences which he would have his readers draw?

Mr. Connolly, in the July EVERYBODY'S, seeks to convey the impression that Judge Alton B. Parker is the willing tool of Big Business, and that as such he possesses the confidence of the courts to a degree enjoyed by few others.

I hold no brief for Judge Parker; but would it not have been fair, not only to Judge Parker but to readers who are entitled to all the facts, to call attention to Judge Parker's attitude toward these momentous issues while he was on the bench? Is it not a fact that he appeared as leading counsel for the labor interests in the litigation between the Buck Stove Company and the American Federation of Labor? Has he not consistently and insistently defended the right of free speech in this litigation, on the civil side of it as well as on the criminal side?

The truth in all probability is this: Judge Parker's eminent legal abilities are so well recognized that he is in demand in important cases, by both capital and labor.

In the same article Mr. Connolly charges that the "right" of trial by jury is flagrantly invaded in Illinois, and cites the seventh amendment of the Constitution in support of the statement.

It is strange how the Constitution becomes such a bulwark of human liberty when it serves one's purpose, and how it becomes but a musty old document which has long outlived its usefulness when it interferes with some pet theory.

But coming specifically to this seventh amendment: I am advised that the guarantee

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of a jury trial, etc., refers solely to trials in Federal courts, and that it was not the purpose of the framers of this amendment to control judicial procedure in the state courts.

I have not examined with sufficient care into the matter to be willing to hazard an opinion. But this I do say: If this view is correct, Mr. Connolly is entirely unwarranted in charging a violation of the Federal Constitution in this behalf. If this view is not correct, and this constitutional provision applies to state as well as Federal courts, the error, injustice, or by whatever name it may be called, can very easily be corrected by taking one of these cases to the Supreme Court of the United States.

R. A. H.

Manassas, Va.

WE HOPE TO, LATER

I feel that it is nothing less than my duty, as a plain citizen, to express my appreciation of your series of articles on "Big Business and the Bench." I think you have published nothing more timely, or more greatly needed. The corrupt, technical, labyrinthine proceedings of our courts have too often been a shield for the guilty and powerful interests, and have worked injustice to the weak.

I am glad that you are going to continue this discussion in the future, and that you will not leave it till we see some practical results and much needed reforms.

S. R. D.

Seattle, Wash.

THE NEED FOR "BIG BUSINESS AND THE BENCH" IN BOOK FORM

Will Mr. Connolly's articles on "Big Business and the Bench" be put out in book form? They should be, by all means. It would be a most valuable educational book to put into the hands of the people generally.

The trouble is that not ten per cent. of the people have read these articles. The thing should be followed up—hammered into the attention of the American people. This matter of judicial rectitude is of vitally fundamental importance.

The judiciary is fully abreast of our legislatures in its brazen-faced corruption. Turn on the searchlight! We need it still more in Washington state. You know, they tried recently to put one of our retiring congressmen on the Federal bench, but the people would not stand for it. The attempt may be made to provide for one of our senators similarly in the near future.

If Teddy gets back on to the executive sheepskin again, there will be no danger of it. The state of Washington is eager for a chance to help put him there.

But it's Connolly that I want to emphasize now. After these things have been worked out with so much painstaking, they should be put into cheap, permanent form, and then *into the hands and into the consciousness of the multitude.*

H. E. P.

Sunnyside, Wash.

A VOICE FROM CALIFORNIA

I have read with great interest Mr. Connolly's series on "Big Business and the Bench." All honor to you for putting before the people such unmistakable proofs of the power of money to influence and control our courts.

There is nothing new in it to many of us; we have had here, in California, such open, flagrant floutings of justice, that ignorance is inexcusable. But to publish and put before the people those facts is the first step toward a remedy. When the disease has been diagnosed, we may hope for a cure.

The history of the past shows us that that nation or form of government is doomed in which the *people* can no longer expect justice from their highest courts. But surely in this "land of the free and home of the brave" there is enough enlightenment and intelligence to remedy the evil as soon as our attention is called to it, and before it becomes too great for us to deal with.

So go on in your fearless work and educate the people. The old awe and respect for the courts must not cover that which is not respectable. The acts of lawyers and judges which will not bear a flood of light turned on them, need that light very badly, and the people are to blame if they permit money-power to control their courts.

I. M. S.

Santa Barbara, Cal.

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UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

EDITOR'S NOTE—A good story is a treasure, and, like other precious things, hard to find. Our readers can assist us, if they will, by sending any anecdotes they find that seem to them good. Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. The younger the better. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

"Bill's going to sue the company for damages."

"Why? Wot did they do to 'im?"

"They blew the quittin' whistle when 'e was carryin' a 'eavy piece of iron, and 'e dropped it on 'is foot."

A man who is steadily employed finally had a day off and decided to go fishing, taking his luncheon with him. When he reached the creek he discovered that he had dropped the lunch packet somewhere on the road, and hastened back to look for it. Presently he met a husky negro, who was looking happy and picking his teeth.

"Did you find anything on the road as you came along?" asked the gentleman.

"No, sah," answered the negro. "I didn't find nothing. Couldn't a dog have found it and eat it up?"

Several men were discussing the relative importance and difficulty of mental and physical work, and one of them told the following experience:

"Several years ago, a tramp, one of the finest specimens of physical manhood that I have ever seen, dropped into my yard and asked me for work. The first day I put him to work helping to move some heavy rocks, and he easily did as much work as any two other men, and yet was as fresh as could be at the end of the day.

"The next morning, having no further use for him, I told him he could go; but he begged so hard to remain that I let him go into the cellar and empty some apple barrels, putting the good apples into one barrel and throwing away the rotten ones—about a half hour's work.

"At the end of two hours he was still in the cellar, and I went down to see what the trouble was. I found him only half through, but almost exhausted, beads of perspiration on his brow.

"'What's the matter?' I asked. 'Surely that work isn't hard.'

"'No, not hard,' he replied. 'But the strain on the judgment is *awful*.'"

Teacher: "Johnny, what is a skeleton?"

Johnny: "Please, ma'am, it's a man with his insides out, and his outsides off."

Visiting his home town after many years' absence, a gentleman met Sam, the village fool.

"Hello, Sam," he said. "Glad to see you. What are you doing now? Still pumping the church organ?"

"Yessir, I'm still pumping the organ. An' say, Charlie, I'm gettin' to be a pretty fine

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pumper. The other day they had a big organist over from New Haven, and I pumped a piece he couldn't play!"

A player of bridge in New York, who considered himself a great authority, wrote a book on the subject and sent it to a famous Rochester player for his opinion of it. In about a week the book was returned to him, with the following letter:

"My dear Sir:

"Your favor of the tenth inst., accompanied by your book, was duly received. In my opinion it is a very good game, but I don't think it is as good a game as bridge.

"Yours very truly,
"FRANK CARD."

Grocer (who has lately joined the militia, practising in shop)—"Right, left, right, left, four paces to the rear, march!" (Falls down trap-door into the cellar.)

Grocer's wife (anxiously)—"Oh, Jim, are you hurt?"

Grocer (savagely, but with dignity)—"Go 'way, woman. What do you know about war?"

President Taft was out for his afternoon walk in Washington one day when a flaxen-haired little girl ran out in front of him, held up her finger, and exclaimed in a shrill baby voice:

"I know who you are!"

The President, thinking it not at all unusual that she should possess this information, but willing to gratify her, asked:

"Well, who am I?"

"Aw," she said teasingly, "you're Humpty Dumpty."

A very bald banker in southern Maryland was in the habit of wearing his hat a good deal during business hours, as protection from flies in summer and cold breezes in winter.

Every week a negro workman on the railroad presented a check and drew his wages, and one day, as he put the money in a greasy wallet, the banker asked:

"Look here, Moses, why don't you let some of that money stay in the bank and keep an account with us?"

The darky leaned toward him, and, with a quizzical look at the derby the banker wore, answered confidentially: "Boss, Ise jes' afeared. You look like you was always ready to start somewheres."

A party of tourists were visiting the ancient landmarks of England, and their guide was supplying them with valuable historical facts.

"This tower," he expounded, "goes back to William the Conqueror."

"Why, what's the matter?" asked one of the party. "Isn't it satisfactory?"

One of two darkies who run a bootblack "parlor" in partnership was bragging of his well-developed sense of touch, particularly in the matter of money. He boasted that he could tell the denomination of any United States coin merely by feeling it. His partner wearied of these boasts and came back with this:

"Your sense o' feelin' ain't nothing to my friend Marcus. Him and me used to work on the Pullman down through Kansas. Marcus had been on this route for about ten years. One night when we was both a-sleepin', 'long around midnight I wakes up and I shakes Marcus and I says: 'Marcus, where are we?' An' Marcus he jest rolls over and sticks his hand out the window and he says: 'We're goin' through Oswego.'"

Dr. L. O. Howard, of "typhoid fly" fame, told this fly story:

"A Washington man went for his vacation to a fly-haunted hotel in Connecticut. There was a hammock in the grove behind the hotel, and one afternoon our friend climbed into it with pipe and book. But the flies tormented him unmercifully, so he climbed out again in disgust.

"'Look here, landlord,' he complained, as he entered the office, 'what's the good of a hammock in such a fly-ridden spot as that grove?'

"'Oh,' said the landlord, 'you didn't use the hammock during hammock hours.'

"'What are hammock hours?' asked the guest.

"'Twelve to two, sir,' said the landlord. 'You'll find no flies in the grove then, sir.'

"'And why not?' demanded the puzzled guest.

"'Because,' said the landlord, 'twelve to two is dinner, and they're all in the dining-room then.'"

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Everybody's Magazine
Trumbull White Managing Editor
Published by
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Ray Brown
Sec'y and Treasurer
Robert Frothingham
Adv. Manager
Erman J. Ridgway
President

SPRING AND MACDOUGAL STREETS NEW YORK CITY

With
EVERYBODY'S PUBLISHERS

WHY are the very rich growing richer?

Why are the very poor growing poorer?

Why are little children compelled to work while thousands of able-bodied men are idle?

Why do millions go half nourished when the land is full of plenty?

Why does the cost of living steadily mount, while the nation produces a surplus every year averaging two billion dollars?

Every man in America who works is entitled to a wage sufficient to raise his family in decent conditions, to educate his children in the common schools, and to lay by something for old age.

Why is it impossible for hundreds of thousands of men to do this?

You hear these questions constantly, and you hear all kinds of answers.

What is your answer?

To whom do you address your questions?

From whom have you a right to expect answers?

Is it your idea that the government should answer these questions?

What government?

What is government?

Is government your mayor and aldermen, your governor and assemblymen, your President and your representatives in Congress?

But America is a democracy. That means you—all of us.

We choose our President and our representatives.

Do we choose them to do what they think is best for us, or to do what we think is best?

What do we think?

Do we think?

Again, what are your answers to all these questions about the unfair distribution of wealth and the mounting cost of living, and the poverty and the misery of millions, and the luxury of the few?

Are you expecting your representatives to find the answers?

Well, America is a republic.

In a republic, government is by representatives.

Again, do you expect your representatives to do what they think is best, or do you expect them to find out what you think is best and do that?

How could they find out what you think is best if you don't think?

Do you want the government to order your lives, to suckle you and support you and baby you and bury you?

Or do you want to have something to say about your own life?

Do you care for independence?

What is independence?

Is it not ordering your own home and social and business life to its widest limits without trespass on the independence of others?

Millions want to do just that.

But something is wrong.

Millions are decent and honest and hard-working and considerate of others.

BUT—

They can't make headway.

They can not educate their children.

They can't give them proper food.

They can't lay by a penny for old age.

They can't be independent.

They live from hand to mouth and in constant dread of the morrow.

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They do not trespass, but they are trespassed upon.

Why? *Why?* WHY?

Right now America harvests the biggest crops in her history, and this winter thousands on thousands of children will go shivering and hungry to work or to school, while their parents slave on with anguished souls. Parents with the same capacity for suffering that we have.

That is not independence.

This winter thousands on thousands of men will have no work and thousands on thousands of others will have barely enough to keep their families half-starved and half-clothed and half-educated.

And the biggest crops in our history.

And the rich growing richer.

And the Twentieth Century.

And men who call themselves leaders.

And captains of industry.

God!

MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN

How can such things be? How can we who have plenty endure the thought of our plenty when the world is full of woe?

How can the rich continue to pile up riches for the fun of piling up and for the power, when it spells such anguish to their fellows, such robbery of comfort and education, and such robbery of future generations?

How can you grow a great race when you permit millions to be starved in body, mind, and soul, chained to the wheel, so driven, just to keep alive, that no strength is left for self-culture, for contemplation, for dreams?

Mr. Lawson knows why the cost of living is mounting. Why the rich are growing richer. Why wealth is unfairly distributed. Why there is so much misery.

He tells you why in this number, and how to stop it.

Eight years ago he tried to tell you, and you saw some of the superficial crimes and started to correct them, but you would not wait to see the real cause crime.

Eight years ago Mr. Lawson spent at least two million dollars trying to get your attention and interest to the big crime.

Many of you were interested and willing and patient, but most of you were merely entertained by his disclosures, and when the hour for work came, you turned your backs.

Now Mr. Lawson is at it again, ready this time to go the limit. Ready to show you just what the trouble is, just how it is brought about, just how it can be stopped, and ready to spend and be spent to the limit of his strength and his resources.

And EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE is in the fight to the limit.

Will you join?

For the sake of the weak and helpless, for the sake of America's future, for the sake of your children's future, for your own sake, will you join?

The fight is against conditions—not against individuals. There is no personal animus. We have personal friends among stock-brokers. Probably you have.

We have friends in the Big Business institutions—able men, sincere men, men who are engaged in the actual work and have no part in the financial jugglery of these Big Businesses.

We hate to seem to attack their businesses. We hate to seem indirectly to attack our friends. We shall be sorry if we lose their friendship. We should not. But whatever we lose in friends or money or personal comfort, we are going to make this fight for the helpless and for Greater America.

If you will send us the name of any one not a reader of the magazine who ought to read Mr. Lawson's "A-B-C of High-Cost Living," we will mail him this instalment free. We have printed thousands of extra copies of these pages for this purpose.

We ask you to support Mr. Lawson's work.

We ask you to read his "A-B-C of High-Cost Living" in this number.

We ask you to get it clearly in your minds.

And then we ask you to talk it at every opportunity.

Talk it to every one who will listen. Mention it in your letters. Talk it at the office and on the way. Talk it at the club and after church. Talk it! Talk it! Talk it!

That makes public opinion.

And public opinion makes legislators make laws.

And there is going to be a law against the gambling tricks of the Stock Exchange.

Because those tricks make High-Cost Living and the very rich richer

Unfairly,

Unjustly.

Will you talk?

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